★ May 27, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules, because of Memorial Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans....¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

As You Like It—Katharine Hepburn is a vivacious and decorative Rosalind in this handsome revival of one of Shakespeare's more complex and clown-ridden comedies. Others in the cast are William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen. A Theatre Guild production. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Clutterbuck—Benn W. Levy's comedy involves three British couples and their complicated, rather disreputable, but frequently very amusing sexual relationships. Arthur Margetson gives a brilliant performance as a retired rubber planter, and Ruth Matteson and Ruth Ford do nicely, too. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Alec Guinness is magnificent as a semi-supernatural psychiatrist, and Irene Worth, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel, as three of his most bothersome patients, are also impressive. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays, except June 1, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about an elderly couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer are superb in the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except June 1, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.)

The Devil's Disciple—Maurice Evans, Marsha Hunt, Dennis King, and Victor Jory figure prominently in this revival. Not the best thing Shaw ever did, but still more entertaining than most of our native products. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 27.)

The Happy Time—This comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I Know My Love—The Lunts contribute their usual animation and S. N. Behrman his usual polished complexity to this play about a marriage that goes on for fifty years. A standard brand, no doubt entirely acceptable to those who admire the product. With Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, Katharine Bard, and Henry Barnard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

The Innocents—William Archibald has reduced Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" to a simple ghost story, but there are moments that ought to chill your blood. Except for two spooks, who don't talk, the cast consists of Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two startlingly precocious children named Iris Mann and David Cole. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Tuesday, May 30, and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

The Member of the Wedding—This play, Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody, has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it has its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—death of a salesman: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Albert Dekker is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda and William Harrigan still patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.)

MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian are mainly responsible for this adaptation of "The Pursuit of Happiness," which is at least as entertaining as the original. Morton Gould wrote the music. Now with John Conte, John Tyers, Mary O'Fallon, and Delores Martin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Liar—A musical comedy reworked by Alfred Drake and Edward Eager from a play by Goldoni, the old Venetian. There are moments of confused charm, but the sum of the parts is pretty unsubstantial. With William Eythe and Melville Cooper. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving, and the score, by the late Kurt Weill, is a superior one. With Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has provided some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—This musical about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, and Fredd Wayne turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches en-

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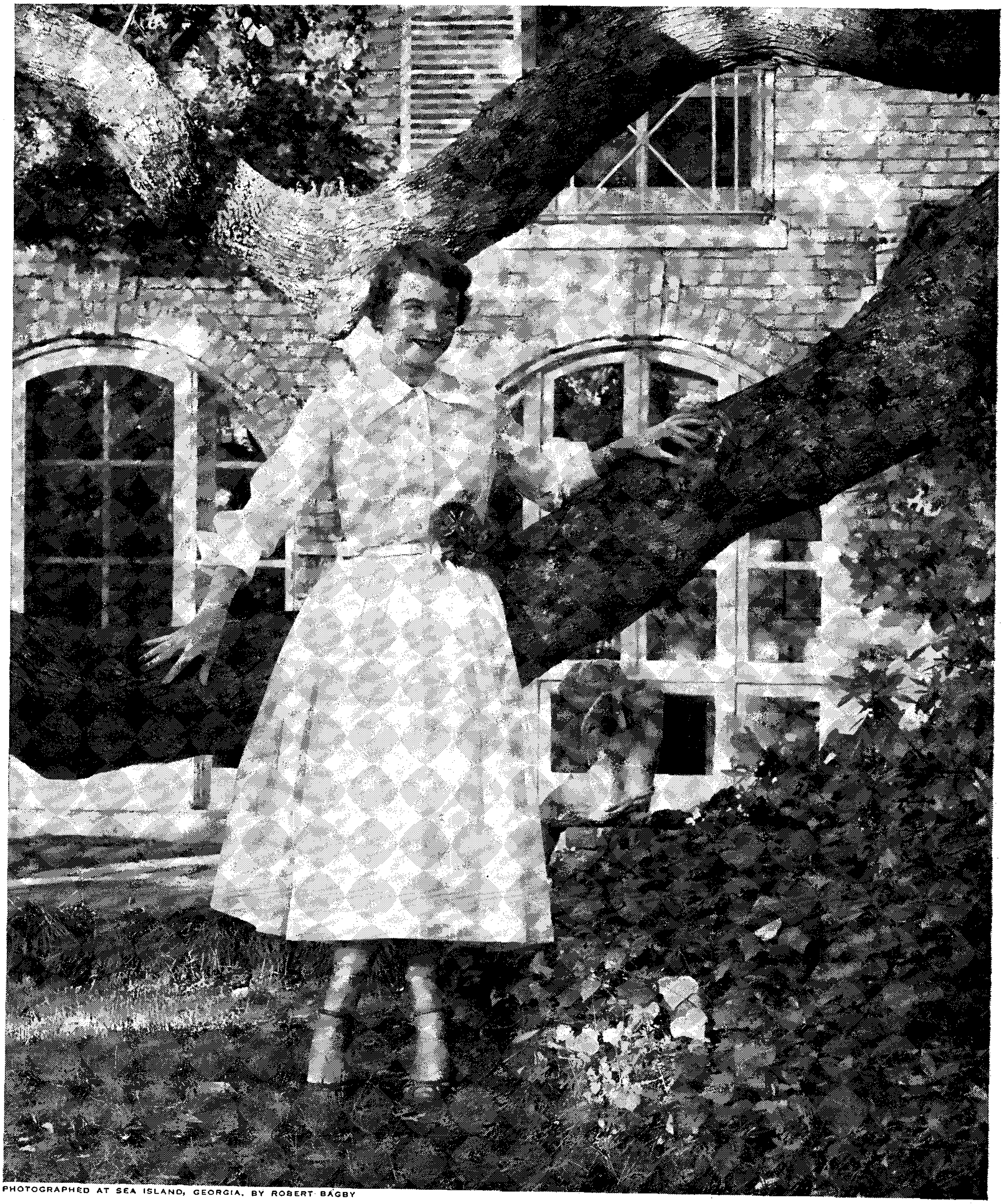

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

trusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St. W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.)

LONG RUNS—**KISS ME, KATE:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin, but, starting on Thursday, June 1, Mr. Pinza will be replaced by Ray Middleton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, May 30.)

MISCELLANY

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—A return engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn heading the cast. Produced by Irene M. Selznick and directed by Elia Kazan. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday, May 25, and Saturdays and Sundays, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

THE SHOW-OFF—Lee Tracy in a theatre-in-the-round production of George Kelly's comedy. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, and directed by Martin Manulis. Opens Wednesday, May 31, and will run through Saturday, June 17. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The subterranean Garden, the closest most of us will ever get to Down Under, offers Jules Lande's band except on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra, except on Sundays, at dinner in the Madison Room, and during cocktails and after dinner "under the clock." The Madison Room will be closed on Tuesday, May 30, and will shut down for the summer on Saturday, June 3. No dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Teddy Wilson's top-grade pianoforte fantasies, Mabel Scott's songs, and Timmie Rogers' occasionally inelegant comedy. Dance music by J. C. Heard's slightly overwrought band. The perennial Cliff Jackson plays piano during the interludes.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A long and energetic old-time strutters' ball, involving such skilled Early Americana as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings for this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Through its portals pass some of the most beautiful evening dresses in the world. The bands of Bernie Dolen and Artie Arturos unleash a continuous flow of dance music, and Alex D'Arcy makes tenor noises now and again. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, during dinner and supper, Georgie Gobel, an anecdotal newcomer in the field of humor, plus the dancing of Josette and Walters. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band turn out dance music. On Sundays, there is a dinner show only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest cocktail-hour dance music in the Café Pierre every afternoon, and reappears at dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Martha Stewart and the Blackburn Twins romp, and John Sebastian plays harmonica. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras are on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The Palm Court echoes mildly to Harold Sandler's pleasant cocktail music from four to seven, except Sunday. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra turn out their music for the millions. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, always a débutantes' delight, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras for dancing from dinnertime on. Closed Sundays.

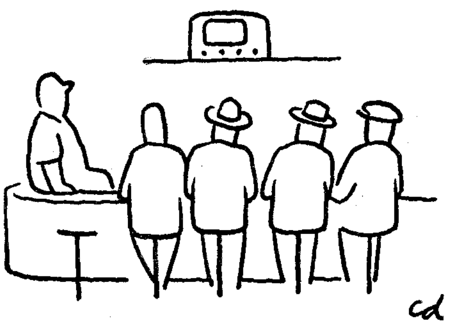
SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the Carnaval Room, which will close for the summer on Saturday, May 27, a patrol of Lester Lanin's coming-out-party music-makers and a group of Jan Brunesco's gypsies for dancing. . . . ¶ Don Abney plays piano in the Café from seven to one, except on Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A fountain of youth that spouts champagne until around four in the morning. Downstairs, every night, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band; upstairs, on Saturdays, more dance music.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Luba Malina, a rather vivid version of the femme-fatale type, sings here of an evening. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are also on hand.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, which closes Wednesday, May 31, Jane Pickens and her six Escourtiers, singing, marching, and countermarching, at supper. Emil Coleman's dance music at dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. Next night, the Starlight Roof opens. Vic Damone will sing his dreamy songs twice a night to Ronnie Selby's piano, and Guy Lombardo will assume Mr. Coleman's duties. On Sundays, no show in either place, and the Borr band works until ten only. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, and Dr. Sydney Ross performs his parlor magic. Closes Saturday, May 27, for the summer.



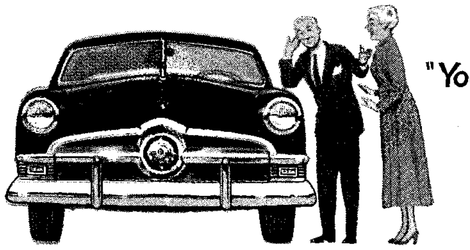
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, in the shadow of the Drake's famous greenwood tree, plays those famous Walter chords on his Steinway at cocktails and dinner and again after the theatre. On Sundays, Graham Forbes fills in. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music, after nine-thirty, for a phrenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays and Tuesday, May 30. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Bela Bizony's gypsy ensemble prowls the room at dinner and supper, and Ernie Warren's trio tinkles along. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, along with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Two new humorists, Walling and McHugh, and one new singer, Miss Hank Fort, are operating here. In the background, the piano of those old reliables—Hazel Webster and the team of Harold Fonville and Bob Downey. Rudolph Valentino movies Sunday nights; amateurs on Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of sunburst décor. Closed Sundays and Tuesday, May 30. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Joan Bishop's piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): The Golden Gate Quartet's beguiling minstrelsy, Robert Maxwell's brilliant arrangements for the harp, and, at supper only, Patricia Bright's sharp-edged humor. Cy Coleman plays impassioned and absorbing piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, doing the ballads that bright young men like Alec Wilder and Bart Howard think up for her. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): From eight o'clock on, except Sunday through Tuesday, May 28-30, the amiable Louis Hawkins distributes approximately equal quantities of piano, Southern hospitality, and local gossip in the little second-floor Empress Room. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Documentary proof that corn grew thick and high in Grandfather's day. It is interlarded with old movies, old songs, old singing waiters, old sawdust, and old etc. Paul Killiam peppers this mélange with jokes. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): A relaxed restaurant wherein Thelma Carpenter sings *molto con brio* (after ten-thirty) and Laurie Brewis bounces through his extensive pianoforte repertory (after nine). Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmy Daniels' new restaurant, where he and his familiar crew (Norene Tate and Garland Wilson) sing and prance from ten until all hours. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Vaudeville is back at the Copa, but it's in the hands of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, which is a considerable help. Betty Bruce dances decoratively, and there is other paraphernalia, the most bewitching of which is the line of eight new girls. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Life along this bit of the Palisades is extraordinarily like life on Times Square. Tony Martin is the pièce de résistance, and there's



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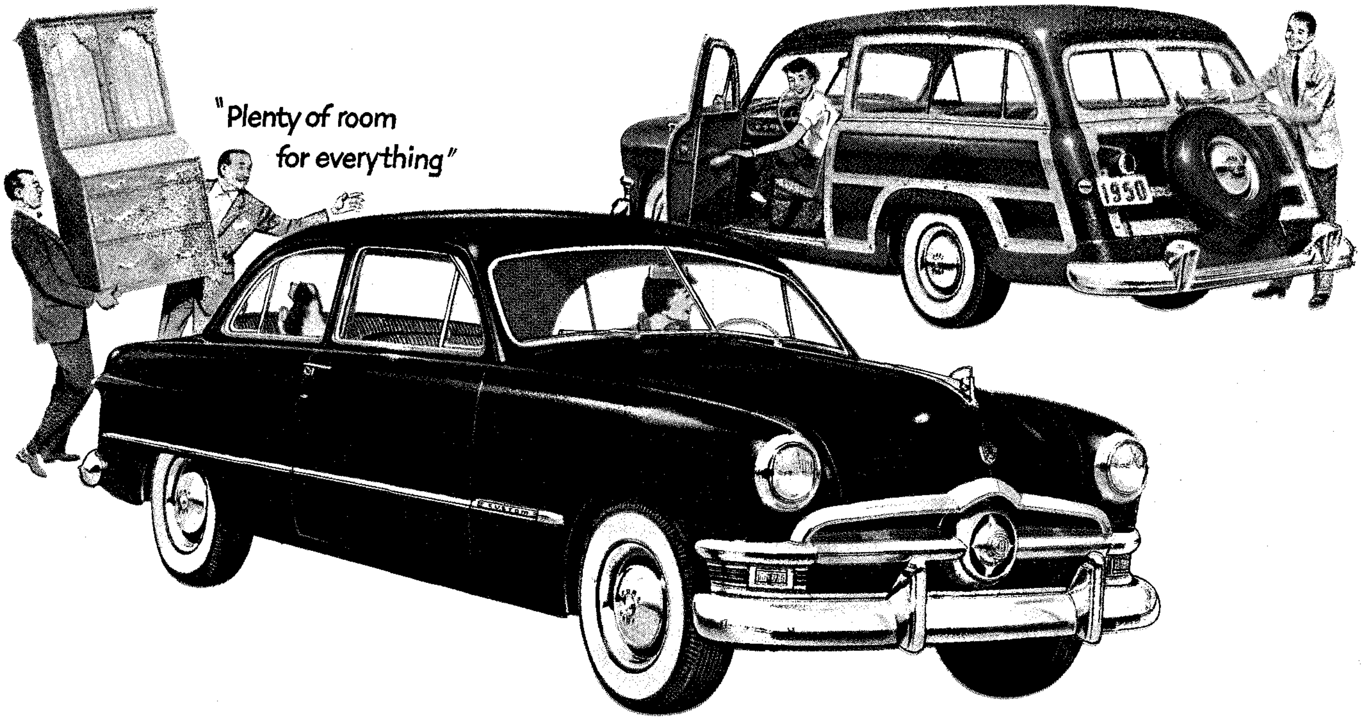

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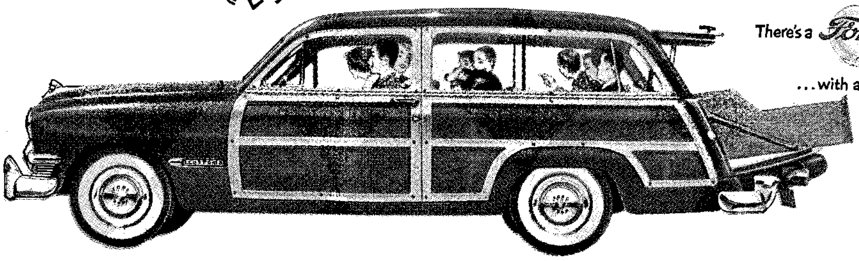

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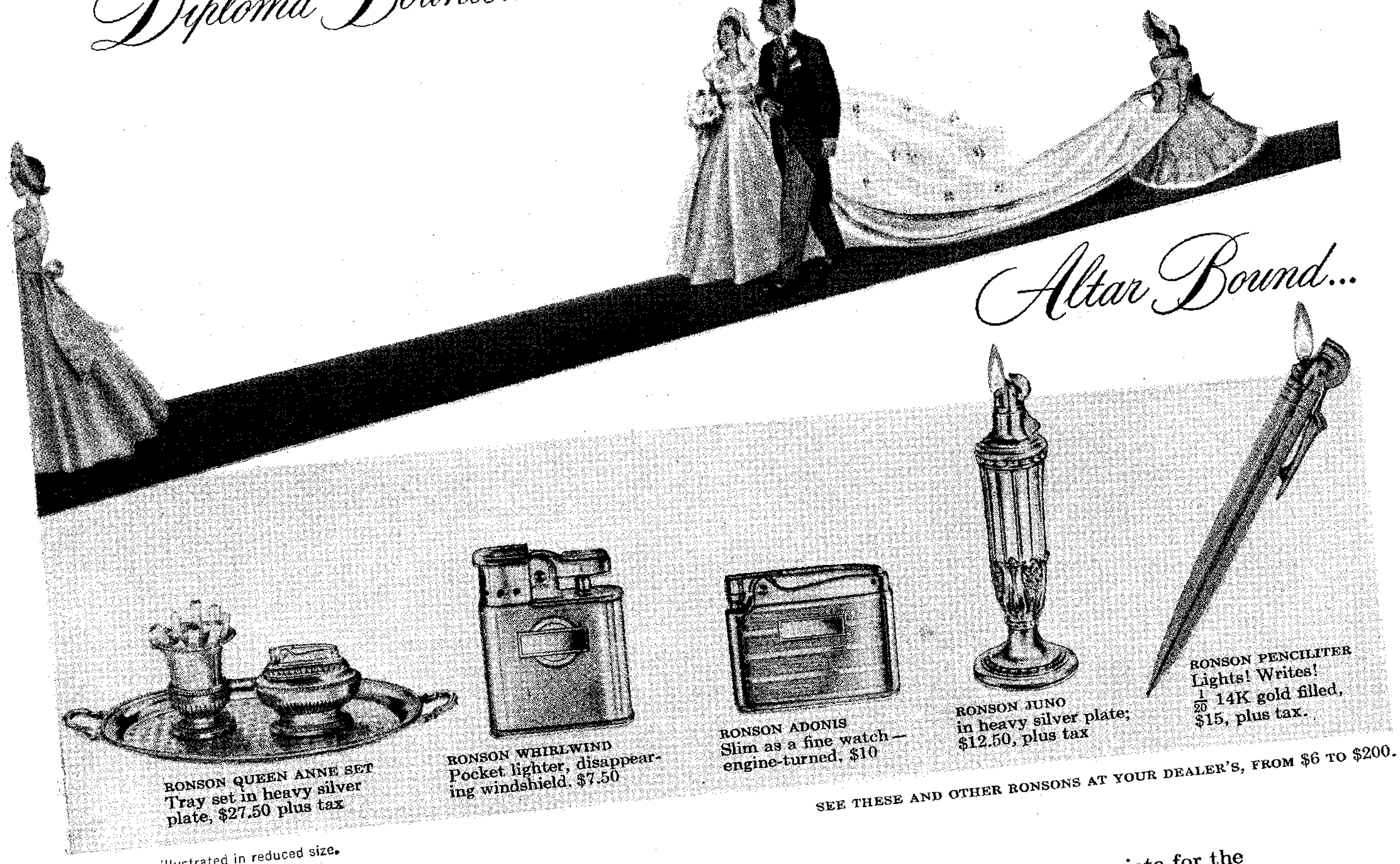

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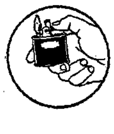

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plenty more floor show besides him. Dancing, too, and a sliding roof that works on clement evenings.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, weekdays at dinnertime, John Kelley, Jr., is at the keyboard; from suppertime on, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack perform their subtle piano nocturnes for the theatrical profession. . . . ¶ In the back room, the merriment is supplied by Phil Leeds, and the songs by Marilyn Cantor and the Billy Williams Quartet. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, guests are added to the proceedings. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Another of Julius Monk's lighthearted pageants, involving the precocious Ronnie Graham's songs about the pursuit of slap-happiness, Kirkwood and Goodman's frenzied fantasies, Gigi Durston's sweet-girl-graduate ballads, and the group-singing of four very young Canadians called the Four Lads. On Thursday, June 1, George Hall (a humorist new to night life) replaces Mr. Graham. Norman Paris, that infant prodigy, puts his trio through some captivating paces too. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A festive seminar in folk music, done to a turn by the Weavers, a collection of balladeers and instrumentalists headed by Pete Seeger and graced by a vivacious girl named Ronnie Gilbert. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Carl Lynch's jovial guitar. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison turns loose his mighty wind machine every hour on the half hour. Also around are Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton rattles off some splendid piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by eager-beaver visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Tuesday, May 30. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Freddie Moore, and Lloyd Phillips, carrying the torch for hot music on a once-lively thoroughfare. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Mary Lou Williams, one of our most prominent modernist piano players, as well as Herbie Fields' band and the peculiar song style of Billy Eckstine. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin's peppery trio, awakening long-dormant echoes in the Mermaid Room, and (starting Wednesday, May 31) Anton Karaz, twanging his zither. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday saturnalias. On May 26, the bands of Wild Bill Davison and Rex Stewart will try to blow each other off the lot. Edmond Hall, Joe Sullivan, James P. Johnson, and Pops Foster will be among the partisans. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (May 26), Max Kaminsky, Willie the Lion Smith, Big Sid Catlett, and Joe Marsala are on the roster. Dancing. . . . **STATLER,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Tex Beneke's band. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays, and will be closed Memorial Day, Tuesday, May 30.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in America. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through June 9.)

Louis Bosa—New oils, embodying his rather mischievous observations on night-club conviviality and its aftermath, East Side fiestas, and other metropolitan manifestations. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through May 31.)

Byron Browne—Paintings, done from 1945 through 1948, when this vigorously inventive American abstractionist was interested predominantly in circus subjects. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through June 5. Closed Monday, May 29.)

Chinese Art—An agreeable showing of scroll paintings, statuettes, bronzes, pottery, and other objects from the Sung and Yuan dynasties. (China House, 125 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; through June 12.)

Alexander Dobkin—Expressionist oils, best when the subject is simple enough to hem in the artist's slight tendency toward overdramatization. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

Lillian Dubin—Small oils, which make attractively stylized patterns out of such everyday objects as a lamp, a chair, and a floating leaf. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 2.)

East Meets West—Paintings, curiously similar in style, by the American Wallace Putnam and the Chinese San Yu. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through June 15.)

European—Paintings by Matta, Magritte, Ernst, Miró, and other modern European masters. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through June 17.)

Folk Art—A handsome assortment of old weather vanes, decorative carvings, and other Early Americana, collected for a museum and now being shown as a group for the first time. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through June 2.)

French—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Modern French masters, from Monet to Picasso, in a small but well-selected collection; through June 2. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The third section of the gallery's spring survey, this one featuring nice works by Soutine, Matisse, and the Paris primitives Bombois and Bauchant; through May 27.

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Recent paintings by Umberto Romano, Joe Hirsch, Fletcher Martin, and others, contrasted with works they did as artist-correspondents during the war. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; through May 27. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, including Eakins and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson and Elliott Orr, of the twentieth; through June 2. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Six young French artists, in an exhibit called "Advancing French Art;" through May 31. . . . **DELIUS**, 116 E. 57th St.: Twenty paintings, in a random but generally worth-while selection that runs from pre-Renaissance Italian to modern French and American; through June 20. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through June 30. . . . **EGAN**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by several artists, including Josef Albers and Willem de Kooning, together with some delightful new constructions by Joseph Cornell; through June 3. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, among them Vaclav Vytlacil and Chaim Soutine; through May 31. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasantly varied collection of oils and other works by such gallery members as Joseph Foshko, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through July 31. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Recent water colors by Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Herbert J. Gute, and others; through May 26. . . . **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Paintings, all abstract in approach, by Louis Schanker, Max Spivak, and Louis Tavelli; through May 27. . . . **PERSPECTIVES**, 34 E. 51st St.: A number of assorted objects—guitars, masks, mobile paintings, chess sets, and so on—made by Calder, Hayter, Man Ray, and other artists, in moments of whimsey. Weekdays, noon to 6; through June 10. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.:

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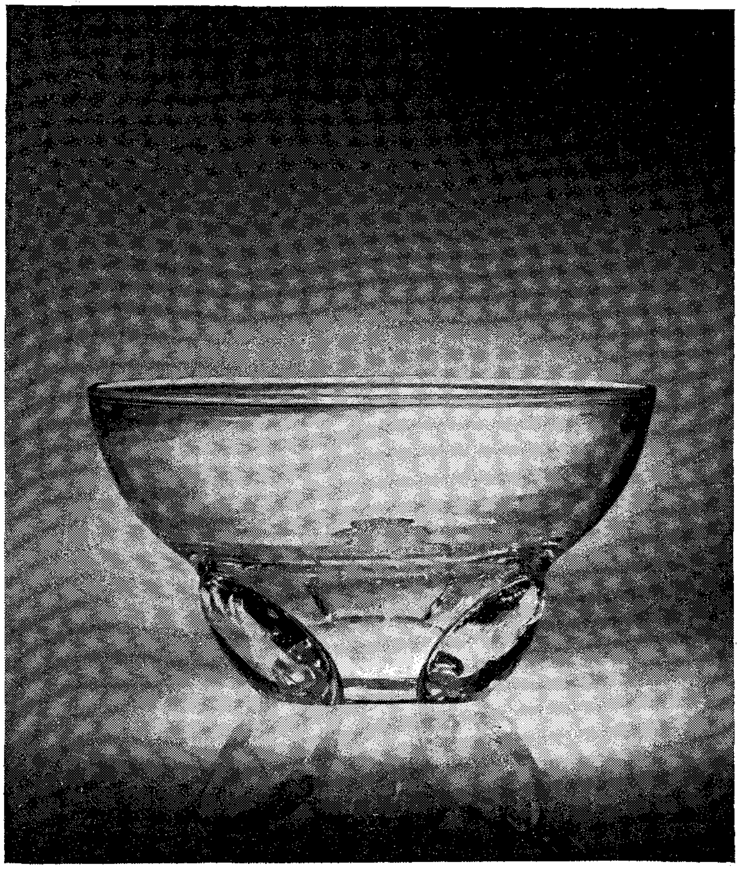

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A lively group of canvases, some of them quite promising, by alumnae of Bennington College; through May 27.

Jerome Kamrowski—Abstractions, in coruscating color, gracefully sinuous in design. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through May 27.)

Dong Kingman—New water colors, many of them of Brooklyn, and all characteristically crowded with lively little pictorial incidents. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through June 3.)

Paul Klee—Two exhibitions of his adroit and incisive abstractions. The first, at the New Art Circle (41 E. 57th St.; through June 30), is devoted mainly to his earlier pieces. The other, at the Buchholz (32 E. 57th St.; through June 3), is somewhat larger and covers his work from 1915 to 1940, the year he died.

Wifredo Lam—New paintings, again using African symbols as a point of departure, by this Cuban abstractionist. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

Jeanne Miles—Abstract paintings, fragile in concept but competently executed. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

Modern Belgian Art—A well-selected and informative showing of works by contemporary and near-contemporary artists, few of them well known in this country. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through May 26.)

Moholy-Nagy—Water colors and collages done between 1918 and 1946 by the late Hungarian abstractionist. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through May 31.)

Carl Sprinchorn—Lumber-camp and winter-forest scenes mostly, handled with engaging vitality. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

Bradley Walker Tomlin—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, intricately patterned and somewhat cabalistic. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 27.)

The Woman in French Painting—As seen through the eyes of the painters from the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, through the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 2.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.: Annual exhibition. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through June 30. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Selma Bluestein. Weekdays, noon to 6; through June 14. . . . LAUREL, 108 E. 57th St.: Chris Ritter; through June 9. . . . NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: Outdoor show of contemporary American sculpture by members of the Academy and the National Sculpture Society. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through July 30. . . . ¶ Group shows at the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through June 30. KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and sculptures by gallery members; through June 30.

Note—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square will be on view daily, from noon until dark, through Sunday, June 11.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, May 30, from 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An anniversary show, consisting of works of art looted by the Nazis from Jewish homes and synagogues, along with woodcuts by Ilya Schor depicting the prewar life of East European Jews. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through May 31. Closed Tuesday, May 30.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twentieth-century American and European glass, with pieces manufactured by Steuben, Lalique, Orrefors, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, May 30, from 1 to 5; through Sept. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and spirited showing

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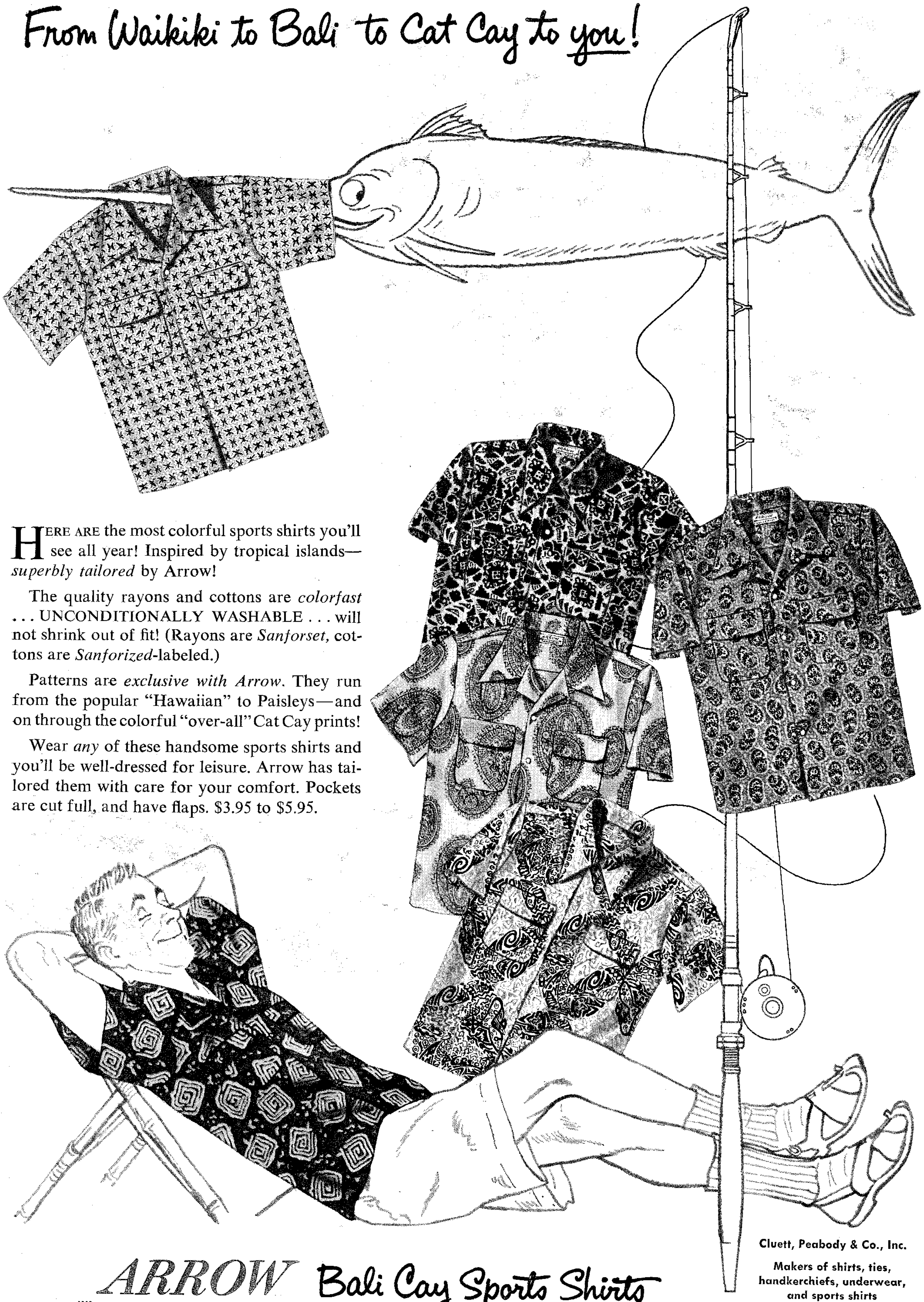

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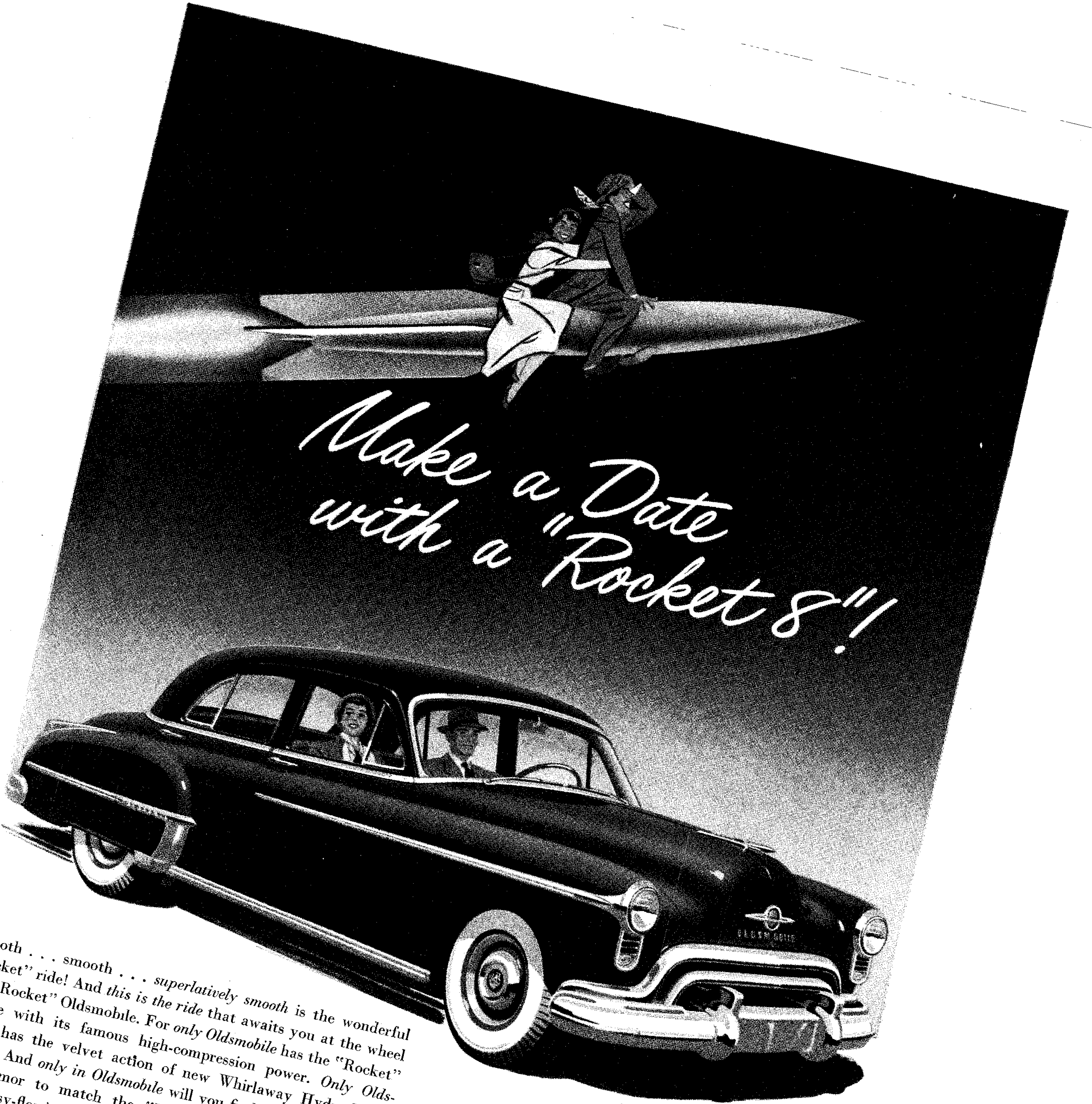
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth. . . . ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Tuesday, May 30, from 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The current group show includes work by Albers, Scarlett, Xceron, and Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through June 11.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Whitney's 1950 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings, a compact and lively affair. (Daily 1 to 5. Closes for the summer on Sunday, May 28.)

MUSIC

San Carlo Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, May 25: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 26: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 27: "Il Trovatore." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 28: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 28: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 29: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 30: "Aïda." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée at 3.)

Carnegie Pops—Final performances of the season—Thursday, May 25: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Latin-American music. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27: Enrico Leide conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Samuel Sorin, piano, and Galeena Netchi, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Evenings at 8:30.)

Outdoor Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony, William Steinberg conducting, with Helen Jepson, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; William Kapell, piano; and Zino Francescatti, violin. For the benefit of a number of Israeli institutions. (Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Saturday, June 3, at 8:45. For tickets, call TR 3-2700.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, Emil Borsody conducting, with Beale Hober, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Tuesday, May 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thursday, May 25, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, May 30, at 10:30 and 3. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 25, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 26, at 8:30; Saturday, May 27, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 28, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Monday, May 29, at 2:30. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 1, at 8:30; Friday, June 2, at 2:30; and Saturday, June 3, at 2.

Boxing—Kid Gavilan vs. George Small, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Saturday, May 27.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, and Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead. Thursday, May 25.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Thursday through Saturday, May 25-27, and Monday and Tuesday, May 29-30.) . . . ¶ Rombout Hunt Horse Show. (Poughkeepsie. Saturday, May 27.) . . . ¶ June Fête Horse and Pony Show. (Huntingdon Valley, Pa. Saturday, June 3.)

Hunt Racing—Adjacent Hunts Race Meeting. (Harrison, N.Y. Saturday, May 27.)

Motorboat Racing—Albany-New York Outboard Marathon. (Sunday, May 28.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—**bostwick field**, Westbury. . . . **blind brook polo club**, Purchase, N.Y.

Racing—At **belmont park:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, June 10. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, May 27; the Suburban Handicap, Tuesday, May 30; the National Stallion (fillies), Wednesday, May

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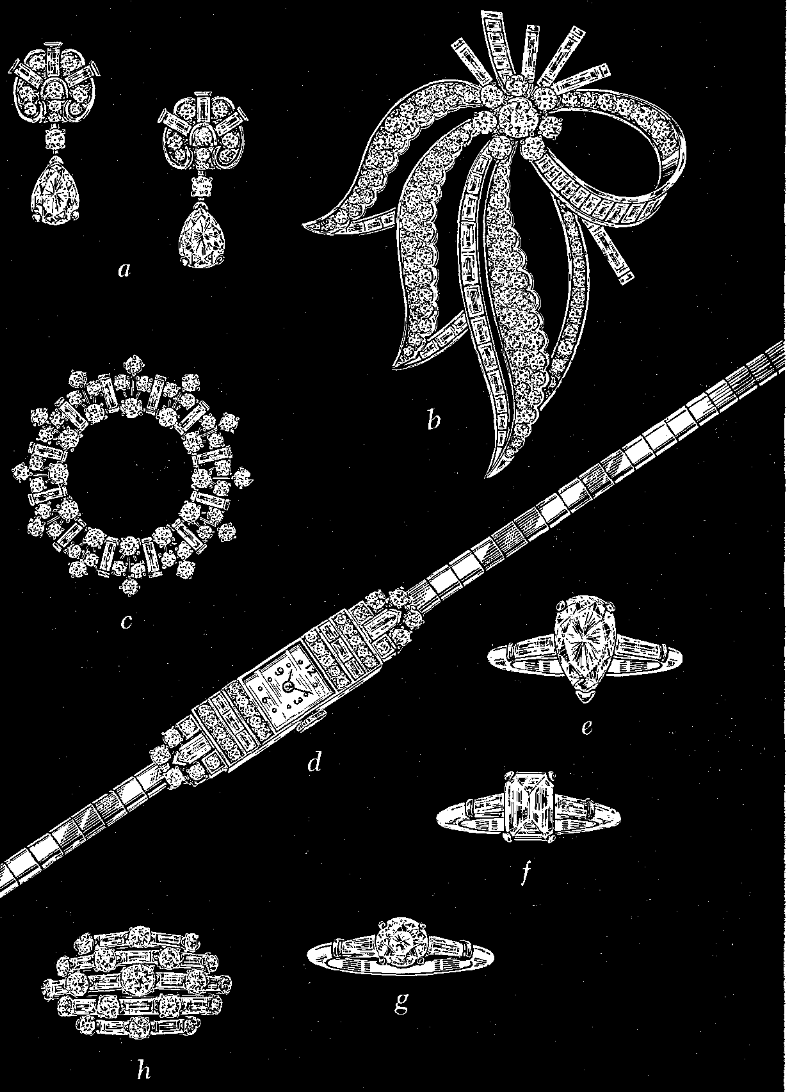

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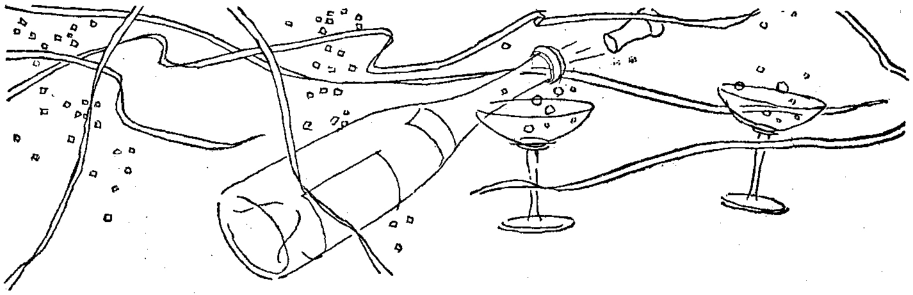

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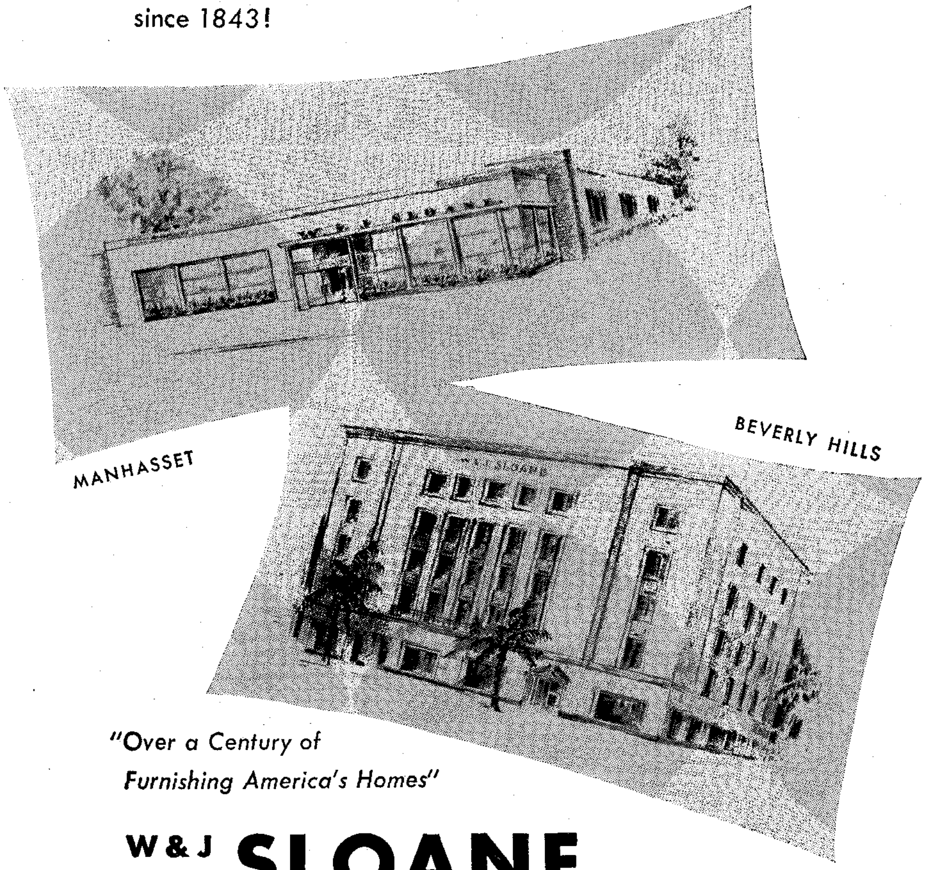

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

31; the National Stallion (colts) and the Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, June 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1—except on Tuesday, May 30, when they will leave between 10:15 and 1:25—and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 30. The Jersey Stakes, Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10:30.) . . . **PIMLICO-HAVRE DE GRACE,** at Pimlico: Weekdays at 2:15; through Saturday, May 27. . . . **WOODBINE PARK,** Toronto: The King's Plate, Saturday, May 27.

TRACK—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Track and Field Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Trusteeship Council (starting on Thursday, June 1), the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, general or detailed questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

BOOKS—Manuscripts and first editions of some of the best-known books of the fifty-nine countries that make up the United Nations, as well as the manuscript of the Interim Agreement signed by delegates to the San Francisco Conference in 1945. (The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Daily, 10 to 6:30; through May 31.)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH EXHIBIT—About a hundred items pertaining to the English poet, among them manuscripts, autograph letters, first editions, and a Max Beerbohm cartoon. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Room 318. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth-century French furniture, Oriental and Aubusson rugs, porcelains, tapestries, and other objects, the property of various owners, including Mrs. Irving Shean. (Thursday, May 25, at 2, and Friday, May 26, at 10:30 and 2.) . . . ¶ English and American furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Early American silver and glass, Staffordshire and Lowestoft china, and other decorations, owned by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., and others. (Exhibition, Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, and Wednesday, May 31, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday and Friday, June 1-2, at 1:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The show for the month of May is "Our Battle-Scarred Earth," which has to do with the way meteors and comets ravage the world. The June show, starting on Thursday, June 1, will be "Color in the Sky," dealing with rainbows, the northern lights, and such. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, May 30, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Parthia: Sails Friday, May 26, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, May 27; sails Wednesday, May 31, at midnight. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Saturday, May 27; sails Thursday, June 1, at noon. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Tuesday, May 30; sails Wednesday, May 31, at midnight.

COMMENCEMENT DATE—Annapolis, Friday, June 2.

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR,
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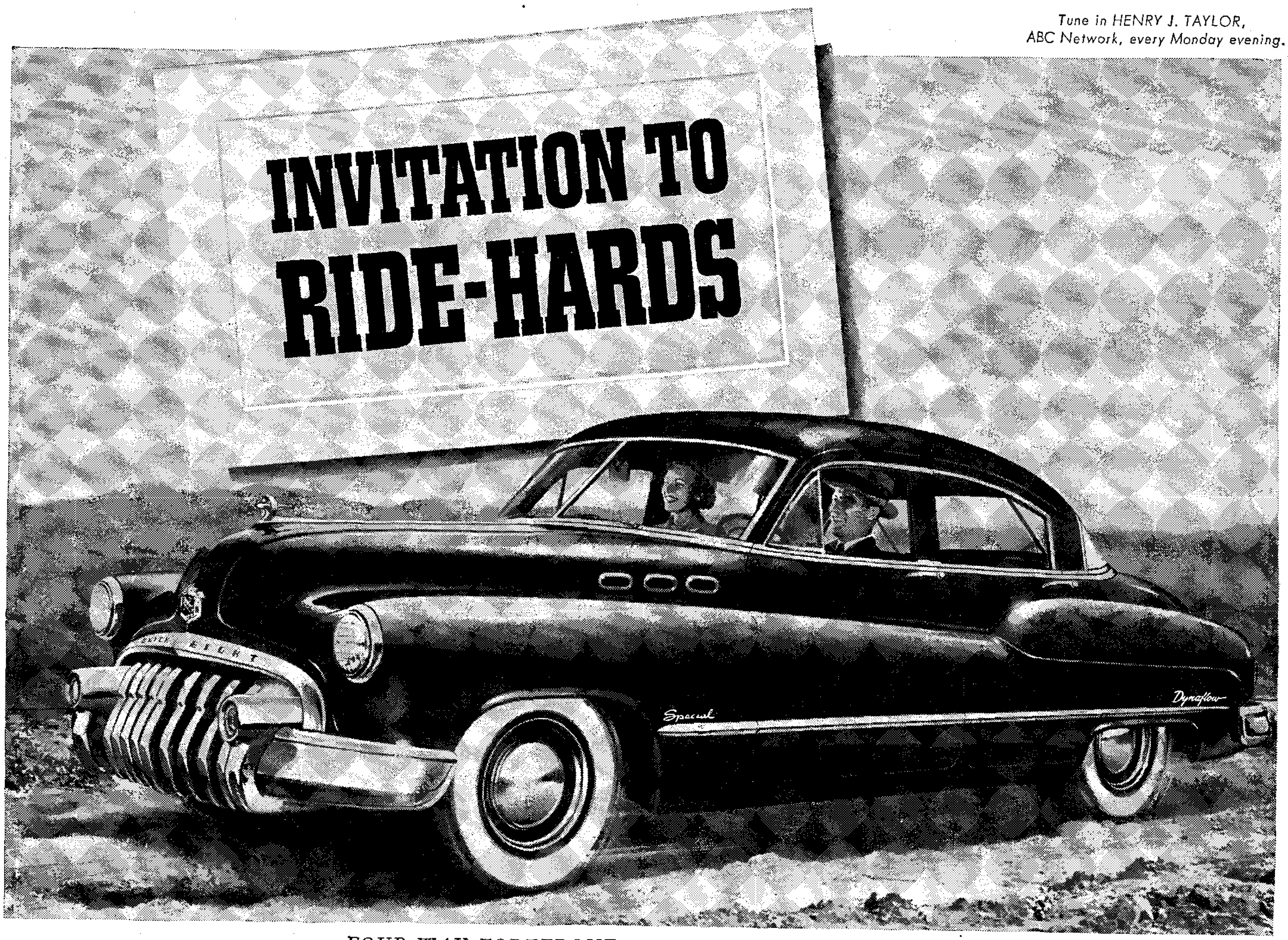

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If you think nothing can be done about putting a boulevard-feel into back roads and country lanes...

Then consider this your invitation to sample the Buick ride.

We want you to feel how soft coil springs on all four wheels—not just the front ones—buoy you over cobbles and road cracks with barely a break in your level going...

To revel in the soft pillowing of large, low-pressure tires—the sweet feel of sure-footed Safety-Ride rims wiping out sway and swerve—the solid road-hold of a rigid torque-tube steadying your ride and your comfort.

In short—why be a ride-hard when such wonderful Buick going is to be had?

Go take a sampling—with a friend pridefully sporting a spanking new Buick—or, better yet, at your own Buick dealer's.

He'll gladly arrange for you to try the Buick ride without any obligation—in a SPECIAL, SUPER or ROADMASTER—and with Dynaflow Drive* too!

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

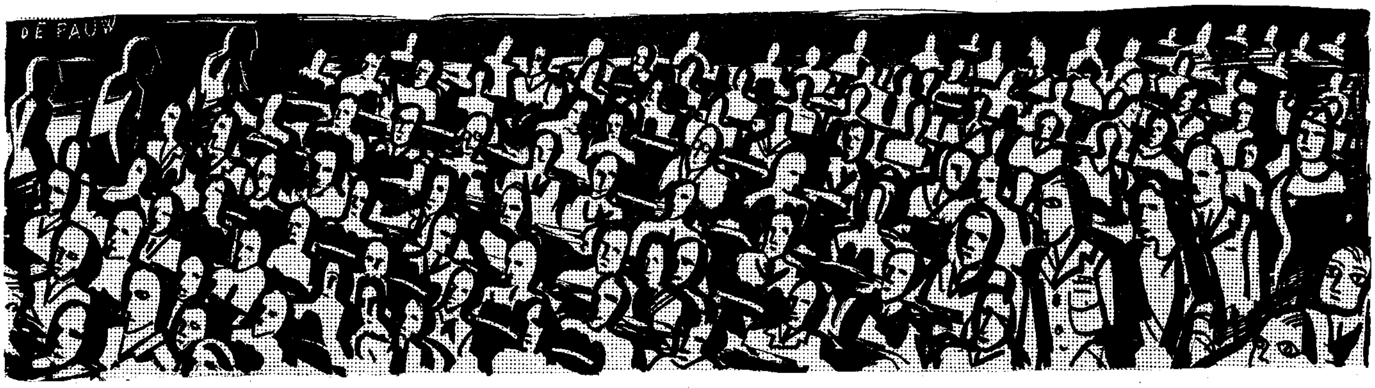
SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

GM
YOUR KEY
TO GREATER
VALUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annie Get Your Gun—The Irving Berlin musical, translated with considerable fidelity to the screen. Betty Hutton's performance isn't up to that of Ethel Merman in the stage version, but the rest of the cast, which includes Howard Keel, J. Carrol Naish, Keenan Wynn, and Louis Calhern, do as well as anybody could expect. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Astonished Heart—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. Good stuff when the author, who also participates as an actor in this English film, isn't being too solemn about it all. With Celia Johnson and Margaret Leighton. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 29.)

The Bicycle Thief—The tragedy of a man who loses his bicycle, a necessary tool of his trade. An Italian film, made by Vittorio de Sica, that ranks with the best ever to turn up. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Fallen Idol—A brilliant English job about a small boy's muddled attempts to prevent his hero, a butler, from being charged with the murder of his wife. Bobby Henrey is marvellously apt as the boy, and Sir Ralph Richardson is impeccable as the butler. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

In a Lonely Place—Humphrey Bogart doing a nice piece of acting as an overwrought Hollywood writer suspected of murdering not only the English language but a hat-check girl as well. Rather unbelievable but nevertheless exciting at times. Gloria Grahame is Mr. Bogart's beloved and, as might be imagined, a bit nervous about it. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Man—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Valli, and Orson Welles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

A Ticket to Tomahawk—A merry burlesque of practically all the Western films that have rolled out of Hollywood since William S. Hart hung up his guns. Dan Dailey is quite funny as a *Saturday Evening Post* subscription man caught up in some desperate doings in Colorado in 1876. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Tight Little Island—A comical English picture that demonstrates how some Scots in the Hebrides go about solving the problems presented by a whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Romance in Genoa, with Jean Gabin registering an excellent performance as a Frenchman whose charm overwhelms a handsome mother and her growing daughter. Isa Miranda and Vera Talchi are superb as the ladies involved. A French-Italian production. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's famous triumph. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through May 31, tentative.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of Dostoevski's novel. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through May 31, tentative.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

Great Expectations (1947)—The Dickens story. An English picture, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 28-30.)

Henry V (1946)—Sir Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting May 31, tentative. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; May 25.)

Klondike Annie (1936)—Mae West in a Salvation Army bonnet. With Victor McLaglen. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through May 31, tentative.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through May 31, tentative.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell and Barry Fitzgerald. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 29-30.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The film version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting May 30.)

Quartet (1949)—Four of Somerset Maugham's short stories pasted up together in an English film. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 25.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; May 25.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; May 28-29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through May 28: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.... ¶ Starting May 29: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), with John Barrymore. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Jackie Robinson Story," Jackie Robinson.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through May 31 (tentative): **the life and loves of beethoven** (in French), revival; and **crime and punishment** (in French), revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
the red shoes.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Rocketship X-M," Lloyd Bridges.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
city lights, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Border Street" (in Polish).

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Johnny Holiday," William Bendix.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
in a lonely place.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Capture," Teresa Wright, Lew Ayres.

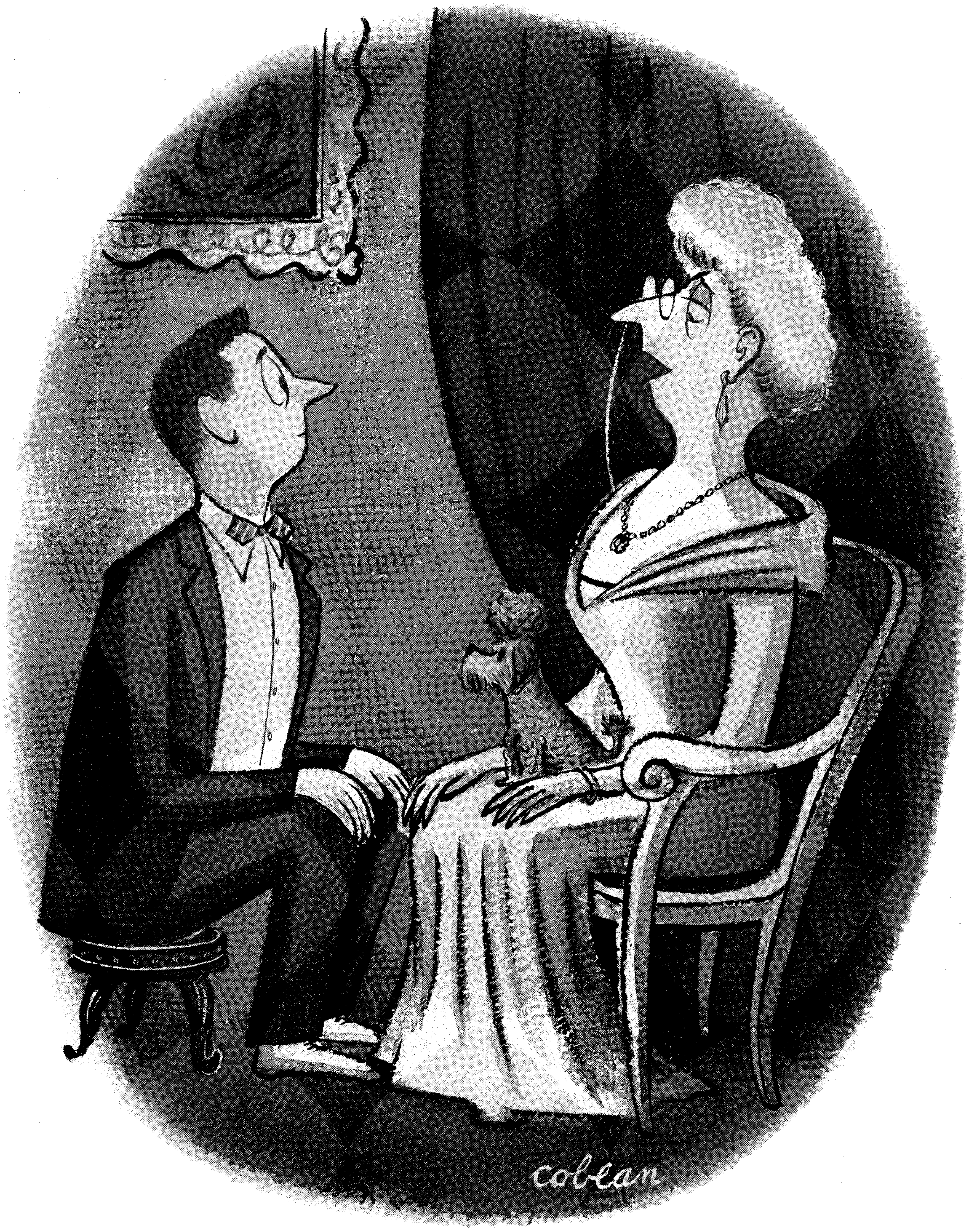
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
a ticket to tomahawk.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
annie get your gun.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Caged," Eleanor Parker.

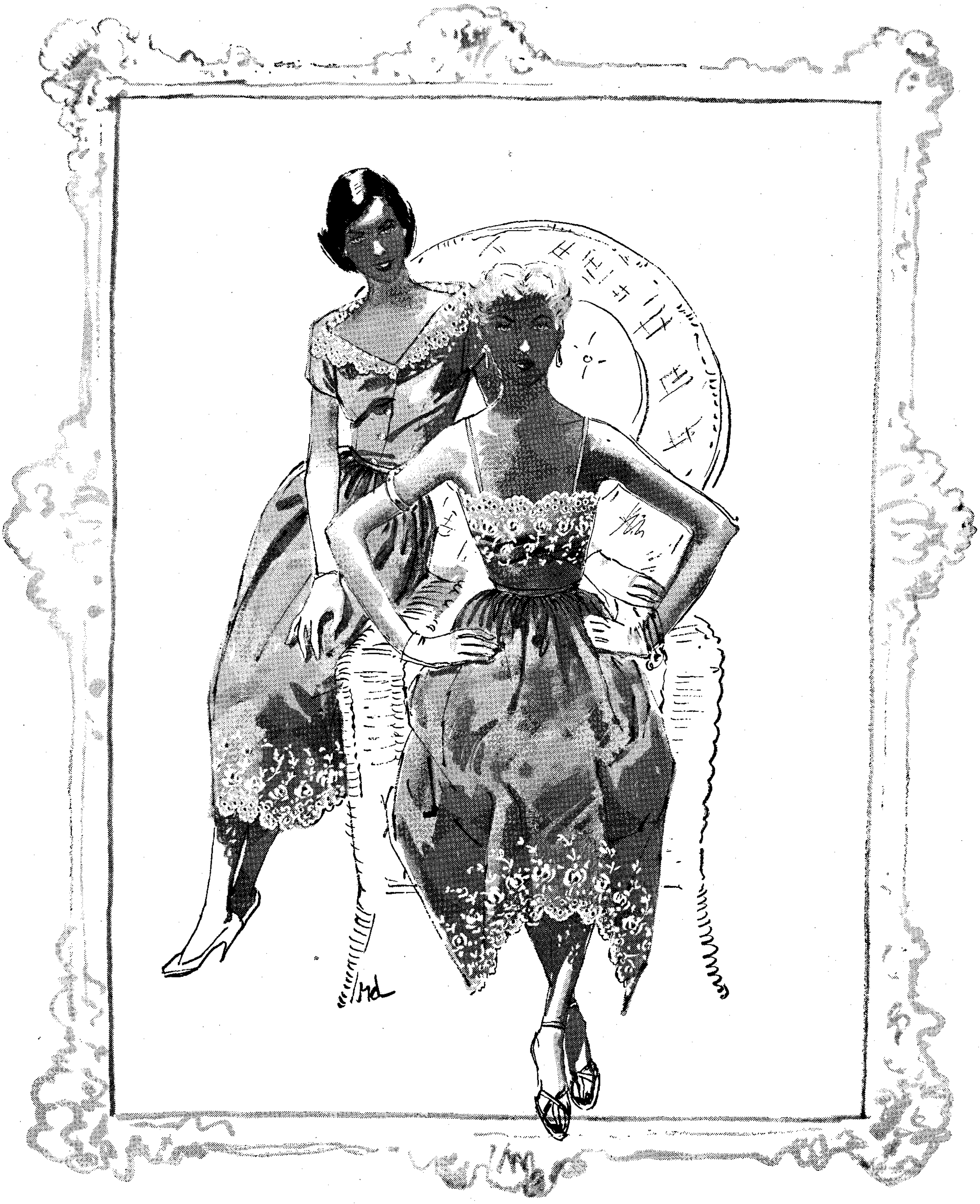
Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
the third man.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
the bicycle thief (in Italian).



"My dear young man, drink gin by all means, but for gracious sakes mix it with Schweppes Quinine Water—what the dear Duke calls Gin and Tonic."

(*Advertisement*)



OUR VERY OWN PORTRAIT COTTONS . . . Toni Owen separates in mauve pink, pastel green, cornflower blue, dark green, dark brown or purple cotton broadcloth with white embroidery. Sizes 10 to 16. Blouse, 9.95 Camisole, 8.95 Skirt, 14.95

Altman blouses and skirts, third floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

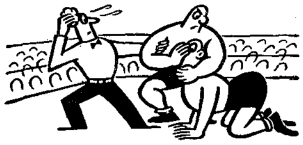
Notes and Comment

EVERYWHERE, the decline of privacy continues, speeded by electronics. At a recent ball game, a sensitive microphone at home plate picked up the rich comments of one of the team managers to the umpire and sent them winging to thousands of radio sets, instantly turning the listeners into involuntary eavesdroppers. In another ballpark, the chance remark of a second baseman to another umpire, to the effect that the official was hamming up his signals for the benefit of the television audience, led the umpire to banish the player from the field. And then the United States Cabinet, apparently uneasy in the confines of its lonely and untapped chamber, moved out to Chicago and held a public session before television cameras and a crowd of spectators. This state of affairs has been developing for a long time—ever since the perfection of the candid camera, armed with which photographers began coolly walking in the front door and taking pictures of the family in its bathrobe. Within their limits, the radio people followed suit, and now the television men are operating on the same brash assumption—that a man armed with an ingenious machine is endowed with the inalienable right to intrude. All of us, whether we like it or not, are being turned into performers and are fumbling to see if our necktie is straight. The baseball manager's rhubarb, hitherto sacrosanct, is tempered by the presence of the microphone, listening over his shoulder with cupped ear; umpires and Cabinet members are wondering whether their decisions look right on a sixteen-inch screen; and members of Congressional committees are wondering whether a committee meeting is valid unless it is held before microphones and television cameras.

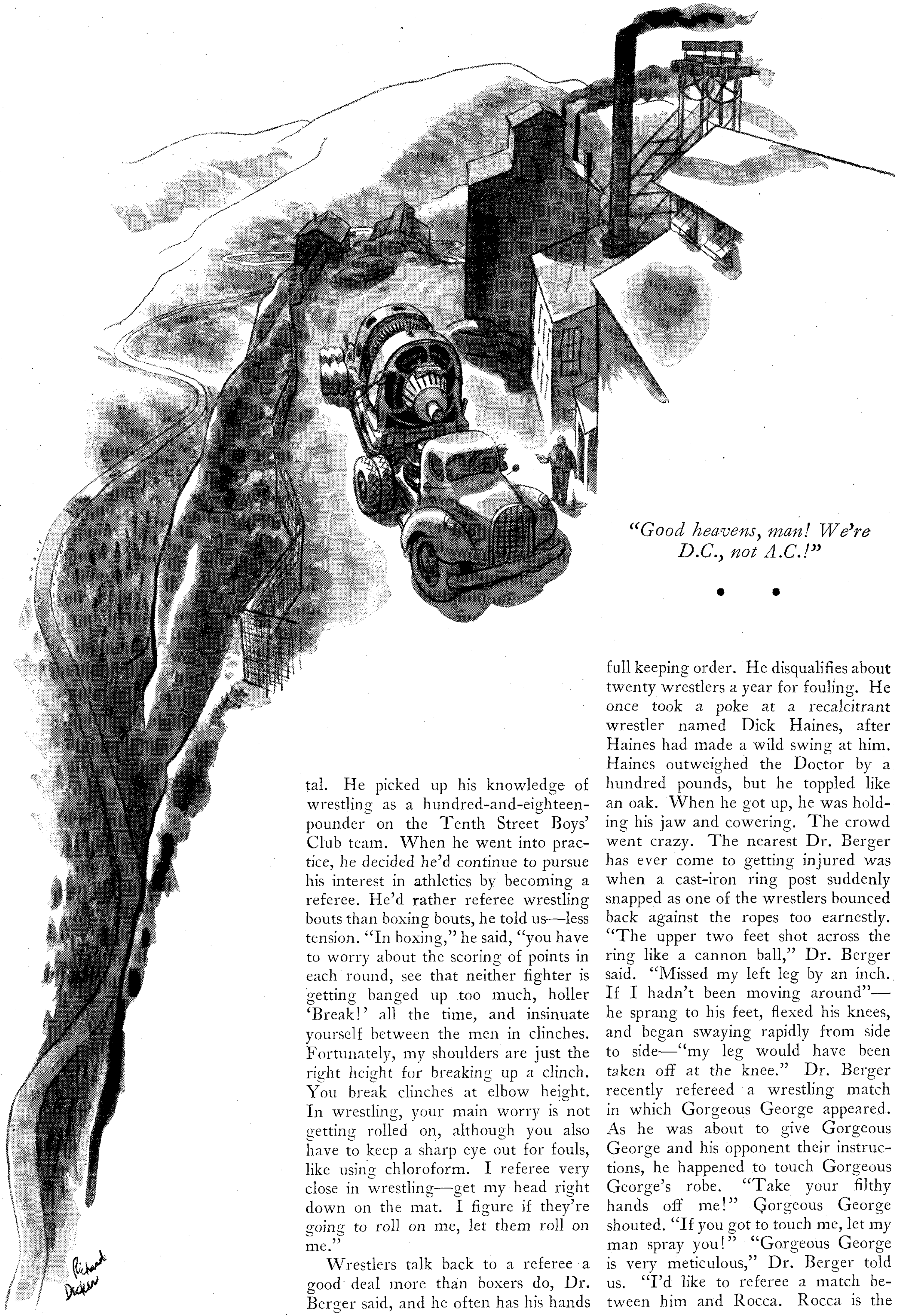
PRIVACY took a strange, electronic blow in Connecticut a week or so ago. We are told by a lady up in Hamden that her father called her from the Merchants Limited by radio telephone and that they discussed a number of family matters, among them her mother's health, Cousin Ethel's broken hip, and when her husband was planning to go to California, and then the lady hung up. Her phone rang again, and a man, a stranger to her, asked her whether she would have dinner with him during her husband's absence. He hoped, he added, that Cousin Ethel was on the mend. "Heard your conversation on my television set," he explained after some prodding. "The operator repeated your number, so I knew what it was." Well, the lady wrote a note of protest to the New Haven Railroad, and has received a reply blaming the eavesdropping on "the fact that some television receivers are poorly constructed, without the proper wave traps in the circuits," and going on to say that "we are having appropriate notices placed in the telephone booths on the trains, calling the attention of passengers to the fact that their conversations go out over a radio channel and may be heard by others." The possibilities inherent in this situation are, obviously, immense. If anyone calls you from a train, our advice is: (1) invite everyone listening in to a garden party, or (2) announce your candidacy for political office and solicit campaign contributions, or (3) hang up.

Right Height

A GENTLEMAN who read an item in these columns the other week about Dr. Philip Bond, the doctor who sings professionally, called us up and suggested that we look into the activities of Dr. Arthur Berger, a dentist who also has a double career; he spends an energetic evening or so every week refereeing boxing or wrestling matches. Dr. Berger readily agreed to see us, and when we called on him at his place of business, 51 Fifth Avenue, we found him to be a small, neat, dark-haired man in his mid-forties. He seated us in a straight-backed chair near his X-ray machine and offered us a slim cigar, which we took for later. "Gift of a patient," he explained, lighting a cigarette and sitting down opposite us. "In this case, a non-athlete. Batch of my patients are prizefighters and their managers. Small batch of wrestlers. Raises a point of ethics, in a split decision in boxing, when I have to cast the deciding vote against some hard-working tiger who's a patient, or whose manager is. I lean over backward to be fair, you know, but sometimes they get all broken up. Been refereeing since '35. What I like is it keeps you on your toes. After a match, if I exude, I know I had a good workout. Years ago, at Coney Island on a hot night, I refereed Dusek against Garibaldi. What with the arguing and the tugging to make them let loose illegal holds, I lost twelve pounds. Refereeing wrestling is strenuous."



Dr. Berger advised us that he was born on Eighth Street, in that section of town known as the Gashouse District; is married; has two sons, aged six and two; and is a member of three dental societies—the American, the New York State, and the First District. He graduated from N.Y.U. Dental School in 1928, and for seven years thereafter coached the varsity boxing team and the Dental School basketball team while teaching oral surgery at N.Y.U. Den-



"Good heavens, man! We're D.C., not A.C.!"

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tal. He picked up his knowledge of wrestling as a hundred-and-eighteen-pounder on the Tenth Street Boys' Club team. When he went into practice, he decided he'd continue to pursue his interest in athletics by becoming a referee. He'd rather referee wrestling bouts than boxing bouts, he told us—less tension. "In boxing," he said, "you have to worry about the scoring of points in each round, see that neither fighter is getting banged up too much, holler 'Break!' all the time, and insinuate yourself between the men in clinches. Fortunately, my shoulders are just the right height for breaking up a clinch. You break clinches at elbow height. In wrestling, your main worry is not getting rolled on, although you also have to keep a sharp eye out for fouls, like using chloroform. I referee very close in wrestling—get my head right down on the mat. I figure if they're going to roll on me, let them roll on me."

Wrestlers talk back to a referee a good deal more than boxers do, Dr. Berger said, and he often has his hands full keeping order. He disqualifies about twenty wrestlers a year for fouling. He once took a poke at a recalcitrant wrestler named Dick Haines, after Haines had made a wild swing at him. Haines outweighed the Doctor by a hundred pounds, but he toppled like an oak. When he got up, he was holding his jaw and cowering. The crowd went crazy. The nearest Dr. Berger has ever come to getting injured was when a cast-iron ring post suddenly snapped as one of the wrestlers bounced back against the ropes too earnestly. "The upper two feet shot across the ring like a cannon ball," Dr. Berger said. "Missed my left leg by an inch. If I hadn't been moving around"—he sprang to his feet, flexed his knees, and began swaying rapidly from side to side—"my leg would have been taken off at the knee." Dr. Berger recently refereed a wrestling match in which Gorgeous George appeared. As he was about to give Gorgeous George and his opponent their instructions, he happened to touch Gorgeous George's robe. "Take your filthy hands off me!" Gorgeous George shouted. "If you got to touch me, let my man spray you!" "Gorgeous George is very meticulous," Dr. Berger told us. "I'd like to referee a match between him and Rocca. Rocca is the toughest man around. He's only lost once in nine years."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Mother's Day window display of the Beacon Book Shop, on East Forty-sixth Street, featured a number of books "For Mother," among them "Boat Building in Your Own Back Yard."

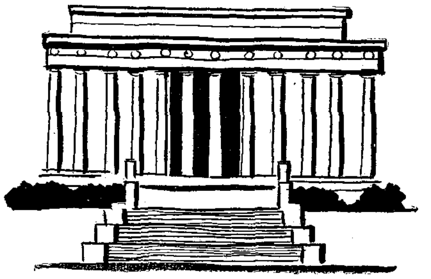
The Giant

THE world's largest color transparency—eighteen feet high, sixty feet long—is now casting a golden, cold-cathode glow down from the east balcony of Grand Central Terminal, and Eastman Kodak, which put it up, hopes that it will warm the heart of every traveller passing through the station. It consists of three seemingly sun-drenched panels. The central one, the largest, shows a young and pretty mother taking a snapshot of a pretty little girl and boy in a pretty spring garden. The left-hand panel is a closeup of the little girl, the right-hand panel a closeup of the little boy. Below the panels is the caption "Keep the childhood story . . . in snapshots." Behind the steel frame that supports the transparency is the Kodak Photo Information Center, where interested persons may look over photographic equipment and get advice on picture-taking problems. A few hours before this new addition to Terminal advertising was unveiled, we stopped in at the Information Center for a talk with Adolph Stuber, Eastman vice-president in charge of sales and advertising. "A great day for Kodak," Stuber said, pumping our hand. "This Kodak Colorama is absolutely unique—colossal as well as beautiful. Among ourselves, we call it the Giant. The head of the little girl in the closeup is *four feet high!* Think of that! We've had our eye on this balcony for some time, and are delighted to be here. We consider it an ideal spot to get across the affinity between travel and photography."

Mr. Stuber told us that Eastman has rented the balcony space for two years and that it is the company's intention to change the transparency on display at least once a month. "This is not an ordinary, Broadway-type sign," he said. "The pictures we put up will harmonize with the Terminal architecturally and aesthetically. One of the marvellous things about Kodak is that our medium of advertising is *our own product*. We tell our story in beautiful photos. We're shooting some beautiful photos right now for a year ahead. In January, we'll probably put up a skiing scene; in February, a shot demonstrating what fun it is to take pictures indoors; in March, the beginning of spring. Most of the pictures will show somebody taking a photograph with a Kodak, but there'll be nothing high-pressure about them."

Mr. Stuber told us that the negative from which the huge center panel of the Giant was made measured only five by nine and a half inches. It was cut into strips half an inch wide and five inches long, and these were enlarged forty-four diameters, into strips nineteen and a half inches wide and eighteen feet long. These strips were joined together by transparent tape, wrapped on a plastic-covered cardboard spool, shipped from the Kodak plant in Rochester to Grand Central, and unrolled onto the steel frame on the balcony. They now rest between two huge sheets of Plexiglas. The front sheet is to minimize the reflection of light from various points in the Terminal, the rear sheet to diffuse the great bank of light behind the transparency. This light comes from over a mile of cold-cathode tubes, which require as much electric current as four hundred forty-watt bulbs. Stuber was touching on some of the fine technical points involved in producing something so beautiful and colossal when we were joined by Valentino Sarra, the man who, at Stuber's instigation, snapped the pictures. Sarra photographs Men of Distinction and isn't easily fazed, but, he told us, this commission had proved a difficult one.

"Mr. Stuber says he wants a wonderful picture with a spring setting," Sarra said. "This is January, so where do I go? To California, of course. Finally, I find a place that looks like spring, behind the Mission in Santa Barbara. I interview children—maybe two hundred. Such awful children! Little girls with makeup on, whose mothers are telling them to say what a nice suit I am wearing. I hate the suit I am wearing. I want realness in kids. Then comes this brother and sister. The girl, she says she wants to be an angel. The boy, he says he wants to be a devil. This is good. This is as it should be. The mother in the picture is not their mother, but she is a mother. Then it begins to drizzle. We have to wait ten days for clear weather. It stops drizzling. I build a little white picket fence and set out some flowers. A strong wind comes up. We wait one more day for it to go down. Then I wrestle with the little boy, to make him tired, so he will pose. I wear myself out, wrestling. About one hundred pictures I take." Sarra sighed and concluded, "I enjoy myself very much. In the end, I am very happy."



"We want the Giant to make everybody happy," Stuber said. "We want men who have had a bad day at the office to look up at it on their way to catch the five-twenty-eight and like their wives and children the better for it when they get home."

Wrong Number

A HOLLYWOOD gentleman stopping at the Savoy-Plaza last week asked the telephone girl there to connect him with the Algonquin, where he understood Sir Cedric Hardwicke was staying. One of the things he had to do here was see Sir C. The Hollywood man didn't pay much attention to what went on after that, because his wife was talking to him. He was merely aware that a second operator had come on the line, and he asked her if Sir Cedric Hardwicke was there. "Good heavens! At the *Statler*?" she said.

Soot, Flies, and Fire

WE made a trip to the top of the Empire State Building last Thursday to check up on recent and current high-level scientific operations there, and found the place teeming with technical activity as intensively as at any time since the structure was opened, in 1931. On the eighty-fifth floor, we came upon the transmitting apparatus of Stations WNBT and WJZ-TV, connected by cable with the top of the tower. Next above this, on the eighty-sixth floor, are the observation deck (from which no one has jumped since a steel fence with a curved-in top was installed, in 1947), a restaurant, a curio shop, and a glass-enclosed observatory. Science resumes on the eighty-seventh floor, where the Telephone Company has some of the equipment through which its mobile subscribers, mostly automobilists and shipowners, are linked with its regular facilities, and several microwave receivers to relay television pickups from the scene of action—Madison Square Garden and the like—to various local television stations for rebroadcasting. The eighty-eighth to one-hundred-and-first floors, inclusive, are in the mast, and have no windows and practically no floors—just steel grillwork. Some guards' uniforms and other gear are stored there by the building management. On the one-hundred-and-second floor is another observatory, small, glass-enclosed, and bristling with girders, which is the highest point the general public is allowed to reach. Stairs lead up to two more grillwork floors, known as the attic, and above them are the roof and the antenna, which will soon be replaced by a new antenna, a hundred and ninety-nine feet high, to be used by at least two FM stations and five television stations. General Electric still rents the attic every summer for its experiments in measuring and photographing lightning, which strikes the building with what G.E. considers gratifying frequency. (Twenty-four hits last summer.)

In 1946, Dr. Victor F. Hess and Father Frank Benedetto, of Fordham, conducted some cosmic-ray experiments on the eighty-seventh floor of the Empire State. They wanted to learn the life span of a meson, which is a particle of cosmic radiation, at that height—1,096 feet above sea level. It turned out to be 1.8 microseconds. In December, 1948, an electronics company rigged up a gigantic amplifier on the eighty-sixth floor, connected it to a carillon, and poured thousands of decibels of Christmas music out over the city. All sorts of acoustic oddities were noted in the course of this treat, among them the fact that the music could be heard sixteen miles away at times when it was scarcely audible on Thirty-third Street. A couple of years ago, in connection with some polio research, a count was made of the flies on the eighty-eighth and one-hundred-and-second floors. Finding: Not many flies up that high. A study has also been made of the amount of soot in the air at the eighty-sixth-floor level. Finding: Plenty of soot. Frank Powell, the manager of the observatories and the restaurant, is helping a Yale professor investigate wind currents by catching insects that drift past. So far, Powell has collected over two hundred species of insects, including one exuberant cricket. Powell also occasionally tips off LaGuardia Field and Idlewild about an approaching fog bank. One of the most interesting weather phenomena to be observed on the tower is a sort of Saint Elmo's fire, which makes people's fingertips tingle whenever there is a good deal of static electricity in the air.

There's nothing new, incidentally, on the sway of the Empire State. That matter is regarded as having been settled in 1938, when Professor J. Charles Rathbun, of City College, finished a seven-year series of measurements. At the time the framework and outside walls of the building were completed, it swayed just over three inches in a stiff gale. When the partitions were all in, the sway was cut in half, and presumably hasn't increased since.

Good Will

FELLOW who parked his car in front of St. John's Church, on Waverly Place, found a card with the following message affixed to his windshield:

DEAR SIR:

Your attention is respectfully called to the fact that you are parked in a Police No Parking area.

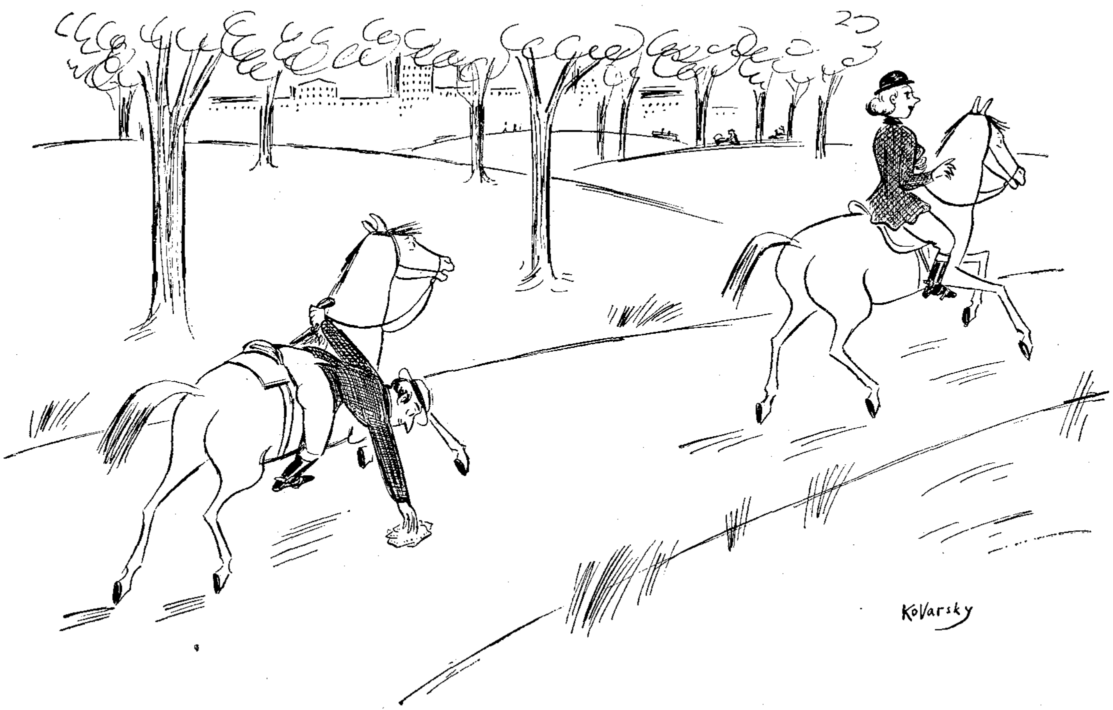
St. John's Church would not wish to have you receive a summons.

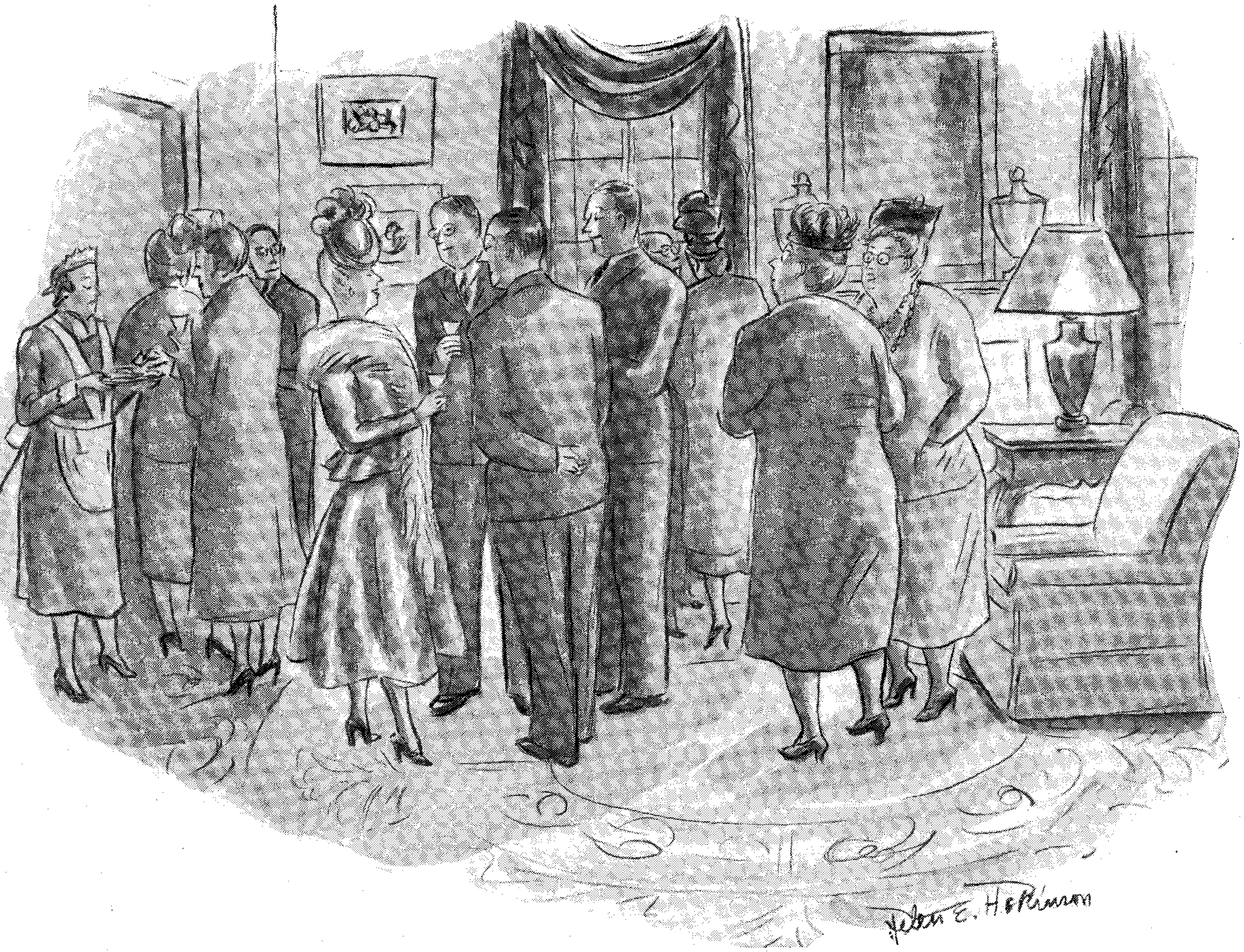
THE RECTOR

Bhumibol's Beguine

THE new revue entitled "Michael Todd's Peep Show" went into rehearsal the other day, and we stepped around to Todd's office to see what we could learn about the three songs contributed to the undertaking by Phumiphon Aduldet, King of Thailand, formerly Siam. The King, who is twenty-two, American-born (his parents happened to be staying in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at the time of his birth), and an accomplished jazz musician, is currently spending his honeymoon at a seaside resort in Thailand and is believed to be unaware of the stir he has caused on Broadway. We first got in touch with Max Gendel, publicity man for Todd. "Once we announce the show," he said, "we have to listen to every songwriter in the country, including a lady department-store executive. Everybody but the King of Siam. Then Mike, he hears the King has written some songs, and nothing will do but he has to have them. It takes three months' negotiations, and now Mike is so proud of his contact with the King that he'll hardly talk about it." Gendel looked baffled. "He's treating the relation with dignity," he concluded, and led us into Todd's presence.

We found Todd smoking a long cigar and scowling. "The King's songs will have to be terrific if I'm ever going to get my money back on cable charges," he said, indicating a bulging briefcase. "That's all back-and-forth with Prince Chakraband, the King's cousin and chamberlain. He collaborated on the lyrics. I sold the King on letting us have his songs by explaining that President Truman isn't above displaying his musical gifts. The King is going to turn over his royalties to his favorite Siamese charity. We have the right to exploit the songs in any way we see fit, only with this catch—we got to use good taste. The King writes songs under the pseudonym Bhumi-





"Personally, I wouldn't want husband after husband after husband."

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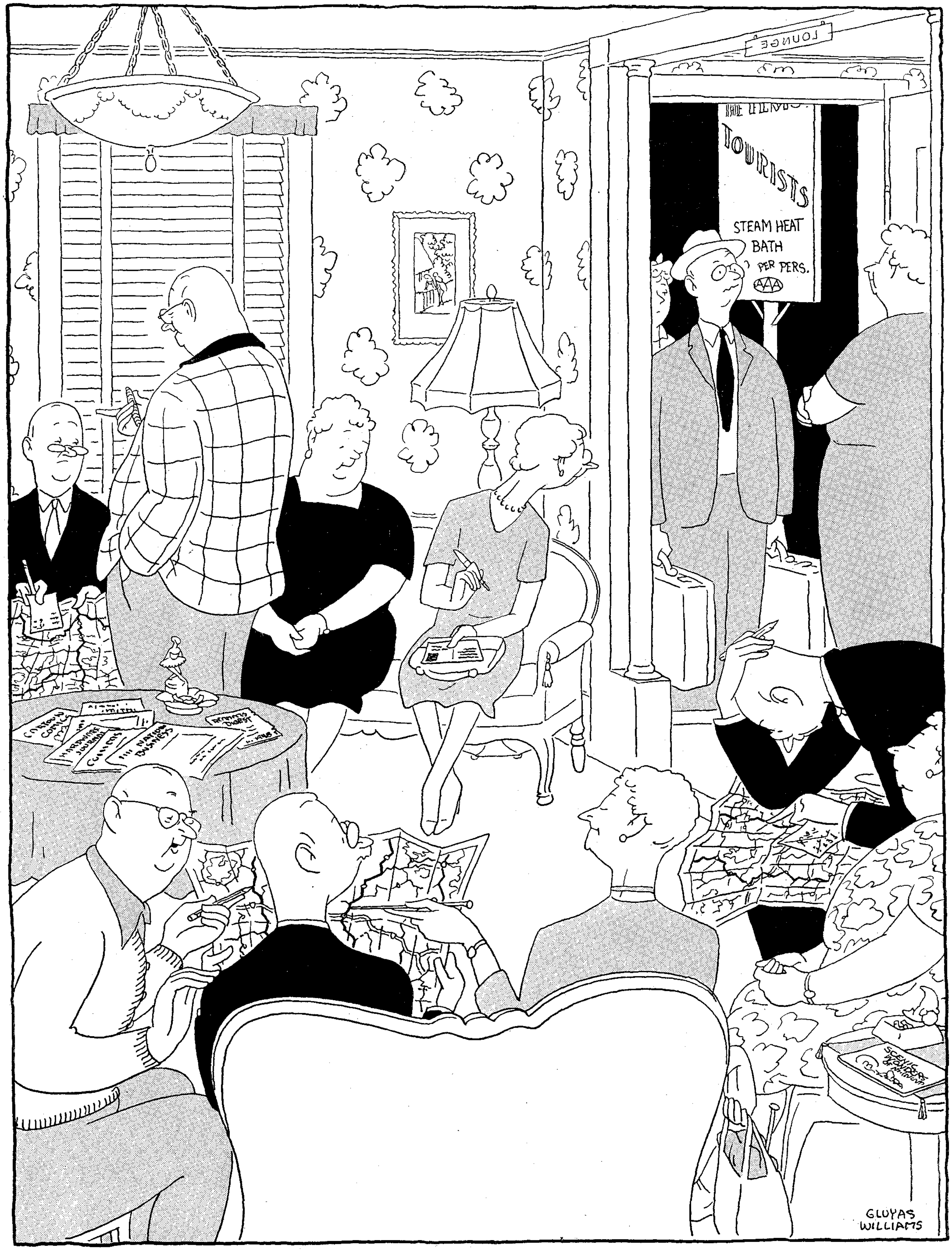
bol, and he and the Prince are listed in the credits as Bhumibol and Chakraband. For publicity purposes, though, Chakraband has said it's all right to keep things simple and refer to the King and himself as His Royal Highness King Phumiphon Aduldet and Prince Chakraband."

We asked Todd if he had ever met the King, and, if not, how he had come to know of the songs. Todd twirled his cigar. "I'll give you the whole story in a nutshell," he said. "I was in Europe last February." He put the cigar back in his mouth and gazed out the window dreamily for quite a spell. Then, evidently assuming that he'd answered the question adequately, he went on, "The King's best number is 'Blue Night,' a beguine. Very melodic. We're building the first-act finale around it. The other songs—a ballad and a rhythm number—we'll fit in here and there. But that 'Blue Night' is going to be *big*. It has something. Go over to the Winter Garden and get Clay Warnick, my conductor, to play it for you. It's haunting."

Taking Todd's advice, we made our way to the Winter Garden, and there, during a break in rehearsal, we introduced ourself to Warnick. "The King has a definite melodic sense," Warnick told us with the air of a man who has digested a surprise. "His harmony is fine, too. We had to take out one or two things that were a little—you know—Siamesy, but 'Blue Night' should be a hit." He sat down at a piano and ran through it for us. (We can't, for the life of us, ever tell when we first hear a song whether or not it is going to be a hit.) "It's a lament," Warnick said when he'd finished. "A natural for Billy Eckstine. One of the King's other songs is pretty swingy. They got a dance over in Siam that's called the *ramwong*. It's something like a rumba, and I guess the King's been influenced by it." We were joined at the piano by Irene Sharaff, who has designed the costumes for the show; she told us that the ones for the "Blue Night" number are to be made of materials woven in Thailand. "We want everything authentic," she said. "We're all hoping the King will come over for opening night." As we went up the aisle in the dark theatre, somebody started singing "Blue Night": "How I yearn for your return . . . Blue Night . . ." Then we heard a voice muttering in the darkness, "Have you seen the set for this number? Damned if the sky isn't bright red."

Career

BELATED census story: A doctor, asked about his income by a youthful enumerator, mentioned a modest sum, and then, queried as to how many hours he had worked the previous week, replied, after a quick calculation on a scratch pad, "About a hundred and eight." "Really?" said the enumerator, openmouthed. The doctor said yes, and added that many of his colleagues could match, or better, this figure. The census man got through the rest of his questions rather shakily. "When you're not working for the census, what do you do?" the doctor asked him. "I'm a medical student," he said, in a hollow tone.


LOUNGE
TOURISTS
STEAM HEAT
BATH
PER PERS.
AAA
CARTOON COMICS
HARDWARE JOURNAL
COMICS
NATION'S BUSINESS
READER'S DIGEST
SCENIC WONDERS
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

"Tourists Accommodated"

THE DRESS

EVERY Sunday, the table linen at St. Mary's Academy was changed, and after the midday meal, when the long tables were left bare, the girls of the primary school gathered in the refectory and wrote their weekly letters to their parents.

The refectory was a large, dim room in the basement of the main building. Over the mantel at one end there was a faded sepia print of the Last Supper, and facing it on the opposite wall there were brightly colored pictures of Christ and the Virgin Mary, both of them shown with their hearts exposed on the outside of their garments, as if plucked from their bosoms. The lower panes of the windows were covered with yellow oilpaper, and the light shining through cast a melancholy glow on the room, so that it looked like a room in an old painting.

This Sunday, the tables were bright with boxes of pink and blue and white notepaper, and except for a mouselike rustling and scratching the room was quiet.

"My dear Mother," Sarah wrote, "I hope you are well. I am well. Please send me a new white dress, as I have to have it to wear in the procession." Any simple white dress would do, Sister Mary Aloysius had said; perhaps Sarah had a little summer dress at home that her mother could send her? It was a pity, she had added, that Sarah was so hard on her clothes.

"I tore my confirmation dress in the skirt in the back, I am veary sorry," Sarah continued. "We are going to have a procession and crown the statue in the grottoe again. Please send me a dress *just* like the one Doris has! The dress with ruffles she wore to confirmation. I am studying veary hard but my French is getting much better. I miss you veary much. Love and kisses and hugs. Yours, Sarah Colby." At the bottom of the page she wrote, "P.S. Please do not forget the dress and the ruffles in time for the procession. O O O X X X"

When she had finished her letter, Sarah put it on the pile at the head of the table, where Sister Mary Agnes sat reading a small black book from which faded silk bookmarks dangled. "May I be excused now, Sister?" Sarah asked. "Can I go?"

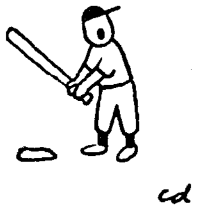
Once, when Sarah was a new girl at the convent, her letter had been returned to her to be done over, because she had written her mother that she was unhappy and that all they ever had to eat was boiled codfish and tapioca pudding. She hadn't known her letter was going to be opened and read before it was mailed, and she had had to admit to Sister Mary Agnes that she had lied; they *did* have other things to eat, and Sister Mary Agnes had made her stand up and name some of the other things.

After letter writing, the children were free to do as they liked with the afternoon until it was time for Benediction. If the weather was inclement, they would play upstairs in the recreation room, but as the days grew warm and lengthened into spring, they would go out in the play yard or walk around the convent grounds. Sometimes Sarah and Doris Catalano, arms entwined, would wander along the cinder path that led from the back of the school building to the old carriage house, stopping to look in the window of the tool shed, their feet sinking into the soft, wet earth as they stared through the dusty panes of glass, hoping to see something forbidden or frightening in the dark disorder of cast-off bits of furniture and broken flowerpots and piles of garden implements. Usually the course of their wanderings would eventually bring them to the rustic stone steps that led down to the grotto. They would sit on the steps with their skirts decorously smoothed under them, conscious of their Sunday dresses, listening to the confident whistles of the starlings and the rumble of airplanes somewhere in the pale, hazy sky, while they talked of the things they would like to do, or what they might do the very next moment if the spirit willed them.

When they had settled themselves on the steps this Sunday, Doris said, "I wish I could ride on a train in comfort and security, like the President does."

"I'm going to ride on an airplane and drive it myself," Sarah said.

"Airplanes crash, and then you'll be dead. My mother wouldn't let me ride on an airplane," Doris said.



"My plane isn't going to crash. It's going to be yellow, or maybe silver."

"Silver would be nice," Doris said.

"I guess it'll be silver," said Sarah. Under her hands, the steps were warm from the sunlight, and green vines were growing through the cracks in the stone. One tendril had pierced a papery brown leaf, and she poked at it with her finger. "My mother is going to send me a dress like yours," she said. "To wear in the procession."

"Really like mine?" Doris asked.

"We can be like twins," Sarah said. "Maybe Sister Mary Celestine will let us walk together in the procession when she sees we're dressed alike. Then everyone who sees us will think we're really twins. Wouldn't it be fun if they couldn't tell us apart?"

"If only your hair was curly," Doris said.

"Do you think it could be? Maybe it just needs practice. We could roll it around something and tie it up at night. We could use stockings. Stockings would be perfect."

"I don't think Sister Mary Aloysius would let us," Doris said.

Doris had the bed next to Sarah's in the dormitory. She had full red cheeks and dark curly hair that bounced up and down when she jumped rope. On a thin gold chain around her neck she wore a little heart-shaped locket, with a picture of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal in it, and when she jumped rope the locket bounced, too, slapping against the smooth olive skin of her throat. She was six months older than Sarah, and she called Sarah "my dear" and sometimes helped her with her homework when Sister Mary Agnes was out of the study hall. "Oh, brother!" she would exclaim cheerfully when Sister Mary Celestine wrote down the homework on the blackboard. She wasn't the least bit afraid of Sister Mary Celestine. On Sundays, Doris wore dresses that were shiny and ruffled and had bows of ribbon or rosebuds all over them. They all looked like real party dresses, Sarah thought, despising her own dresses as hideously simple, but the dress she admired the most was the one Doris had worn when she was confirmed. It was made of tier after tier of white rayon net ruffles. Streamers of satin ribbon fell from the shoulders, and at the neck and the waist there were bands of velvet. The night before the children were to be confirmed, Sister Mary Aloysius had wrapped Doris's hair around strips of cloth, and the next day it had been combed into curls that hung like dark tubes down her back. Sarah had pointed out to her mother, who had come up from the city for the ceremony, how splendid her friend had looked. "Didn't you think her dress was beautiful?" she had asked. "I wish I could have one like it sometime. It looks kind of like a beautiful wedding cake, don't you think?"

"My God! It does indeed," her mother had said, and Sarah had looked

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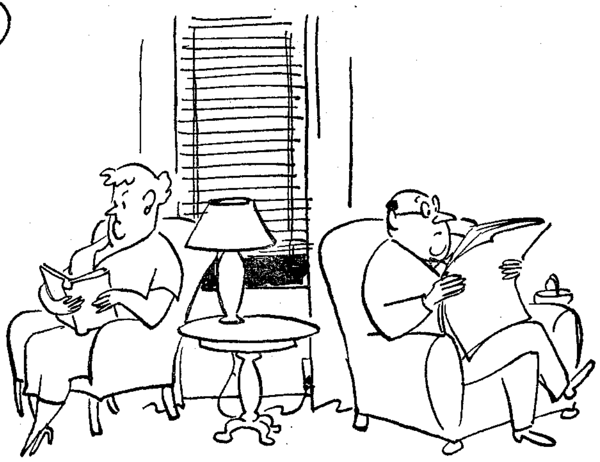

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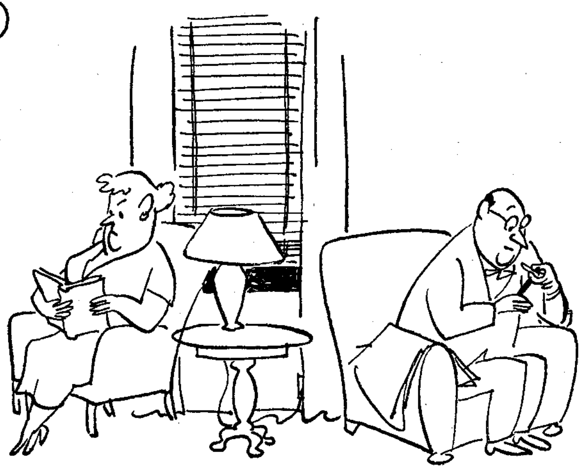

quickly about to see if anyone had heard her mother swear. The group picture of the confirmation class had just been taken on the lawn in front of the main building, and all around Sarah and her mother the girls had stood with little clusters of relatives. It had been a cold, gray day, and the children had stood uneasily, still wearing the white net veils and long white silk gloves they had worn in the church. Their dark winter coats, most of which were too short over their new dresses, had looked drab above the whiteness of their shoes and stockings, and as Sarah had glanced down at herself, she had had a sudden feeling of sadness, as though they'd all been stricken with poverty.

Now, as she sat on the grotto steps with Doris, the day she had been confirmed seemed dim and far in the past. Below the shrine, from the street, which was screened from the convent grounds by shrubbery, she could hear the sound of cars leisurely passing. No calls or shouts came from the play yard, and everywhere there was a Sunday quiet in the air. A breeze, hardly strong enough to be felt, moved the bushes and the leaves on the trees in a slight, hypnotic quiver.

"Do you think if I made a novena, God would make my hair curl?" Sarah asked.

"Who'd you make it to?" Doris said.

"I don't know—some saint, I guess."

"I've never seen a picture of a saint with curls," Doris said. Sarah couldn't remember any, either, and, as Doris pointed out, if none of the saints had curly hair, they wouldn't see why Sarah should ask for it.

"When is your mother going to send the dress?" Doris asked. Soon, Sarah told her—the minute she received her letter. It might be any day now. She could see herself in the dress, twirling around, with the ruffles standing out and the ribbons floating from her shoulders. Like a princess, she thought. In a book at home, there was a picture of a little-girl princess riding on a milk-white pony while white doves circled around her head. Sarah smiled, and for a moment, she, too, sat on a pony, with her white skirt spread about her, and doves came when she waved her hand.

DURING the following week, the weather was clear, and every day the school rehearsed the procession, walking, two by two, in a winding column, to the statue of Our Lady of Loreto in the grotto. Something was always going wrong, and every few minutes one of the nuns in charge would clap her hands sharply and the column would come to a stop. Cecelia Lamude, whose older sister was so devout that everyone said she had a vocation, was to lead the procession and carry the wreath with which the statue would be crowned. She was a small, pale child in the first grade, and during the rehearsals she dutifully held her empty hands out in front of her as though carrying the wreath, and the older girls, waiting in line, endlessly echoed each other: "Isn't she cute? Isn't she the cutest thing?"

Every evening, when the girls returned to the main building, Sarah would ask Sister Mary Aloysius if a package had come for her, and Sister would say, "Not yet," and hope Sarah's mother hadn't forgotten. By Saturday morning, Sarah's heart misgave her. Her mother must have forgotten, or else she had left it until the last moment and the dress would arrive too late. She thought of how often her mother, still in a slip, had stood at the bathroom door and said, "Don't fidget so, Sarah. There's plenty of time." But in the end they always had to rush and, getting into a taxi, her mother would say to the driver, "Please hurry! We're late now, as it is." Hadn't they arrived at the circus when the opening parade was disappearing from the arena, and had no time at all to go downstairs and see the animals?

Sarah clenched her hands, crumpling the embroidery silk and bureau scarf she was carrying. The children were taking their sewing and weaving to the play yard for their handicraft class. It was too nice to stay indoors, Sister Mary Ignatius said; they would take chairs from the kindergarten and have the class in the play yard. As they started out the door, Sarah heard her name called. "Sarah Colby, Sister Mary Aloysius wants you in the dormitory," Teresa McCaffrey said, coming down the stairs into the hall. "At once!" she added on her own.

"Goody, goody! I happen to *know* what it is," Sarah said. "Oh, please, Sister, can I go? And can Doris come with me?"

"What is it? What is it now?" Sister Mary Ignatius said. She looked up from the little pillow she was carrying, on which she made lace for the altar, and pulled her glasses down on her nose, as though to hear better. "What's the trouble now?"

"Can Doris and I go up to the dormitory? Sister Mary Aloysius wants us," Sarah said.

"Certainly. Don't keep Sister waiting. And hurry—it's too nice a day to stay indoors. That's why you have such pale cheeks, all of you. If all you girls would spend more time out of doors . . ." she went on sternly, but Sarah and Doris had already started up the stairs. "Who's in charge of the loom? Somebody ought to be in charge of the loom!" they could hear Sister Mary Ignatius's old voice crying, fading away as they ran past the landings of the second and third floors, where the nuns lived.

When they reached the door of the dormitory, they stopped. For a moment, the room looked unfamiliar. All the windows were open, and the white bed curtains, pushed back to the corners of

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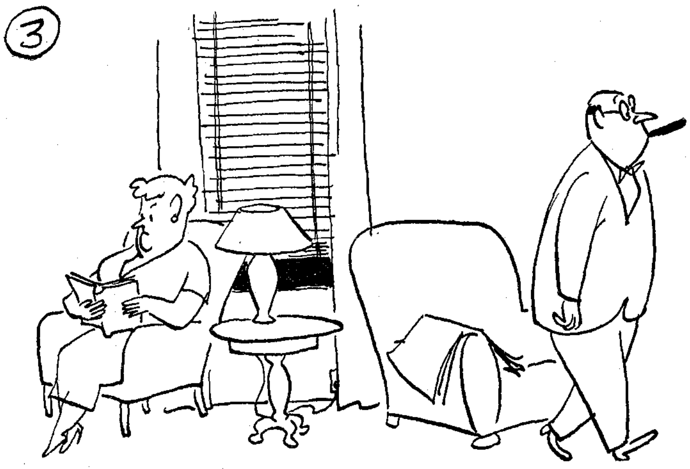

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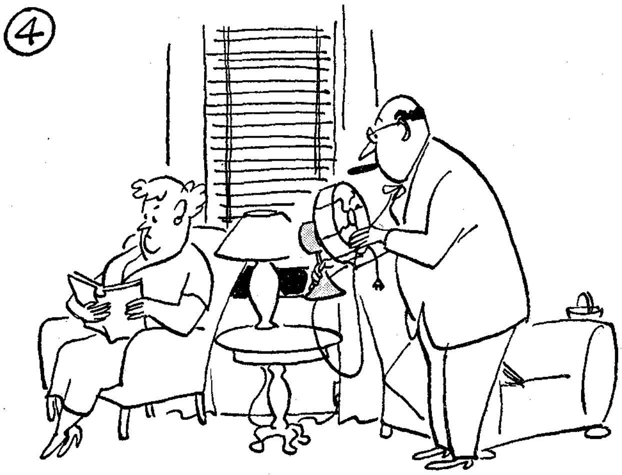

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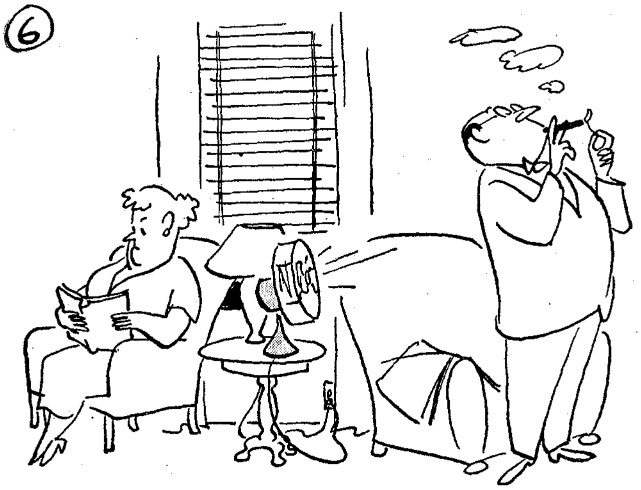

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each bed, billowed out in the breeze. It looked like a room full of sails. Just inside the windows, dust sparkled in the bright air and seemed to be streaming up from the floor into the sunlight. Sister Mary Aloysius came toward them from the wardrobe room, down the aisle between the beds, her habit swelling out so that she seemed to be moving on runners.

"Your dress has arrived, Sarah," she said. "It's on your bed, and there is a note in it from your mother. I'm sure you'll be very pleased when you see what she has to say. Now try it on, child, and come into the wardrobe room when you're ready."

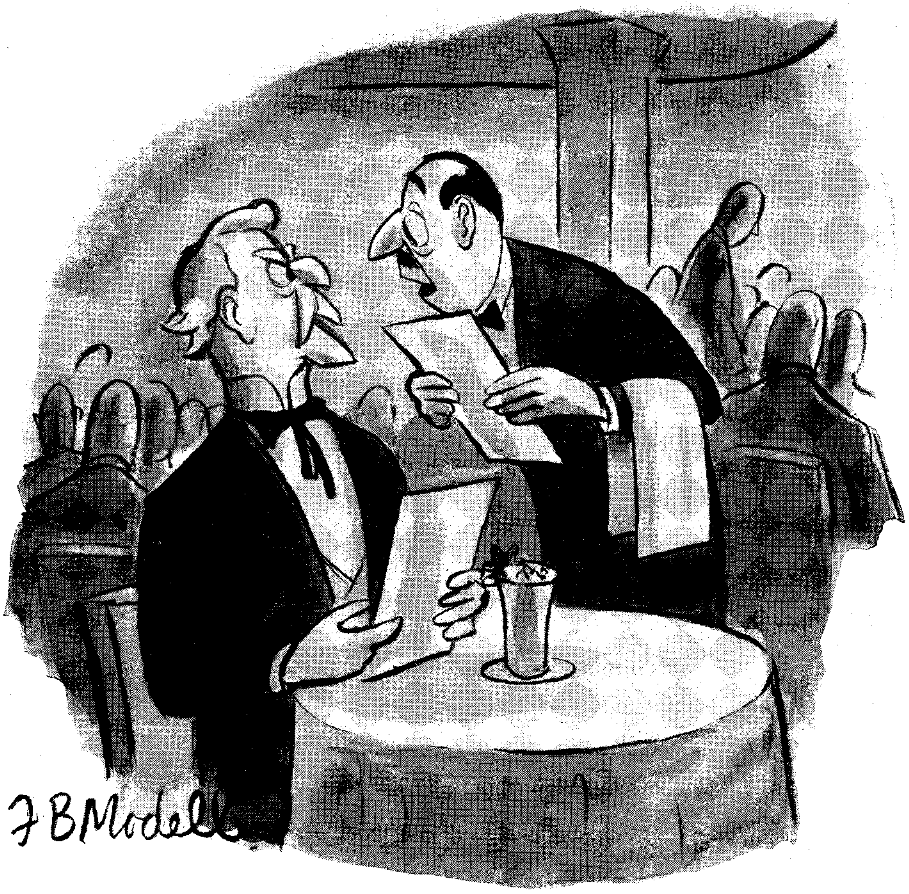
On Sarah's bed, there was a big striped green-and-silver box. As Sarah came near it, she thought, Why, even the box is beautiful! She had a feeling like Christmas and she waited a moment before she touched it. Inside, the box had ribbons tied across layers of tissue paper, and lying on the top was a small, thick envelope. The flap had been torn open. Sarah took out the note.

"Darling," her mother had written, "this is a present from Grandmother Colby. She was in town for a few days, and she insisted on buying this for you to wear in the procession. I hope it fits. It has to be your best, as it cost a fortune. I must say she was very extravagant, but, after all, I don't see why she shouldn't be. Don't forget to write and thank her. Love, Mother."

"Go ahead and open it, my dear!" Doris said, then, watching Sarah's face, "Is it like mine?"

Sarah untied the ribbons and laid back the paper, and as she picked up the dress, sheets of tissue paper fell from it with a tinkling sound, floating across the bed and blowing along the floor. She held it up, and something seemed to contract in her chest. The dress hung down absolutely straight. There wasn't a ruffle on it. It was made all of little tucks, running up and down, so fine they looked like white lines, and at intervals between the tucks there were strips of thin, narrow lace. It was only after a second that she could see that the dress wasn't as straight as it looked, for when she gave it a shake, as though she couldn't believe how plain it was, all the tucks opened out in the skirt and at the same time a slip of the same material slid slowly down and came to rest on the box.

"*My* dress has ribbons on it," Doris said uncertainly. She reached out and touched one of the sleeves, as though she wasn't sure. For a moment the thought,



"If I may say so, sir, the Yankee pot roast is very nice."

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I could tie ribbons on it, flickered in Sarah's mind. "A-l-e-n-ç-o-n," Doris spelled out. "Forty-seven—it looks like a seven—dollars." She was reading a slip of paper that was pinned around the lace edge of a sleeve. "What fancy writing, all curly, and the seven is made funny," she said. "Oh, brother!" she shouted. "Does that mean that it cost forty-seven dollars? Who ever heard of anyone paying forty-seven dollars for a dress!"

Suddenly Sarah wanted to dash the dress to the ground. "This old thing! And I asked for a dress like yours," she mumbled fiercely, afraid that at the sound of her voice she would cry. She let the dress drop from her fingers. "God damn it," she said slowly and carefully, and then started to unfasten her school uniform. It seemed to her then that she'd known all along her mother would never send her a dress like Doris's.

"Brother! Forty-seven dollars!" Doris said, picking up the dress and turning it back and forth. "My sister Maria," she said, talking rapidly, "she bought me my dress, and when Eddie—that's her husband—when he heard she paid twelve dollars for it, he got sore and hit her. She come over to our house and she was crying, and when she told my mother, my mother was awful mad, and she tried to give Eddie the twelve dollars back, but Maria wouldn't let her."

"He *hit* her?" Sarah said incredulously.

"Sure. He's got an awful temper, and he doesn't go to Mass regular—hardly ever goes. Lookit! Buttons on the shoulders!" Doris exclaimed. "That's nothing," she continued largely. "I saw my father hit my mother once. He was yelling real loud and talking Italian, which my mother doesn't care for, and when he hit her, she give my sister and me some money to go to the movies, and we stayed and saw the show twice, because we were afraid to go home. Everything was O.K. when we got home, though."

Sarah thought of all the boxes of fruit that came for Doris in the mail. "My brother Tony sent it to me," Doris would say as she passed the pears and grapes, or "My sister Maria sent it," and Sarah would wonder what it must be like to have brothers and sisters and a mother and father who all lived in the same house together. Now she had a sudden vision of a dark place, with people shouting and blows falling. She turned to her friend, shocked with pity. Poor, poor Doris, to have a father who hit her mother! And to be afraid to go home. How terrible! "Oh, Doris, don't mind," she said. "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Doris looked surprised and shrugged her shoulders. "Didn't your father ever hit your mother? You know, when they were still together?" she asked.

Sarah hesitated. It didn't seem quite delicate to say that even the thought of her father hitting a lady was impossible. "Well," she said, "I don't think my mother would *let* anybody hit her."

She was silent as she slid the dress over her head. It felt crisp and new, and the lace tickled around her neck as Doris buttoned it up the back. "You know what?" Sarah said, finally. "If anyone ever hit me, I'd hit them back. I'd kick them in the stomach. I'd—I'd smash them!"

"Sarah!" Sister Mary Aloysius called out from the wardrobe room. "Aren't you ready yet?"

For a moment the two girls stood rigid and looked warily at each other. "Wait for me, my dear!" Sarah said quickly. "I'm coming, Sister," she called.

As she ran down the aisle between the beds, she thought that even if her father ever had hit her mother, she would never let anyone know it. She wouldn't ever tell anybody. Poor Doris! How awful to have that kind of family, she thought, and was uneasily aware that she was glad of an excuse to get away from her friend.

A sudden gust of wind blew through the dormitory. The whole room seemed to be set in motion, and Sarah's new dress whirled around her legs. She put her hands down to feel it bell out. Maybe it wasn't such a bad dress after all. The lace was kind of like cobweb lace, like the lace fairies wore. Running through the avenue of billowing curtains, she lifted her hand, pretending she held a wand and was touching things with it as she ran. At the end of the room, she could hear Doris calling, "Ask her if you can curl your hair!," but she was too far away to shout back, and she pretended not to hear.

—ASTRID PETERS

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SINKSIDE REVERIE

Man thinks he's smarter
  Than the beasts and the fishes,
But I never knew an animal
  That had to wash dishes.

—E. B. W.

TRIAL BY KINSEY

WORD is out that the Kinsey Report on the ladies is almost ready for the press. Doubtless a good percentage of the American male population, whose behavior was so graphically brought to light two years ago, is anticipating, with mixed emotions of dread and glee, the lowdown on the behavior—or misbehavior—of the American female. And doubtless, too, the cartoonists and professional humorists are revamping and changing the gender of their old jokes to be held in readiness for the date of publication. It now appears that the Doctor's researches are not to be confined to the over-all behavior of the American male, the American female, and the mud wasp (whose nationality a divided world has yet to determine); in the new report there will be, I gather, a section devoted to a special study of that happy and unhappy breed, the people whose professions lie in the arts. Just how their patterns differ from those of the male, the female, and the mud wasp we have yet to learn. I heard of this special study one day when I was lunching with a lawyer who is a friend of mine and also of Dr. Kinsey's. What prompted this gentleman suddenly to come out with "How'd you like to be interviewed by Kinsey?" I don't know. Nor do I know for what reason, unless it was the two dry Martinis I had had at the start of the meal, the prospect struck me as fascinating. My reply was a simple "I can't wait."

When the first enthusiasm and the second Martini had worn off, I realized that I *could* wait, after all. In fact, quite indefinitely. But this was a few hours later, and by then the die was cast, as the lawyer's parting words had been to the effect that he would immediately inform the Doctor of my willingness to be interviewed. Oh, well, I figured, maybe nothing would ever come of it, and besides, I could always get out of an awkward situation by saying I'd received a sudden summons from Hollywood—a fortuitous emergency that I have yet to be involved in. I finished my shopping and thought no more about the matter until I reached home and was greeted by my son with the information that someone had been playing a joke on me.

"What sort of joke?" I asked.

"Oh, some dopey friend of yours called up," he answered. "He said to tell you Dr. Kinsey had called."

"And what did *you* say?" I asked.

"I just said 'Oh yeah?' and hung up."

"I'm afraid, my lad," I said, "that it really *was* Dr. Kinsey."

"What would he be calling *you* about?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess he wants to interview me," I replied in an offhand manner.

My son's eyes bugged out with incredulity. "Why would he want to interview *you*, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed and, without waiting for an answer, catapulted into the library to tell his father, whose comment was identical except that he didn't say "heaven's." It was clear that in the opinion of both the men of my family I could bring as little enlightening material to a Kinsey Report as a child of ten could bring to the Annual Report of General Motors. Indeed, neither one of them appeared to believe that a prospect so fantastic as that of my being interviewed by the Doctor could ever eventuate, and under their influence I began to disbelieve it myself.

BRIGHT and early the following day, as I was drinking my morning coffee in bed, the phone rang, and I pounced to answer it before anyone could pick up a downstairs extension. A pleasant masculine voice asked if this was Cornelia Skinner and I said yes, this was she—an elegance of speech that always sounds as though one were identifying oneself with Rider Haggard's heroine. The man on the phone then quite calmly announced that he was Dr. Kinsey, and at that, I am distressed to say, I heard myself emit a curious whoop followed by a gigglingly shrill "Oh, Dr. *Kin*sey!"

The Doctor, who by now must be astonished by nothing, seemed to take my vocal flutterings as a matter of course, and in a completely businesslike manner went on to say that our mutual friend the lawyer had told him I was willing to give him an interview and that he was delighted to hear it. I burbled a little lamely that I was delighted to hear it, too. He explained that his time in New York was limited and asked if we could make it Friday. Friday was just two days off. My immediate impulse was to duck out of it all by saying that I couldn't be sorrier but that Friday I had to go out of town. Then something in me murmured that this was no time for American womanhood to show weakness, and in a feeble voice I said that Friday would be just fine. He then said that as the interview usually took two hours, what would I say to starting it at nine in the morning. What I said to myself was a fervent "God, no!" and to Dr. Kinsey, shamefacedly, that nine was a little early for me. Then how about ten, he inquired. I was loath to tell him that 10 A.M. is, for me, about as bad as nine, for fear he'd consider this an indication of my general decadence, so I said with forced heartiness that ten would be just fine, after which he suggested that it might be better if the interview was held at his place rather than at mine.

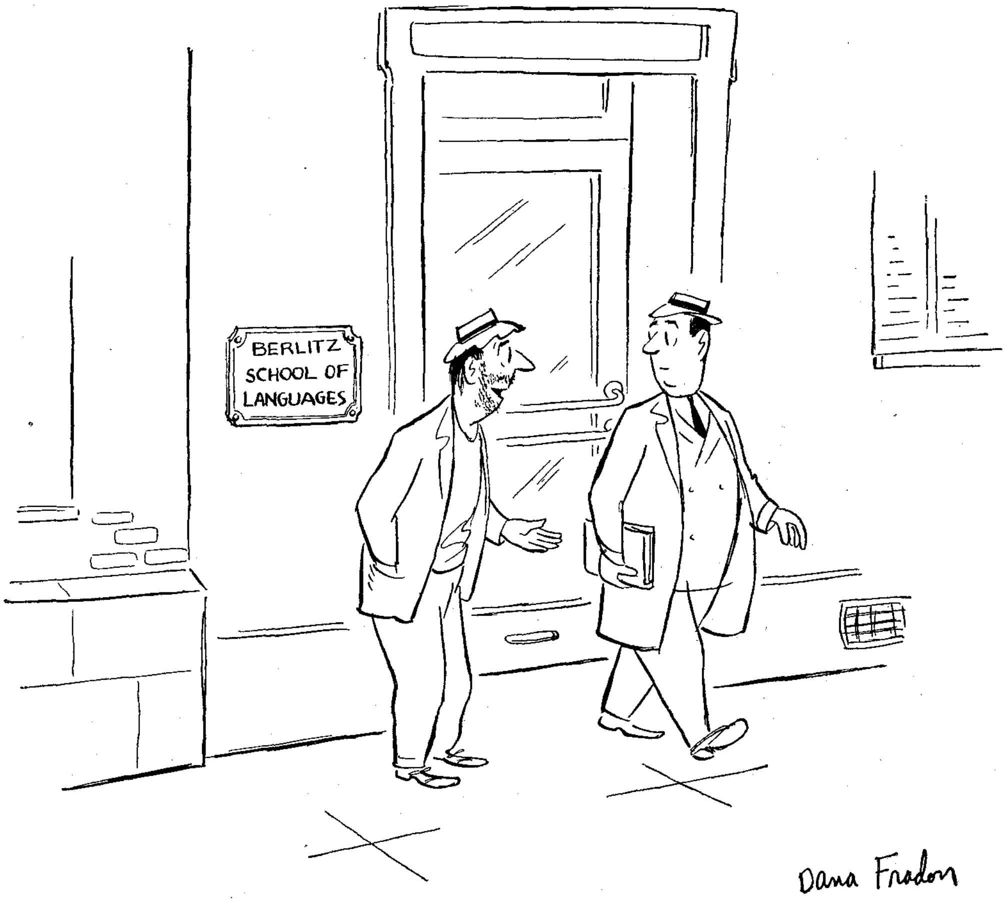
Not knowing anything about his place, I gave a quick thought to mine. I live in a 1908 apartment building where visitors are still announced in the entrance lobby over a battery phone system so antiquated that the doorman has to resort to the tones of a hog-caller to get across any communication, and the prospect of the entire block's being informed that Dr. Kinsey was calling on me was unsettling. Moreover, our family retainer is an elderly virginal soul who thinks nothing of interrupting any social gathering, whether a large one or a tête-à-tête, with bulletins on our current domestic exigencies. I was further harried by the thought that if she barged into the room with the news that the exterminator had come about the pantry cockroaches at a moment when Dr. Kinsey was putting forth some particularly cozy question, she was quite likely to give notice or faint dead away. I therefore eagerly agreed that the meeting had better be held at his place. This I pictured as a scholarly, yet modernistic office, impressive with chromium trim, steel filing cabinets, mysterious oddments of laboratory equipment, and bookshelves filled with heavy tomes. I imagined it would be in either a medical building or the science department of one of the city colleges. I had something of a shock, therefore, when he said he'd expect me at ten sharp in his room at the Statler Hotel.

Again I was strongly assailed by the impulse to duck out. But again some inner discipline admonished me that, having made my bed, I must lie in it. I could only hope that by 10 A.M. Friday somebody would have made Dr. Kinsey's bed and wondered, a little apprehensively, if, in the manner of the patient on the analyst's couch, I'd have to lie on *it*. Taking a deep breath, I said that the Statler, too, would be just fine, as casually as though it were an everyday occurrence for me to pay morning visits to gentlemen in their hotel rooms. I have quite conscientiously been giving this hostelry its new name; actually, to me it will always be the Pennsylvania, famous as a headquarters for conventions. The idea of a bedroom in a milling convention center as a setting for a Kinsey interview for some reason struck me as so wildly incongruous that I hung up fast and then gave vent to another loud whoop of nervous laughter.

DURING the next forty-eight hours, I was in a divided state of mind, wondering whether my engagement with Dr. Kinsey was something to be kept a dead secret or entrusted to a few close friends, like a delicate operation or an illicit love affair. As may be surmised, I started out confiding in one or two boon companions and ended up telling almost everyone I encountered. What chiefly encouraged this wholesale dissemination of the news was a study of the different ways in which people received it. Had I calmly announced that on Friday I was going to go to jail, or receive the Nobel Prize, or elope with the Aga Khan, their reactions could not have been more varied or more intense. Some said "*What?*," others were speechless, and several hammed a double take before coming out with a stunned "I beg your pardon?" It was instructive, then, to wait for the next comments. Women, according to whether their type was the ultra-refined or the lustily earthy, either snorted a horrified "You *wouldn't!*" or eagerly asked if he'd interview them, too. Men reacted in similar ways. The Pillars of the Community, with the shocked compassion they'd have for a magdalen, asked why a nice woman would want to do a thing like that, while the heartier fellows burst out laughing, slapped my knee, and said oh boy, they'd sure like to be a fly on Kinsey's pencil. A few of those professional happy-happy-marriage ladies went into frightened postures of modesty, as though they'd just been walked in on in their slips, and stated with misty-eyed piety that in their opinion "those things" were too sacred to mention, especially to anyone who'd put them in a report. I wish now I had kept track of how many times the term "those things" was employed. My secretary, a glorious girl with a heart as big as Ireland when it comes to the welfare of our family, looked panic-stricken and gasped "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! You're not going to tell him all those things, are you?" and when I asked her all what things, she stammered "Well, I mean *every*thing." I silenced her a bit brutally by asking how she knew I had *any*thing to tell him. She left early that afternoon. I think it was in order to beg Father Murphy to say a special prayer for me.

If the varied adult reactions were surprising, the youthful ones were downright discouraging. It was all too clear that in the estimation of members of the younger generation Dr. Kinsey must be extending his studies into the realm of senile behavior. My son kept reiterating his annoying "Why would he want to interview *you!*" while my best friend's twenty-year-old daughter, with a shrill of amusement, squealed, "What? Miss Prim?" I felt fairly offended by their attitude until I recalled a juvenile one of my own in regard to my elders. To me it was quite unthinkable that the contemporaries of my mother, who was then in her late thirties, could have had any remote interest in matters of the flesh except to cite them as horrible warnings to the young. I recall my shock when a neighbor of ours, a forty-three-year-old widow, married a doctor who was verging on fifty, and that I said to my mother "You don't mean to tell me that they could possibly *still!*" and Mother replied quite crossly "I don't know what you think you're talking about, Cornelia, but I assure you that they can."

FRIDAY morning, my alarm clock went off with its customary shattering effect, and I lay for a time in a state of sleepy malaise, trying to remember what train I must be supposed to catch and to where. Then it dawned on me that this was the day I was taking the Kinsey plunge, and I was seized with the same sort of panic I felt the morning of my wedding. I quieted myself with the realization that, after all, the situations were hardly parallel and that I was not about to pledge myself to journey down life's highway hand in hand with Dr. Kinsey. Nervously pooh-poohing such girlish fantasies, I rose with splen-



"Vous n'avez pas un sou pour une tasse de café?"

did energy. What to wear was a bit of a problem. The day was bleak and raw, with a gusty wind and a drizzle of rain—weather that called for practical clothes. A tailored suit would have been the obvious choice. I have one but I seldom wear it, because I think it makes me look rather like a dean of a state teachers' college. Fearing that Dr. Kinsey might think so, too, and get off on the wrong track, I selected instead a simple street dress and pinned it at the neck with my great-grandmother's brooch by way of a talisman. Fastening the catch, I wondered if within the next two hours there'd occur a slight upheaval over the quiet Massachusetts grave where the respectable old soul lies.

I was thankful to be able to slip out of the house without any disheartening comments from my family, who seemed to have forgotten about my early-morning appointment. I hailed a taxi and with debonair nonchalance announced my destination. The driver proved to be the chatty type. He told me he was about to have a session with a doctor, and, just to be folksy, I told him I was about to have a session with a doctor, too. He said his was throat and I said well, mine wasn't throat, exactly, and we let it go at that.

The anticipated convention was swarming in the lobby of the Statler. My qualms returned as I made my way through the crowd and up to the information desk, which was so beset that I had to stand waiting my turn. When it came, I had to summon all my courage to ask for the number of Dr. Kinsey's room. Because of the surrounding hubbub, the clerk failed to catch the name and I was forced to repeat it twice, in an increasingly amplified voice. The clerk, with an enlightened "Oh, yes," told me the number while the rest of the petitioners stared at me with evident interest. Blushing prettily, I took a couple of steps over to the house phone.

The Doctor's wire was busy. For a few uncomfortable seconds, I waited, and then tried again. The wire continued busy and the petitioners continued to stare. I am fairly adept at outstaring on occasions, but this didn't seem to be one of them. I was, however, damned if, under their searchlight scrutiny, I'd wait with lowered eyelids until the phone was free.

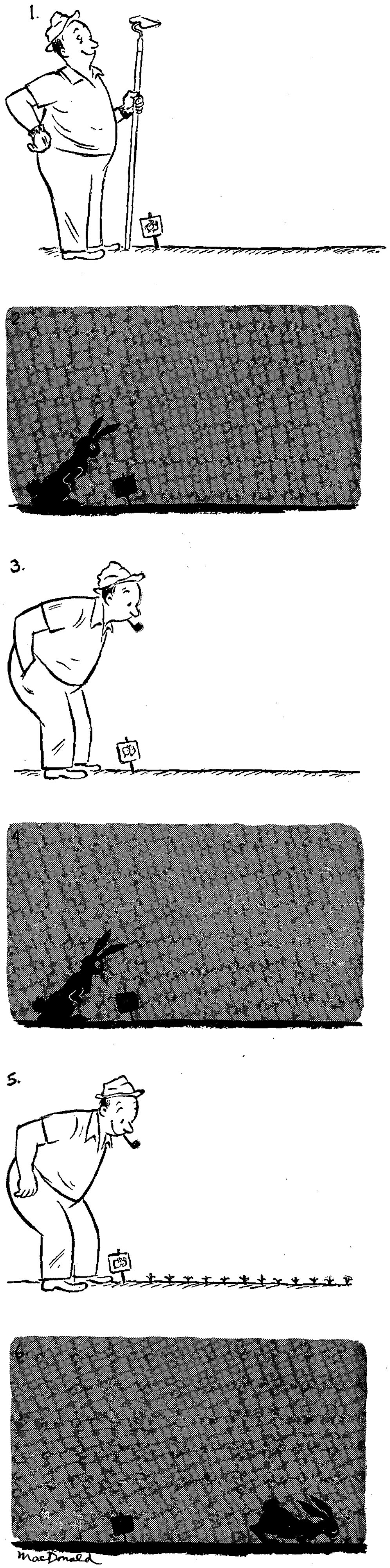
Giving up any idea of announcing my arrival to the Doctor, I walked with womanly decorum over to the elevators and got into a car. The only other occupant, besides the operator, was a gentleman wearing a convention plaque that announced that he was J. W. Truby. His manner indicated that the convivial aspects of the local convention must have been of twenty-four-hour continuity. The doors closed with a portentous clang and my heart sank in ratio to the elevator's rapid rise. I felt panicky and as if I'd have to turn to someone—Mr. Truby, perhaps. For an insane moment I struggled with the impulse to tell him what I was about to do. What quickly restrained me was the sobering thought that Mr. Truby might decide to come along with me, and his presence would be difficult to explain to Dr. Kinsey. The elevator came to a stop and I hurried off.

The Statler is one of those hotels that employ gray-haired, highly proper-looking matrons to sit behind a desk on every floor, hand you your key and your mail and a motherly smile, and, from their vantage positions, take discreet note of where you are going. These ladies, the Association of Innkeepers would lead us to believe, convey that "homey" touch, but to me, even under such innocent circumstances as when I am merely bound for my own room, they convey an indefinable sense of guilt. On this occasion, the sense was more definable. I felt like a call girl. Taking comfort in the thought that I didn't *look* like a call girl—which as comfort was not too morale-building—I set my hat at a dignified angle, smiled cozily at the matron, and started briskly for Dr. Kinsey's room, which, I soon realized, was in a direction completely opposite the one I was taking. This involved about-facing and repassing the desk, and this time I avoided looking at the matron.

I found the room and I found Dr. Kinsey, who turned out to be a scholarly gentleman of humor and charm. He put me completely at ease, and the interview I had dreaded proved to be as simple as it was fascinating. I came away with a high opinion of Dr. Kinsey and, I don't mind saying, a pretty good one of myself.

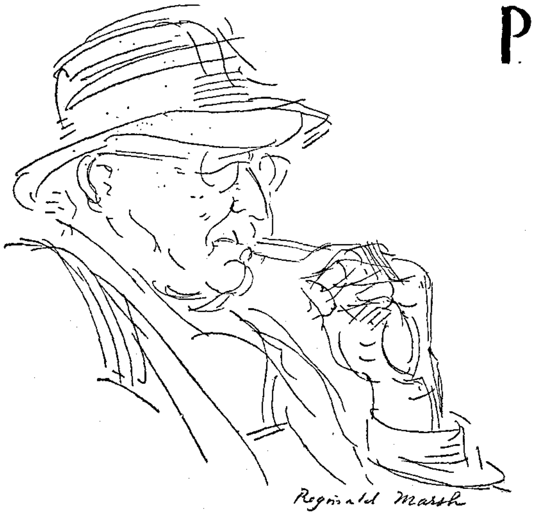
IT may be of interest to note in conclusion that, within the ensuing twenty-four hours, of those persons who had evinced such outraged scruples at the prospect of my interview not one failed to call me up and say, "What did he ask you?" My answer to each and every one was the same: "If you think I'm going to tell you what he asked, you're as crazy as you would be if you thought I was going to tell you what I answered!"

—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER



PROFILES

THOUGHTS ON BASEBALL—I



Branch Rickey

THIS country's serious interest in professional baseball is not, it is fair to say, primarily the result of the intellectual stimulation it affords. It is not for their achievements as thinkers that Babe Ruth and John J. McGraw are reverently remembered, and no one would argue the point that the *Sporting News* contains fewer provocative ideas than, say, the *Yale Review*. Branch Rickey, the sixty-eight-year-old president, general manager, and one-quarter owner of the Brooklyn National League Baseball Club, is therefore a first-class anomaly. During fifty years of almost uninterrupted association with baseball, he has won a considerable reputation as a man with a singularly powerful mind. What is perhaps more surprising, this reputation is solidly founded. The problem to which Rickey has devoted his life—how to win baseball games—is probably not the great problem of our time, but he has not allowed this circumstance to deter him. He has lavished on baseball as much erudition as many another man has on science or belles-lettres, and for subtlety his analyses of the factors that go into winning a game compare favorably with the work of many philosophers. In a standard lecture on base-running that Rickey likes to deliver to gatherings of apprentice players, he discusses, with the complexity and precision of a trained logician, the proper moment for bending the knee of the right leg during a slide into second base; when he informs a young pitcher about the effect upon an opposing batsman of a ball thrown so that it rotates in a certain direction at a certain speed, he finds himself paraphrasing the Einsteinian concept of space-time. It is generally agreed that Rickey's estimates of the potential usefulness of immature players are the most perceptive the game has ever known, and his invention of the "farm system"—a scheme whereby a major-league team, through owning a number of minor-league teams, creates for itself an inexpensive and self-replenishing reservoir of talent—has revolutionized the economic structure of the sport. Rickey is the highest-paid executive in the business, drawing better than a hundred thousand dollars a year from the Dodgers, but this large sum does not noticeably strain the resources of the Brooklyn club. The profits of the Dodgers in the seven years he has been with them have been gratifying, and they have accrued largely because the Dodgers are usually a good team and always an entertaining one. The number of championship outfits Rickey has been connected with (six St. Louis National League pennant winners, four of which became world's champions, and two pennant winners in Brooklyn) and the number of major-league players whose careers he has sponsored (several years ago a statistician calculated that of the four hundred major-league players then active, some seventy-five, or enough for three full squads, were Rickey-trained) indicate the soundness of his theory that even in baseball thought has a place.

Nevertheless, the fact that Rickey chose to be a baseball executive is apt to shock people, including, once in a while, Rickey. Some years ago, while he was general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, his wife, his son, and his five daughters, sitting at the dinner table with him, were pained to hear him talking to himself. The range of his eccentricities has always been wide, but never before had his family run up against this particular one. "I completed my college course in three and a third years," he muttered angrily. "I was in the top ten per cent of my class in law school." He lunged at a piece of lamb chop with his fork and stuffed it indignantly into his mouth. "I'm a Doctor of Jurisprudence," he said. "I'm an honorary Doctor of Laws."

"Aren't you feeling well, Dad?" his son inquired.

Rickey glowered. "You have to admit, boy, that I'm an educated man," he said.

"Yes, Dad."

"And I like to believe I'm an intelligent man."

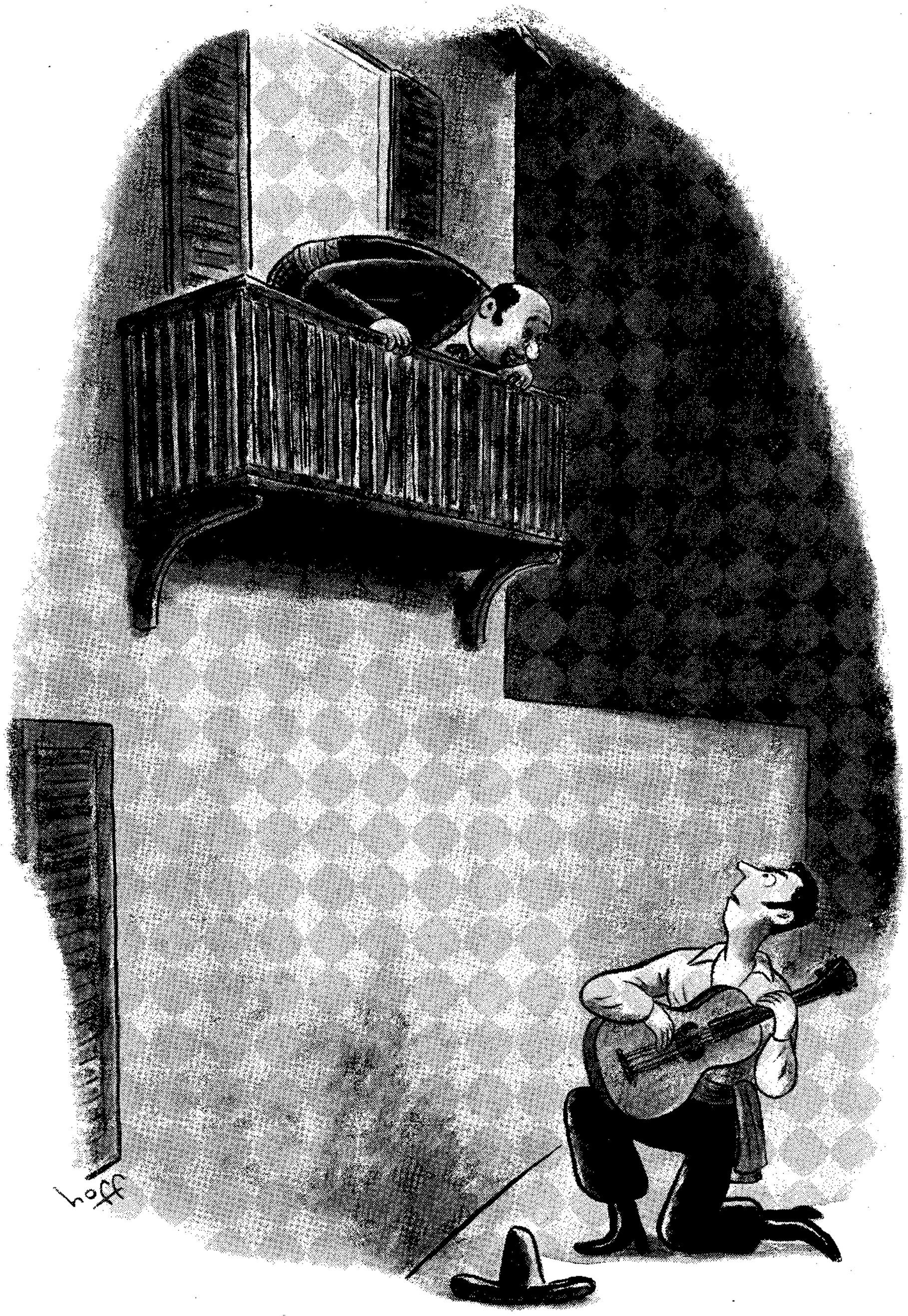
"Yes, Dad."

"Then will you please tell me," Rickey roared, "why in the name of common sense I spent four mortal hours today conversing with a person named Dizzy Dean?"

Rickey's brain power sometimes wounds the sensibilities of baseball fans, and it makes him an improbable character in Brooklyn, where baseball legend revolves around the deeds of inelegant heroes like Uncle Robbie, Babe Herman, Lippy Durocher, and Leland Stanford MacPhail. He is disquieting in other respects. He seldom swears, never drinks, does not attend games on Sunday, reads Greek tragedies, and describes his teams in such terms as "the finest collection of young athletes I have ever assembled on a playing field" rather than as "a great bunch of kids." His appearance is unseemly for a man whose profession is a topic of interminable conversation at Toots Shor's, since never in his life has he subjected his complexion to ultraviolet rays or purchased a pair of bright-green trousers. Rickey looks massive, benign, and bucolic. His hands are big, and several of his knuckles are swollen, a reminder of his career as a big-league catcher. At work, he is usually tilted perilously back in a swivel chair, his unshined shoes on his desk, a pair of spectacles on the end of his nose, a cowlick standing straight up on top of his head, and, in his hand, a tattered cigar describing eloquent conversational circles. "Mr. Rickey is not, and never has been, one of the ten best-groomed men in America," Mrs. Rickey has observed amiably. The jaunty, extra-wide bow ties that he has Lord & Taylor and Brooks Brothers build to his specifications are his one concession to sartorial splendor. Even so, he switches to four-in-hands for a day or two every few weeks, for he dreads becoming the victim of habit. For the same high-principled reason, he gave up lighting his cigars several months ago. This demonstration of will power has not, however, reduced in the least the profits of the American Tobacco Company. He gnaws his Antonio y Cleopatra cigars down as rapidly as he used to smoke them.

There is one big respect in which Rickey is an admirable citizen of Brooklyn: He wants, fiercely and insatiably, to win baseball games. Though he has seen several thousand games in his lifetime, he never misses a Dodger game—except on Sunday—if he can help it. He is by no means the most demonstrative fan in Kings County, confining his reactions to the play to brief, muttered expletives, but he is very likely the most emotional. He feels that the most convincing form of success imaginable is a public triumph over a savage adversary on a playing field. When the Dodgers lose, it is as if he had been personally defeated. His present constituents have few complaints about the quality of the baseball he has given them. He arrived in Brooklyn, after twenty-five years with the Cardinals, in the fall of 1942. In 1943 and 1944, neither Brooklyn nor anyone else was able to come close to the Cardinal team—one of the most awesome teams in National League history—that Rickey had helped to put together. The baseball in 1945 was notable mainly for its sub-standard character (many players were in the armed forces), and the Chicago Cubs won the pennant. Brooklyn finished the 1946 season in a tie for first place with St. Louis, still pretty much the team that Rickey had left there, and lost the pennant in a playoff. In 1947, the Dodgers were first. In 1948, the Boston Braves, skillfully directed by Billy Southworth, a *summa cum laude* graduate of the Rickey academy in St. Louis, managed to come out on top. In 1949, the Dodgers won again, barely nosing out that same team of Cardinals. The prevailing opinion is that the Dodgers are by far the most powerful contenders in the National League this year, and that they will be for at least several more years, because of the impressive young players on the minor-league teams the Dodgers own. The talent in St. Louis, on the other hand, is becoming elderly. It appears likely that in a year or two the baseball season will no longer be excruciating to Rickey. For the last seven seasons, after all, no matter what team has won, at least one Rickey team has lost.

THE way the Dodgers perform is the result of four and a half decades of unremitting cerebration by Rickey, but the pale cast of thought does not appear to have sicklied the players o'er. Among the spiritual qualities Rickey values are eagerness and daring, and the paying customers agree with him. A good deal of his thinking has been aimed, rather successfully, at developing these qualities in his players. Out of a population of a hundred and forty million people, he often explains, only four hundred play on major-league baseball teams, and it would be foolish to imagine that an enormous difference in native ability is all that distinguishes a good team from a bad one. One of the important attributes of a superior team, he feels, is intrepidity, the players having been goaded into so exalted a state of mind that they hold life and limb in less esteem than victory. He is profoundly offended by base-runners who decline to take long leads, by outfielders who prefer playing a low line drive on the first bounce to risking their skulls in a diving catch, and by pitchers too timorous to throw a slow ball when the bases are loaded and the count on the batter is three and two. "That's not championship baseball," he says of the performance of such reprobates. He calls them "anesthetic," applying the word to their effect on their teammates as well as on the spectators. Players who err in the opposite direction seldom bother Rickey. Last season, Pepper Martin, the manager of the Dodgers' Miami affiliate, enraged at an umpire's decision, grabbed the official by the throat and was prevented from throttling him only by the rapid intervention of the other umpires and the players of both teams. Martin was suspended for the rest of the season. When Rickey re-



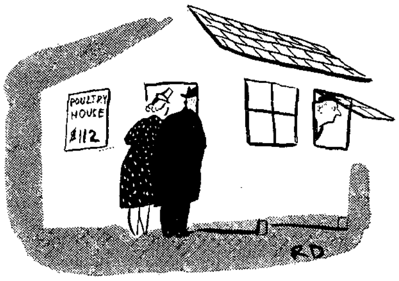
"That was delightful, young man. When my daughter comes home, I'll tell her what a fine voice you have."

ceived word of the fracas, he laughed and remarked, "Pepper is a little overzealous at times, to be sure."

Rickey would like to hire only players who are, like Martin, enthusiasts by temperament. Since this is not possible, he systematically sees to it that any team under his colors is taught to be rash, or, as he prefers to put it, "adventurous." One mark of a Rickey team is its spirited play. Last season, the Dodgers stole more bases than any other two teams in the National League combined. They were expert practitioners of the run-and-hit play, an unconservative maneuver that calls for the base-runner to start going as the ball is being pitched, so that he will make an extra base if the batter gets a hit. They excelled at picking opposing runners off base, an art that calls for a good deal of rapid throwing and that is disliked by many field managers because of the dreadful consequences of throwing inaccurately. In at least twenty games during the season, they snatched victory, as the sportswriters expressed it, from the jaws of defeat, by some bit of unexpected recklessness. Since their total number of victories at the season's end was precisely one more than the Cardinals', Rickey's liking for adventure would appear to be justifiable.

Rickey's insistence on bold and surprising tactics has led him to invent a number of extremely imaginative plays. One of his favorites is used only when there is a fleet runner on second base and a superlative actor at the plate—a right-handed actor, preferably. As the pitcher throws the ball, the batter gets into an exaggerated crouch, shortens his hold on his bat, clenches his teeth, and narrows his eyes, in the manner of a man with a wild determination to bunt. This is almost sure to bring the opposing third baseman charging in toward the plate. The batter lets the ball go by him, and the runner steals third base with ease, since the third baseman is in no position to prevent it. Another one, which Rickey thought up only a couple of years ago and is still chuckling over, is used when the opposition has runners on first and second, no one is out, and the man at bat is such a weak hitter that it would be absurd for him to try anything but a bunt. One or two of the outfielders are moved into the infield, thus setting up a six-man or seven-man infield, which may well convert an attempt at a bunt into a double play and is almost sure to convert it into a force-out at third. The Dodgers haven't tried this one yet, but several of the minor-league teams Brooklyn owns did well with it last season, and Rickey hopes to persuade Burt Shotton, the Dodgers' field manager, a man of independent mind, to introduce it into the Ebbets Field repertoire this year.

The basic raw material with which Rickey deals is not spirit, of course, but muscle, and it is about wrists, thighs, and biceps that he has theorized most fruitfully. Early in his career, he concluded that three things are unteachable: the ability to run fast, the ability to throw a ball hard, and the ability to hit a ball far. To this formulation, he presently added the corollary that of the three abilities the most important is the first, because it is both an offensive and a defensive asset. He has been faithful to these theories ever since, refusing to employ any young man not equipped with at least two of these inborn gifts. Dodger talent scouts are more successful at unearthing promising players than the scouts of any other organization, and Rickey is convinced that this is true not only because there are more of them but because they know exactly what they are looking for. It is a characteristic of a Rickey team that almost everyone on it can run faster than the average player, that few of its fielders have weak throwing arms, and that most of its hitters can



DROPPING YOUR AITCHES

. . . an was formerly usual before an unaccented syllable beginning with *h* (*an historical work*), but now that the *h* in such words is pronounced the distinction has become pedantic, & *a historical* should be said and written.—*From "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler.*

Stopping at an otel with an Ibernian
Name or else an Elvetian,
He sat in a lobby with an exangular
Outline, Roman or Grecian,
Furnished for the season with an ibiscus
Potted, or an ydrangea.
With an Avana between his lips,
He did not feel a stranger.
Just then an ysterical female,
An Erodias or an Ypatia,
But vastly too respectable
For an etaira or a geisha,
In an abiliment foreign and wild,
A Turkish or an Ispanic,
Approaching him, made an arangue
That put him in a panic.
She seemed a creature of environment
Not good, or of an eredity
Ill-judged, an aruspex out of her mind,
Or an Egelian oddity.
For himself, he was neither an Erculean
Form, an Ephaestus or an Yperion.
He wished her an armonious exit
But prompt into the empyrean.
He puffed and he puffed and she disappeared,
Either by an allucination
(An ypothesis not untenable)
Or an ydraulic manipulation.
Those who don't drop their aitches will think
The whole thing an yperbole,
An Omeric fiction, an eroic way
Of playing the ostrich verbally.
But those who consider the aitch to be
Something purely metaphorical
Will swallow the story hook, line, and sinker
As a true confession, an istorical.

—JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

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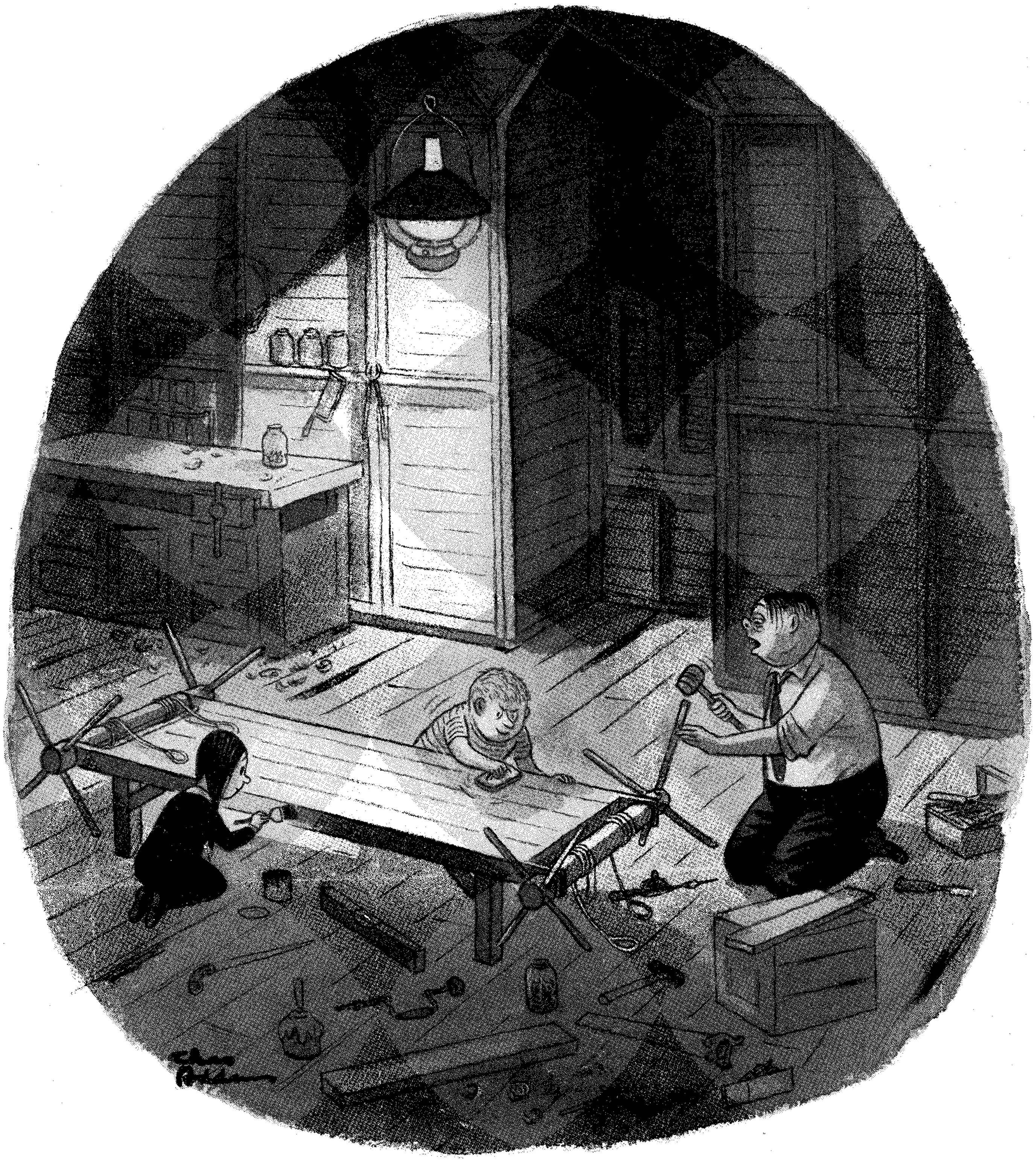


"You see, chicks, half the fun is in making it yourself."

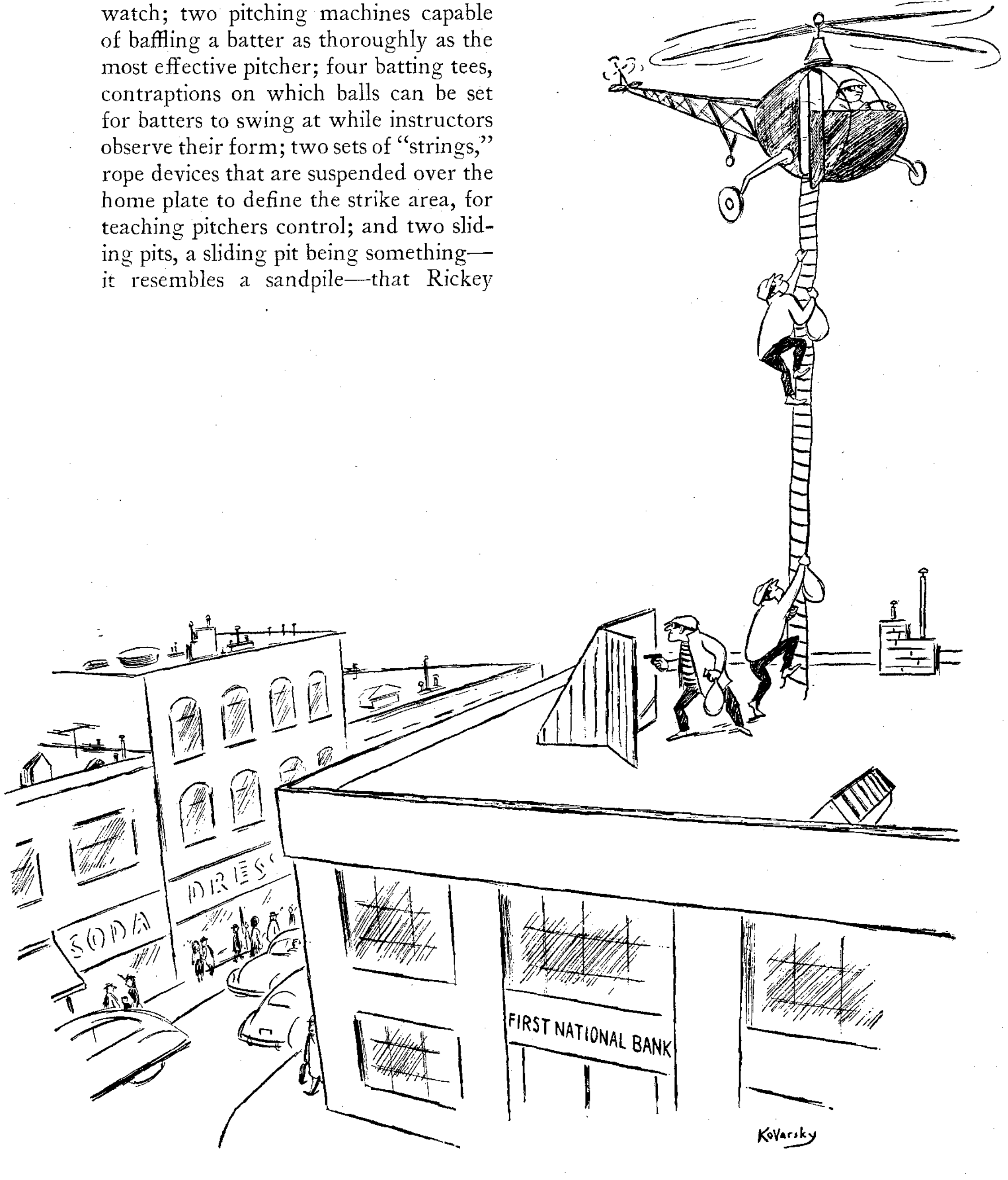
• •

hit a ball into the seats from time to time.

To a man with a mind as logical as Rickey's, the assumption that only three things can't be taught led inexorably to the conclusion that just about everything else can be: how to pick up a ground ball, how to catch a fly, how to steal a base, how to pitch a curve, how, when batting, to distinguish a ball from a strike, how to bunt, and even, within limits, how to get hits more often. A large part of his time, consequently, has been dedicated to perfecting a curriculum for youths who want to make baseball their profession.

FOR the last three years, Brooklyn has been operating its spring-training camp in an abandoned naval air station at Vero Beach, Florida. Rickey's curriculum there is a triumph of pedagogy. This spring, six hundred and twenty-three players were processed and twenty-one teams were organized at the camp, representing, in addition to Brooklyn, the communities of Asheville, North Carolina; Danville, Illinois; Elmira, New York; Fort Worth, Texas; Greenville, South Carolina; Greenwood, Mississippi; Hazard, Kentucky; Hazleton, Pennsylvania; Hornell, New York; Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Miami, Florida; Mobile, Alabama; Montreal, Canada; Newport News, Virginia; Ponca City, Oklahoma; Pueblo, Colorado; Sheboygan, Wisconsin; St. Paul, Minnesota; Three Rivers, Canada; and Valdosta, Georgia. The Dodger organization also controls four teams representing Western towns, which train on the Coast. In staff, equipment, and method, the Dodgers' camp is incomparably the most elaborate in either league. There were fifteen umpires on hand this year for Rickey's eight-week program, as well as seventeen groundkeepers, two doctors, seven trainers, and three property men. Among the educational aids installed at the camp are four baseball diamonds; a sixty-yard cinder track, on which the players run races against one another and a stopwatch; two pitching machines capable of baffling a batter as thoroughly as the most effective pitcher; four batting tees, contraptions on which balls can be set for batters to swing at while instructors observe their form; two sets of "strings," rope devices that are suspended over the home plate to define the strike area, for teaching pitchers control; and two sliding pits, a sliding pit being something—it resembles a sandpile—that Rickey invented forty years ago. For two days, an "automatic umpire," an electronic device that takes the human element out of calling balls and strikes, was tried out, and next spring, assuming certain improvements are made, it will be permanently installed. Laboratory work at this academy includes such subjects as Breaks and Leads, Pitcher Moves with Runners on Base, Shortstop Going to His Right, Hitting to Opposite Field, Pitcher Covering First Base, Pickoff Plays, Pitcher's Pivot, Base-Running Technique, and Giving Signals. Lectures on fundamentals are given several times a week to the assembled pupils. Fussy critiques of individual players are put out periodically, such as "Hitters: A—— drops rear shoulder; uppercuts ball," and "Pitchers: B—— looks down before delivering; overweight." This course, in addition to putting a high gloss on the Dodger team, has, among other things, helped Jackie Robinson, naturally a consistent left-field hitter, learn to hit to right field occasionally; instilled in Duke Snider some conception of when a pitch is a strike and when it isn't; and increased the frequency with which Rex Barney is able to get balls over the plate.

Rickey, in old khaki trousers, soiled tennis shoes, a sports shirt that reveals the full extent of his circumference at the waist, and a dissolute white duck hat, which he pulls down to his ears, giving his face a particularly malignant expression, is one of the more spectacular, if dilapidated, fixtures of the Vero Beach camp. He feels that instructing inexperienced young pitchers is his special gift, and he spends hours at the strings, watching them demonstrate their skill and subjecting them to a grueling examination. "What's your name?" he may say, standing beside the pitcher in the box. "Where are you from? . . . How do you hold a curve ball? . . . You married? . . . Why not? You a coward? . . . Got a change of pace? . . . What's your dad do? . . . Let's see your fast ball. . . . Got any brothers and sisters? . . . Now, son, there are three things that govern the behavior of a pitched ball—the speed that it travels forward, the speed that it rotates on its axis, and the direction of the rotation. You control the forward speed with your arm and wrist. You control the speed of rotation with the pressure of your fingers. You control the direction of rotation with the position of your fingers. . . . Got a girl? . . . Good. . . . The most important thing in pitching is the element of surprise—you have to throw every pitch with the same motion. . . . What's her name? . . . There are two ways of surprising a batter. One is in the sphere of space. When the ball hops or sinks or curves, the batter can't be sure *where* it's coming. The other is in the sphere of time. If you throw fast one time and slow another time and medium slow another time, the batter can't



OR ET NOIR
BY
CARON

the éclat of gold and the charm of black pearls

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be sure *when* it's coming. I like a young man who does both. . . . Where does she live?" Any pitcher who has experienced the physical, mental, and emotional strain of working with Rickey for half an hour is likely thereafter to regard pitching a nine-inning game as a peaceful way of spending a summer afternoon.

Another result of Vero Beach and the astuteness of the Dodger scouts is the remarkable proficiency of Brooklyn's minor-league teams. Last year, of the twenty-five farm teams that were affiliated with Brooklyn throughout the season, eight finished in first place, eleven more finished in the first division, and only six were in the second division. The more important of the subsidiary teams all did well. Montreal, which finished third in the International League, won the post-season playoffs and played in the Little World Series. St. Paul, in the American Association, was out of first place only nine days in the season. Hollywood, in the Pacific Coast League, won its pennant and playoffs. Fort Worth, in the Texas League, finished first. Mobile, in the Southern Association, finished third but reached the playoff finals. So well stocked were the Brooklyn farms last October that Rickey was able to sell, as surplus, the contracts of six of his outstanding minor-league players to major-league clubs for over a quarter of a million dollars. Four of the six have been playing with regularity this season: Sam Jethroe in center field for the Braves, Irving Noren in the same position in Washington, Kermit Wahl at third base for the Philadelphia Athletics, and Alfonso Carrasquel at shortstop for the White Sox. Not one of the six, in Rickey's estimation, was potentially as useful to the Dodgers as half a dozen other young men on the farms, including Bobby Morgan, who began the season as Brooklyn's third baseman; Clarence Podbielan, who is at the moment one of the team's starting pitchers; and George Shuba, who has played a good deal in left field for the Dodgers this year. The talent of Rickey's that most impresses other baseball executives is his ability to do what he calls "putting a dollar sign on the muscle." He is seldom bested in a transaction in which the cash value of playing skill is an issue.

RICKEY believes that his duties as president of the Dodgers stop at the door to the Ebbets Field clubhouse. He rarely goes through that door. He watches games from what used to be the Ebbets Field press box, which is suspended from the underside of the upper deck. This is now his private domain. The performance of the team on the field he considers wholly Shotton's responsibility. Rickey looks after the much more complex job of making sure that Shotton is always provided with the best possible players. Because of his implacable desire for new talent, the Dodger organization is the largest in baseball. The Vero Beach camp, which costs about two hundred thousand dollars a year to run, requires the attention not only of baseball people but of brigades of accountants, chambermaids, carpenters, and other specialists who haven't the slightest interest in how a screwball rotates. Every summer, five hundred minor-league players are on the payroll, and keeping track of them is a job that occupies several dozen employees all over the country. Scouring the countryside for talent keeps a squad of thirty-five scouts busy.

The Dodgers' second in command, who devotes most of his time to minor-league matters, is Rickey's son, Branch Rickey, Jr., whom Larry MacPhail hired in 1939 to direct the Brooklyn farm system. Rickey has frequently said that he is opposed to nepotism, but when he came to the Dodgers, he did not feel that his principles obligated him to fire a good man because the fellow was his son. The presence of two Branch Rickeys in one office creates some confusion. A familiar sound in Dodger headquarters is Rickey bellowing into a telephone, "No, this is not Branch Rickey, *Senior!* This is Branch Rickey!"

Rickey has never relinquished command of the talent hunt, and he does not do much to reduce its turbulence. The Dodgers own a twin-engine five-passenger Beechcraft, whose major function is to gratify the president's irrepressible urge to inspect shortstops in St. Paul, examine pitchers in Santa Barbara, keep an eye on the condition of the sod at Vero Beach, negotiate for right-handed outfielders in St. Louis, observe crucial games in Pittsburgh, and apprise himself of the quality of play in the Three-I League. Because it enables him to elude the incessant ringing of his telephone, a ninety-six-hour tour of the United States seems to Rickey an ideal form of relaxation. His companions, generally a couple of high-ranking staff members he hasn't seen for a month or two—because he's been travelling with a couple of other staff members—find it less soothing. An unfailing success at informal gatherings of Dodger employees is an account by Branch, Jr., of a day he spent with his

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father some years ago, when, after taking a business-school course, he was his secretary in St. Louis. Considerably compressed, it runs as follows:

"I'm sitting in my office one afternoon, not bothering anyone, when in he comes, all lathered up. 'Hurry up,' he says, 'We only have twenty minutes.' I don't have to ask him twenty minutes for what. I jump up and start stuffing shorthand pads and pencils and stationery in my bag—a shirt and a toothbrush are in it already—while he stands around fidgeting and looking at his watch and telling me to hurry up. I'm a pretty good packer by this time. It takes me about forty-five seconds to get ready, but that's too slow for him. He's halfway to the street by the time I get going, and you know how Dad walks—like a man killing snakes. I've never in my life walked alongside him. I'm always at least five steps behind—fifty when we go hunting—and with a typewriter in one hand and a big bag in the other, I know I'll never catch him. Well, we get to the station all right, and we get on the train the usual way. You know, once my sister Alice was going somewhere but she didn't get to the station until the train had started to pull out. That didn't bother her any. She raced right along with it until the observation car whizzed by, then she threw her suitcase up on the platform, made a dive for it herself, and managed to climb on. Alice is an athletic girl. She started walking through the train, looking for a seat. The conductor had seen the whole thing, and he was walking back through the train, looking for her. Pretty soon they met, and the conductor began bawling hell out of her. Alice apologized, and calmed him down a little, and finally he asked her what her name was. 'Alice Rickey,' she told him. The conductor took a good look at her. 'I might have known it,' he said. 'What do you mean?' Alice asked. 'You're Branch Rickey's girl, aren't you?' he asked. Alice said she was. 'Miss Rickey,' the conductor said, 'I know your father well. He's been catching trains that way for twenty years.'

"That's about how we caught our train. Well, we just barely get settled in the compartment when Dad pulls a big folder of stuff out of his briefcase and says, 'Take a telegram.' I'm still panting and gasping and sweating, and I don't even know where we're going, so I ask him. It turns out he's got to see somebody in New York the next morning. 'Got any money with you?' I ask. He starts going through his pockets, and he pulls a pair of socks out of one pocket

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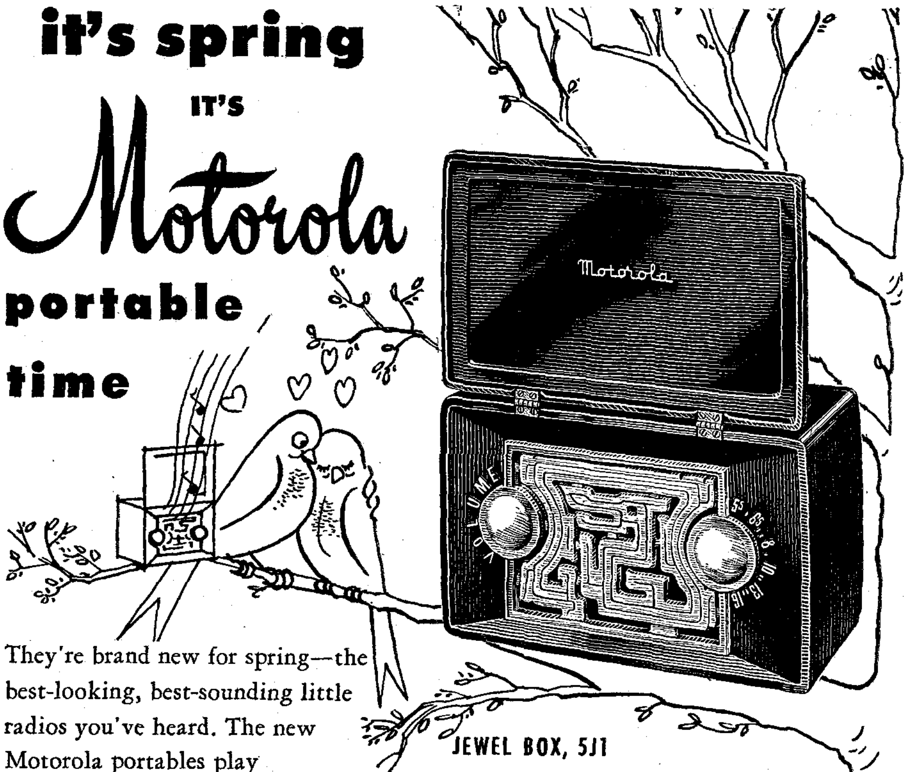

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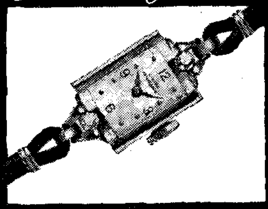

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and a couple of ties out of another pocket and little scraps of paper and dirty old envelopes and used-up score cards, all with notes on them, out of *all* his pockets. But no money. 'I haven't got any, either,' I say. He looks at me. 'You haven't?' he says. 'Why didn't you get some at the cashier's office on the way out?' Well, I'm used to that. He never takes any money with him anywhere and it's always my fault. 'Never mind,' he says. 'You can cash a check in New York.' *I* can cash a check, mind you. Not him, of course. Why, just the other day we were at a luncheon of the Brooklyn Rotary Club, and Dad was fined ten dollars for getting his picture in the paper, or something—you know how the Rotary is with those fines. Well, he walked clear across that whole big dining room to get that ten dollars from me. I only had fourteen dollars myself, but that didn't worry him any.

"Anyhow, for six or seven hours I sit in the compartment taking telegrams. Never any letters. They're not fast enough for Dad. Just telegrams. I can tell you one thing—I may not be a very good secretary, but I'm the biggest expert in the country on how to write shorthand on trains and in cars and in airplanes. I'm just glad we never had any occasion to travel by motorcycle, because he'd have been dictating telegrams from the sidecar. Trains are the worst. You can figure out which way an automobile is going to bounce and make allowances, but a train is unpredictable. You never know what you'll write. And Dad spots it if you change a single word. After I'd type up a bunch of telegrams he dictated on a train, he'd go through them and say, 'I admire your literary style, boy, but, confound it, why don't you write down what I say?'

"At about midnight, we finally get to go to bed. He can sleep anywhere. Pretty soon he's sawing wood by the cord. Not me. I don't sleep on trains, so when we get to New York I'm groggy before the day even starts. I will say this for Dad, though—he hates to miss meals. We get some breakfast. Then we check into the Lincoln Hotel, and I unload the typewriter and work on those telegrams while he goes off to keep an appointment with someone from the Giants. After a couple of hours, I'm not nearly finished but I'm thinking about taking a shower and lying down for a little while when he comes busting in. 'Hurry up!' he says. 'We only have half an hour.' I pack up again and start out after him. We get

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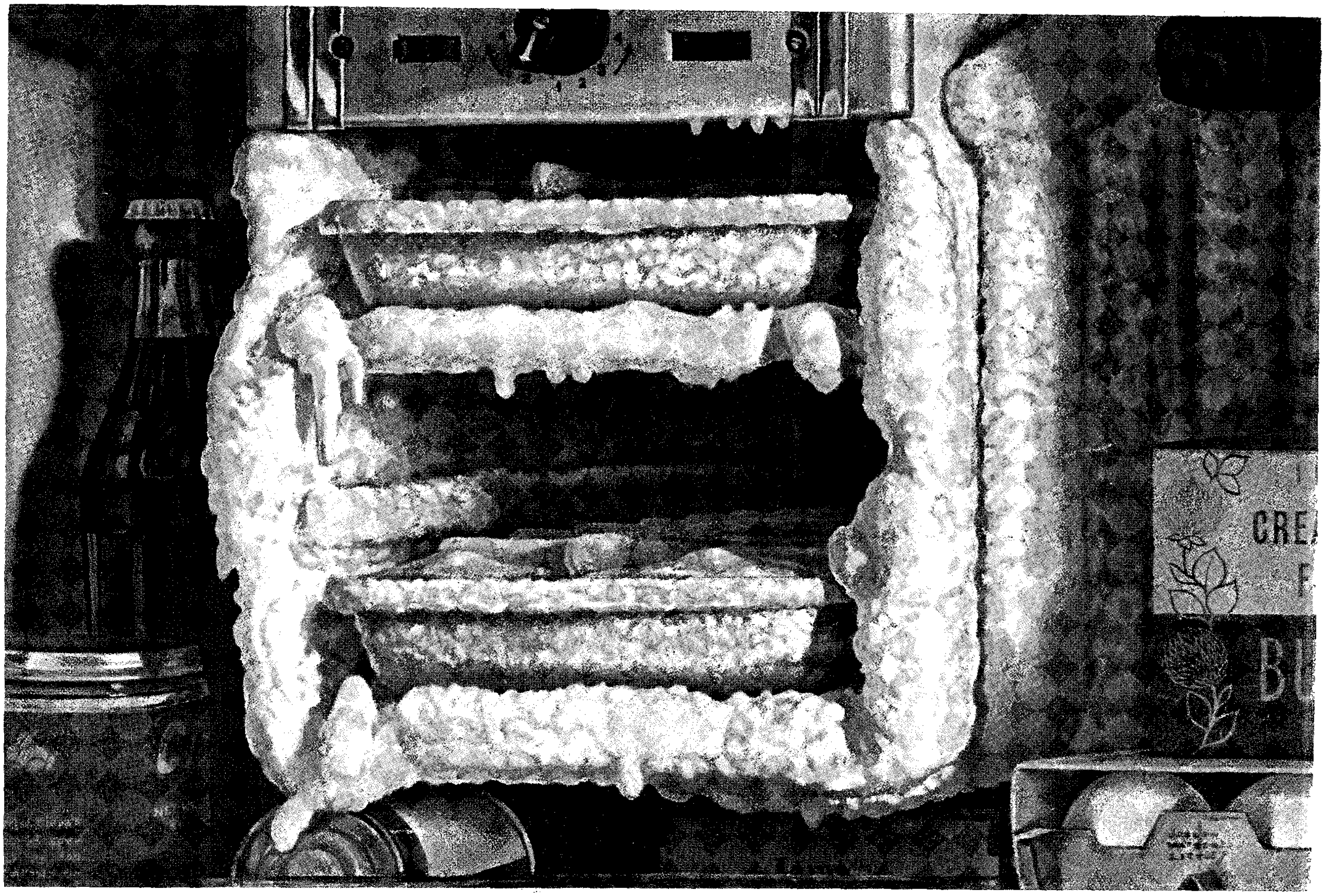

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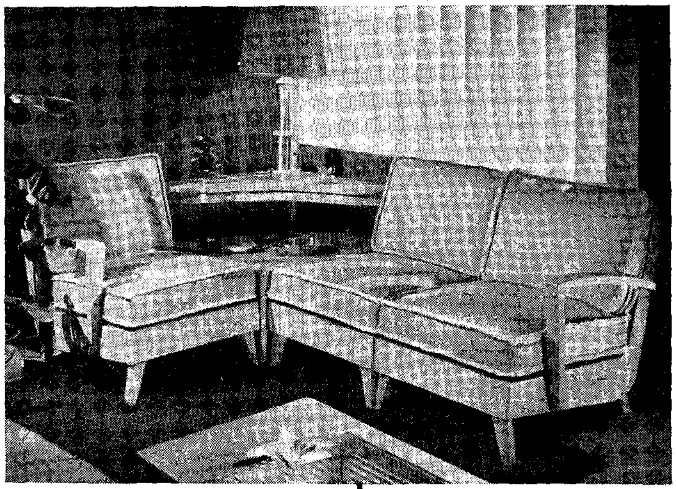
into a taxi and he tells the driver to go to some hotel in Newark. Then he looks at me and says, 'Take a memorandum,' so all the way through the Holland Tunnel he's dictating notes on what he said to the Giants and what the Giants said to him. In Newark, he meets a couple of people from the Rochester club—that was one of the Cardinal farms—and goes into conference with them, with me taking notes. This lasts an hour or so, and when it's over he looks at his watch and says, 'You know, Boston's playing in Philadelphia this afternoon. I really should see that young third baseman of theirs, and this appears to be an excellent opportunity. I believe we can make it if we hurry.' So we hurry.

"I think the train trip down to Philly, anyway, is going to be quiet. There were only eight or ten telegrams waiting for him when he checked out at the Lincoln, and it won't take him long to dictate answers to them. It seems I'm still young and innocent, though. During his trip to the Giant office and back—about five minutes each way—he hadn't had much to do, so he had thought up a new plan, about fifteen pages long, for handling the sales of World Series tickets, and he has to dictate that. He also has some ideas about the conference with the Rochester people that he wants down in black-and-white. We're almost in Philadelphia before he's dictated all that. We get out at the Thirtieth Street Station, and he gets into a cab to go to the ballpark. Before he leaves, he says, 'I know you're tired, boy, but you can't have more than fifteen or twenty minutes of work now, and when you've finished, why don't you come out to the game and relax for a while?' I go to a hotel and unpack the typewriter. I still have a whole mess of stuff left over from the morning, besides what he dictated on the train, but I'm tired, so about two hours later I quit and go out to the game. He's sitting in a box, and when he sees me he jumps up, looks at his watch, and says, 'Hurry up! We only have twenty-five minutes.'

"I'm about ready to go on strike by this time. 'I thought I was supposed to relax,' I say. He doesn't even look embarrassed. 'There's no sense hanging around here,' he says. 'I've seen everything I wanted to see, and Rochester is playing that "twi-night" doubleheader in Baltimore, so we may as well watch that.' I glare at him, and after a while he begins to get the idea I'm dissatisfied. 'I promise you that Baltimore will be the last stop,' he says. So we get on



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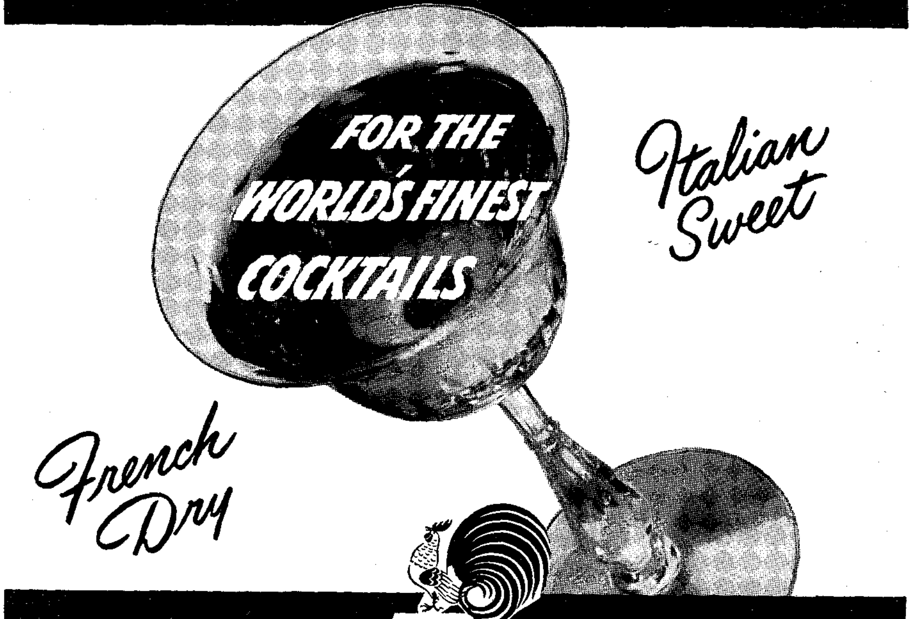
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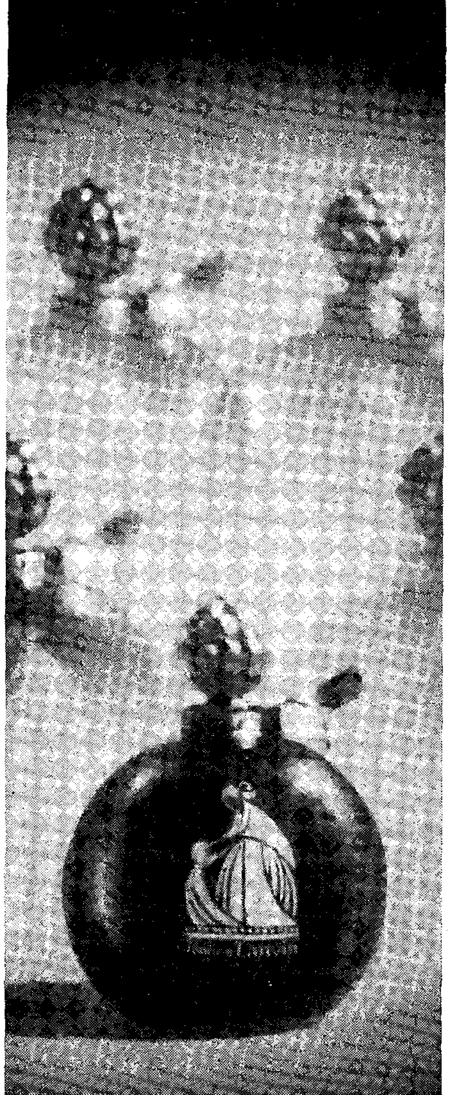

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another train, and, naturally, he has a few hundred well-chosen words to dictate about the Boston third baseman. Also about the Philadelphia center fielder and the Boston catcher and the Boston shortstop and the Philadelphia first-base coach and the way the soft-drink concession is handled in Baker Bowl and what the Phillies print on their score cards and a few dozen other topics. When we get to Baltimore, we go through the Philadelphia routine all over again. 'When you get through,' he says, 'you meet me out at the park, and we'll have a nice dinner and watch the night game quietly, and then we'll get a good night's sleep.' So I go to another hotel—that's the fourth so far that day—and start typing again. I'm still not finished when I figure it's time to meet him, and I go down to the park. This time, I don't even get inside the place. Just as I'm walking up to the gate, he comes tearing out, looking mad. 'Where have you been?' he says. 'Hurry up! We only have fifteen minutes.'

"I throw my hat down on the sidewalk and cross my arms. 'Last stop,' I say. 'Dinner. Night game. Good night's sleep.' He sees I'm really serious this time, so he starts being patient. 'Now, let's look at this problem intelligently,' he says. 'I have to see several people in Washington early tomorrow morning, and if we stayed here, we'd have to get up so early it would spoil your sleep. Besides, think of those splendid air-conditioned rooms at the Willard—much more comfortable than the hotel here. It's only a few minutes on the train, and we can get dinner in Washington just as well as here. And you surely aren't anxious to see this minor-league ball, are you?' He goes on like this for quite a while, getting more eloquent all the time, and so finally I agree to go to Washington. I'm pretty sure there isn't any place he can go from there at this hour of the day. It isn't a very long trip, and he barely has a chance to dictate some comments about how Rochester plays. We have dinner, and check into the Willard at about nine o'clock, and I'm about to finish up my typing when he decides there are some long-distance calls he has to make. Naturally, I'm not allowed to type while he's talking on the telephone, and, naturally, he isn't finished talking until about eleven. I still have two hours' work to do, and I start doing it while he sits down with a book—'Prometheus Bound' in the original Greek, probably, or 'The Causes of the American Revolution.'

"At midnight, he decides to go to

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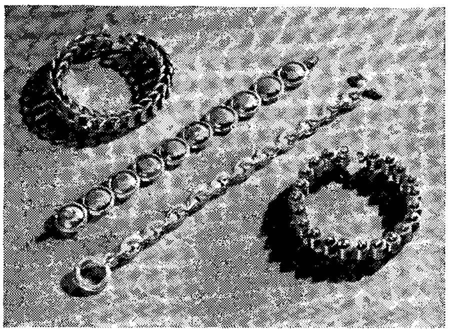

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bed. He gets undressed and climbs in, and lies there for a minute or two. Then he says, 'How do you expect me to get any sleep with all that racket?' I don't answer him. I'm afraid of what I'd say. I just go on with the typing, and he goes to sleep all right in about two minutes. I get finished at one o'clock or so, and I'm much too tired to go right to bed. So I run a nice hot bath and lie down in it. Well, I fall asleep in the tub. Two or three hours later, I wake up, and the water is the temperature of the air-conditioned room. I have neuralgia and arthritis and lumbago and bursitis and rheumatism and influenza and several other ailments. I can hardly move. I'm cursing myself and cursing Dad and promising myself never to take a trip with him again. It's a good thing he was asleep right then. If he had said one word to me at that point, I swear I might have done something unfilial."

—Robert Rice

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Rickey.*)

•

SOME ALMOST ENCHANTED EVENING

[*William F. McDermott in the Times*]

Cleveland, April 25—The so-called national company of "South Pacific" gave its first performance in Public Music Hall last evening, and the local excitement engendered by the occasion has not yet died down....

They can not create another Mary Martin or Ezio Pinza, but they do the best they can....

These players in the touring company are skillful enough. They have not quite the personal exceptionability of such players as Pinza or Miss Martin. But they have their own personalities which are attractive in a different way....

Her voice is not big enough for these great halls in which she must play, but it is probably potentially a better voice than it was in the strain and urgency of a first-night performance....

Diosa Costello does not possess the singing voice of Juanita Hall, but she acts beautifully and her rather unschooled voice is suitable to the role, though perhaps not entirely satisfactory to Richard Rodgers.

•

London (INS)—New British fashions are demanding models with more curves. The "pleasingly plump" will find 1950 "their year."

Miss Nellwyn Hawkridge, member of a prominent Northern mannequin agency pointed out:

"Average measurements in London are: hips 36 in., bust 3234 in.—*Maracaibo (Venezuela) Herald.*

And still they want more curves?

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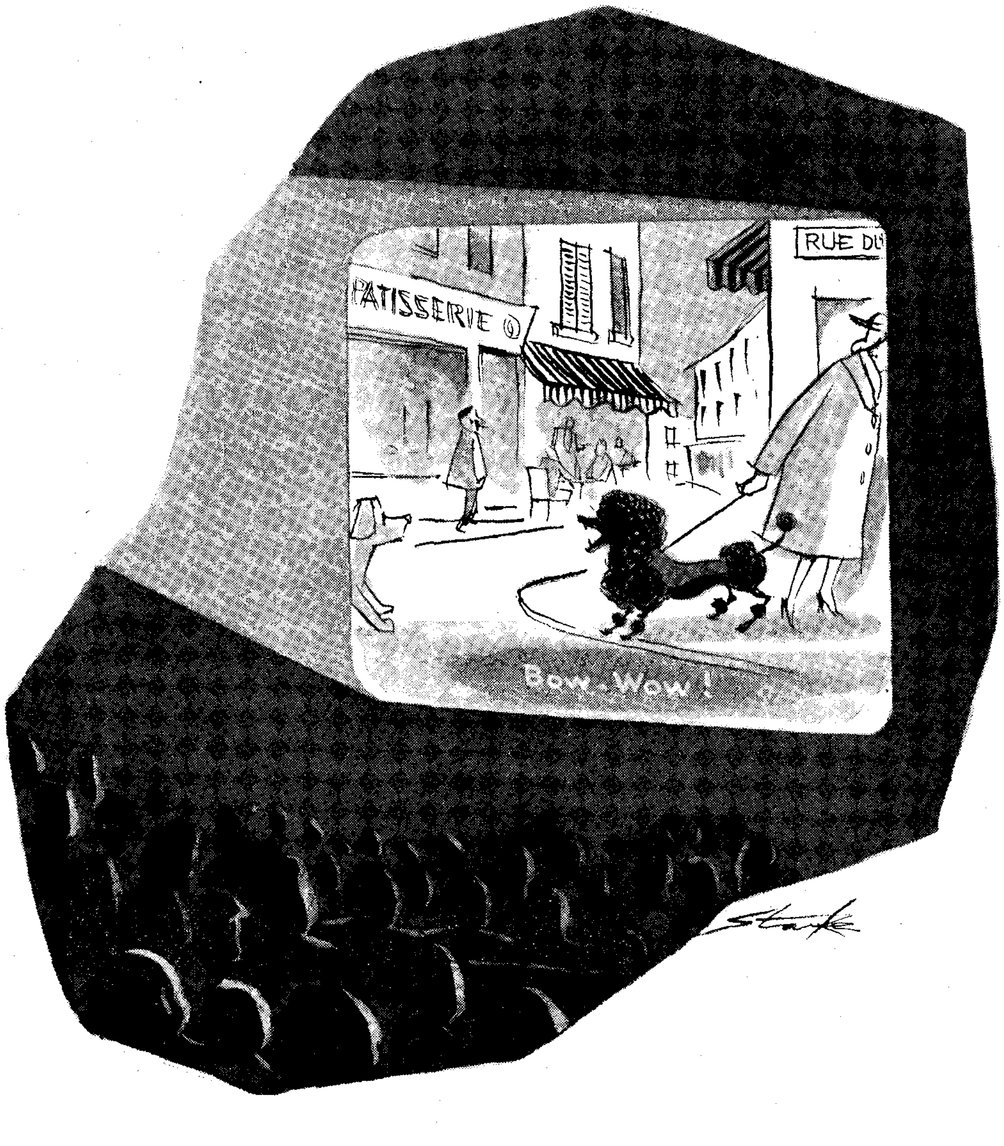
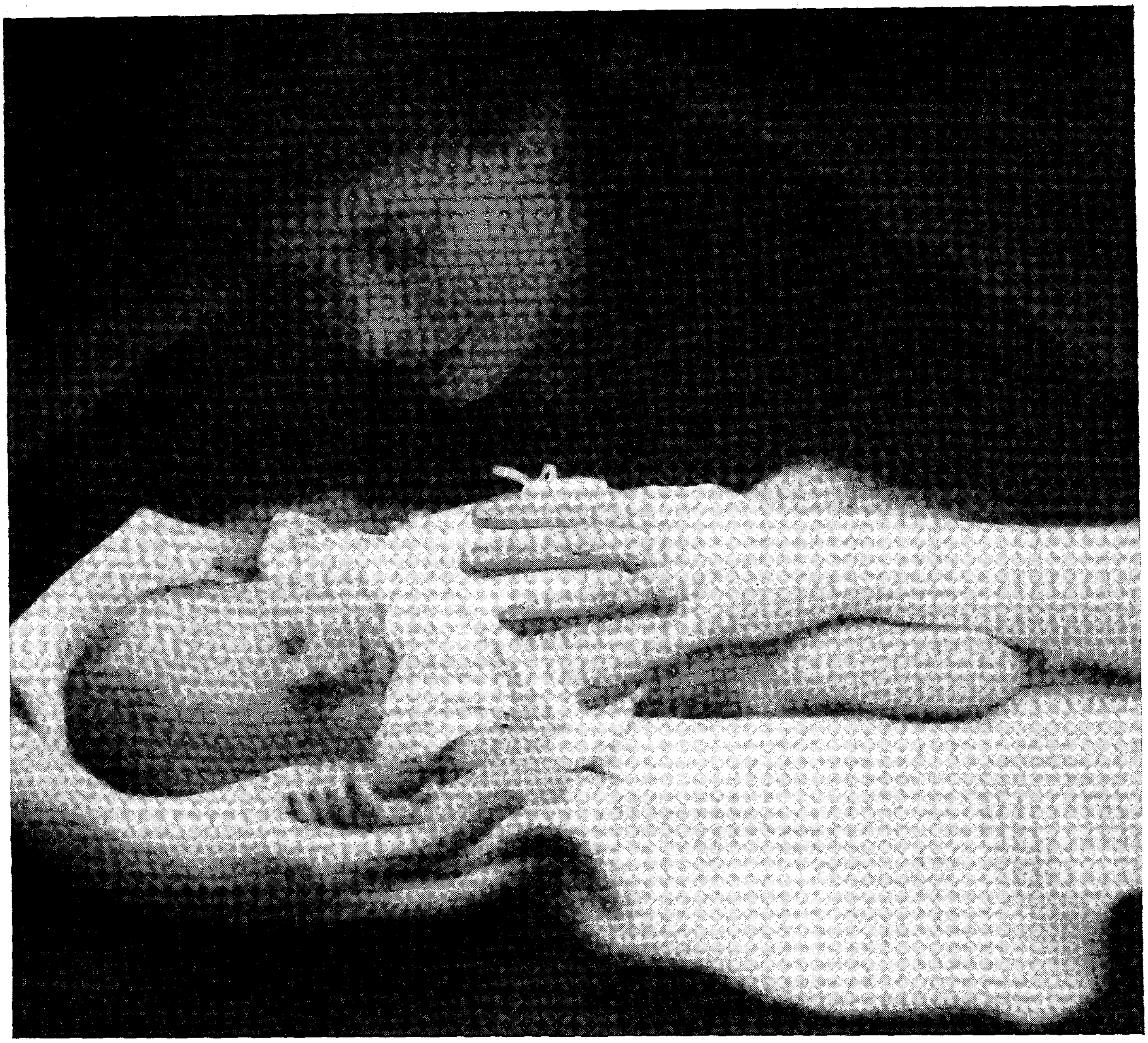
THE THEATRE

IN VENICE, THINGS MAY HAVE BEEN BETTER

A MUSICAL comedy named "The Liar," dealing with the adventures of a young man in sixteenth-century Venice whose reason has been unseated by his reading of playwrights, opened Thursday at the Broadhurst. Two days later, "The Liar" itself was nearly unseated, presumably by its producers' reading of critics. Its closing was voted Saturday but repealed on Sunday. Roughly speaking, there have been a dozen musicals in the last few seasons that deserved a quick death more obviously than the newest one does—for "The Liar," which was written by Edward Eager and Alfred Drake, and directed by Mr. Drake, and which stars William Eythe and Melville Cooper, has a certain confused charm and a sort of incoherent originality. That is not to say, though, that its escape averted an injustice of any real size. Toward the end of the show, its leading character makes a remark to this effect: "I tried to give life a brighter color, but the paints ran." It is a pretty good summary of the effect of "The Liar" in general. It should be added that, like everything else on the stage of the Broadhurst since this shaky engagement began, the paints have been running slowly.

Maybe it was his association with Italian theatricals in the plot of "Kiss Me, Kate" that gave Mr. Drake, the co-author and director of "The Liar," the idea of doing a musical version of one of Carlo Goldoni's plays. Maybe it is a good idea, too, and worth trying again sometime, with a little more judgment, speed, and control. Goldoni, I learn from a rapid study of the Encyclopædia Britannica and other form charts, was the father of modern Italian comedy. Writing in the eighteenth century, he aspired to raise the old *commedia dell' arte* to something like the stature of Molière's comedies of character. According to the consensus, he succeeded. "Il Bugiardo," or "The Liar," was one of sixteen plays he contracted to write, and did write, in a single year. It is said that in them he treated the whole of Venetian life to a satirical once-over-lightly. Clearly, early Venetian social satire, by itself, is not going to sustain a present-day show, musical or otherwise. And if there is enough timeless wit and freshness in Goldoni's plays to make up some of the difference, the task of adapting one of them successfully for Broadway still calls, it seems to me, for more ingenuity and creative skill than Mr. Eager and Mr. Drake have supplied in this case. The lines and lyrics of "The Liar" parse and rhyme, respectively, but they tend to be commonplace. At times, as in a song called "Stomachs and Stomachs," sung by Joshua Shelley, they are something less than commonplace, by which I mean to suggest, perhaps overconfidently, that the bare-subsistence level in Broadway comedy is not as low as the authors may have thought. Also, there is a problem of character in "The Liar" that Mr. Drake and Mr. Eager have not quite solved. The liar of the title is plainly a psychopathic type. It's hard to believe that the state of mind that leads him to lie (and, at the end of the first act, to scuttle halfway up the curtain like a terrorized cat) is caused solely by too much reading of writers such as Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh. "You're just a subplot," says the irritated hero, at one point, to a girl who wants to marry him. That emphasizes, but does not illuminate, his playwright complex. Possibly there are sixteenth-century overtones in the character that escape the audience, or the authors, or both. Considering conditions, Mr. Eythe





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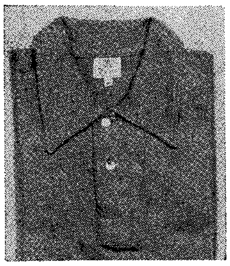
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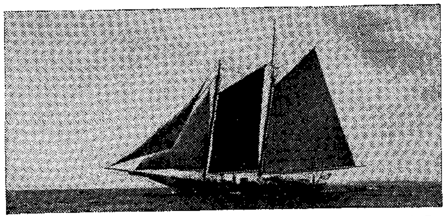
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does a bright and manful job in this part—as his fellow-citizens sing of him in the first scene:

> "His stories could not be untruer,
> But oh, he had lots of allu-er!"

Mr. Cooper, a good comedian, struggling with the part of the liar's father, gets a draw, and Paula Laurence, as a libidinous housemaid, does about as well. Glenn Burris and Barbara Moser sing, tunefully, the best of John Mundy's songs, which are, on my score card, "Lackaday" and "You've Stolen My Heart." —JOHN LARDNER

•

The year 1950 will go down in history as the beginning of the "Under Pressure Age." It will be remembered along with "The Roaring Twenties," "The Aspirin Age" of the thirties, and "The Atomic Age." The cry of the man on the street today is, "I'm always under pressure."

Americans, who have more automobiles, the greatest wealth, the biggest cities, and the greatest industrial output in the world, also have an equally high rate of heart diseases, cancer casualties, and nervous disorders. Doctors have attributed these maladies directly to the "under pressure" living of today. Psychological, marital, and domestic difficulties arising out of being "under pressure" are, of course, countless. Pressure is as inevitable for the American as death or taxes.

The Information Department of the Tea Council recently asked industrial leaders to name the ten jobs in which men and women find themselves most "under pressure." When thousands of jobs were discussed, the startling result was that everyone was under pressure: the industrial and professional executive, the housewife, the office worker, the industrial worker, civil service employee, the creative worker, the industrial and domestic service worker, the transportation employee, the salesman, and even the people whose job it is to help us relieve tension, members of the theatrical profession.

Further results show that everyone is "under pressure" in every phase of his life. At the end of a working day people are tired and keyed up. They are met by marital, domestic, and financial tensions no other generation has ever faced.

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Lemon or cream? Speak up, man!

•

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[*From "Nothing," by Henry Green*]

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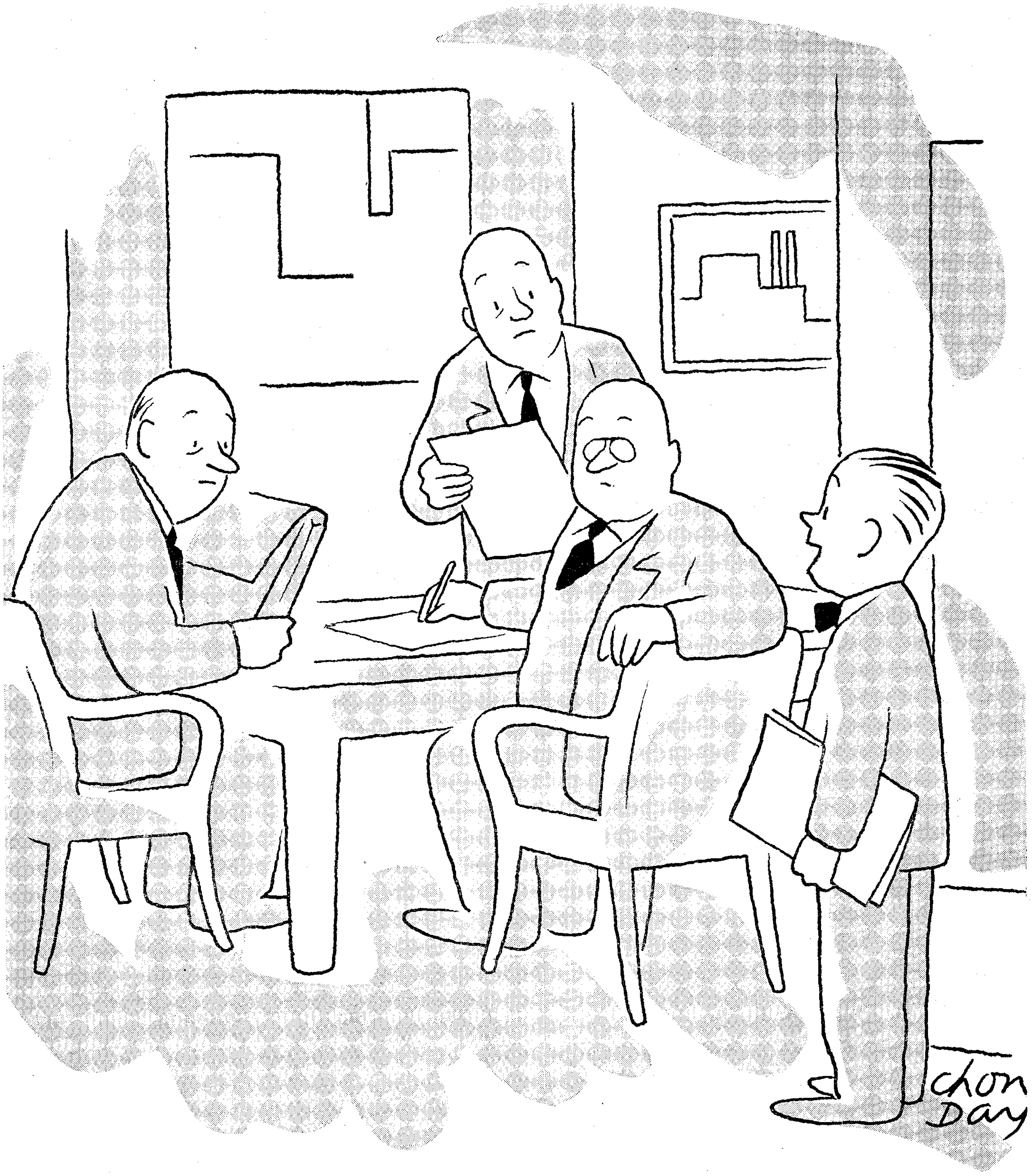

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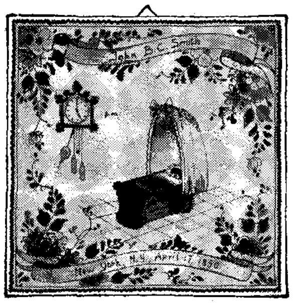

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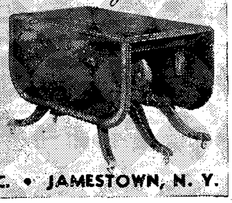

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THE RACE TRACK

Stout Fellow

AS was more or less to be expected, Hill Prince won the Preakness at Pimlico last Saturday. It was rather a surprise, though, to see him take the lead going into the backstretch, because he'd never before been in front so early in a race. After that, he merely galloped along, except for a brief moment in the last quarter when Middleground challenged. Middleground was second, by five lengths, and Dooly was third, by about the same distance. Now, I daresay, if Hill Prince wins the Belmont Stakes next month—and, barring accidents, he should do just that—he may become something of an idol. Racegoers always seem to be impressed by big horses, and Hill Prince is a shade over sixteen hands and an inch, which is considerably above the average height. Besides, he carries himself so proudly and runs so smoothly that he is a natural for the affections of the crowd. A number of canny horsemen who are seldom given to going off the deep end say that he may be a great colt. Well, that's all right with me, for it's never been exactly a secret that he has been this department's favorite three-year-old all season.

Although I'd be the last to belittle Hill Prince's performance, I must say I thought it too bad that the Preakness could not have been run over a fast track. Hill Prince would still have won, I'm sure, but it would have been a better show for the others. As it was, the going was heavy; sticky and holding would perhaps be a better, if less technical, description of it. Hill Prince's time for the mile-and-three-sixteenths race was only 1:59⅕, three and a fifth seconds slower than Capot's last year. The wet ground was tricky, too, and before the race nobody was sure that even Hill Prince, who, as the saying goes in the form charts, is a superior mudder, wouldn't skitter a little on the sharp turns, because of his long stride. Looking the runners over in the paddock, I was particularly impressed by Mr. Trouble, who, you may remember, made such a brave try in the Kentucky Derby. His coat shone, which is the best indication of good conditioning, but C. V. Whitney, who owns him, remarked gloomily that the sons of Mahmoud, of which Mr. Trouble is one, never, never run well on a muddy track. Mr. Whitney was right. Mr. Trouble was away nimbly, and right up with the leaders for about five furlongs, but then he began to sprawl and flounder, and eventually finished a poor fourth.

Middleground deserved high marks. He didn't like the mud, either, and in addition to that he was bumped and carried wide at the first turn by a fractious beast named Balkan, but he kept on gamely, and his effort to catch Hill Prince was the only exciting moment of the race. It really wasn't a serious threat to the leader, however, for Hill Prince, with Arcaro up, was going easily, and when Arcaro settled down to work, Hill Prince drew away. By the way, it was the sixth time in seven starts this season that Middleground finished second, which may be a record for disappointments. He is a nice colt, and I hope he doesn't develop a frustration complex. It seemed to me that Hill Prince and Middleground looked as though they could do with a rest. After all, they've travelled about fifteen hundred miles in the last five weeks, lived in strange stables, and raced on four of the five Saturdays. As long as I'm handing out freewheeling judgments, I might add that it would be all to the good if we didn't see them till the Belmont Stakes.

It was quite like old times to go down to Pimlico, and fun, too, even if the place has gone to seed. No doubt about it, keeping up with Garden State Park has become too much for the Maryland Jockey Club. Still, I think things could have been handled better in the paddock. I've never seen so many people in such a small enclosure trying to watch the saddling. Actually, there wasn't room for the horses to walk around. Oh, well, the Preakness comes but once a year.

THERE was, naturally, great excitement in the paddock at Pimlico last Saturday when Greek Ship won the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont. All sorts of rumors, too, about claims of foul and such. As a matter of fact, there was an objection because Greek Ship swerved in the stretch, but it was not allowed. From later accounts, I'd deduce it must have been a good race to watch. Not many three-year-olds have won the Metropolitan. For one thing, most of them are preoccupied with the spring classics; for another, they're at a disadvantage meeting older horses at this time of year. Only half a dozen have brought off the trick since the fixture has been run at Belmont. The first was the famous Sysonby, whose skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History. He ran a dead heat with a four-year-old named Race King in 1905. Others were Trompe La Morte, Wildair, Laurano, and Knickerbocker. Greek Ship, a 100–3 chance, won the Louisiana Derby last month and would have run for the Kentucky Derby if the track had been muddy. He liked the heavy going last Saturday.

Speaking of mud and the Mahmouds, as I was a bit ago, Mount Marcy, who beat Coaltown and a lot of other good ones in Kentucky recently, is by Mahmoud. If you look at your chart of the Metropolitan, you'll find that he ran last.

IT may be that I'm becoming an old fuss-budget, but it seems to me that the two-year-olds I've seen so far this spring are nothing to cheer about. The Juvenile Stakes at Belmont the other afternoon was a lively race, and, for all I know, the winner, a gray colt by Doublrab with the incredible name of Liberty Rab, may go on to win the Futurity—but I wouldn't bet on it. However, I can tell you that Liberty Rab (I'll try not to mention the name again) is the first racer foaled in Florida to win a stakes race on a New York track. I suppose there must be a first for everything.

THIS weekend, this peripatetic department will take a holiday at the Woodbine in Toronto, the pleasantest racing holiday I can imagine. Colonel Martingale's pick for the King's Plate is Nephisto. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Incidentally, the music director will break into print in the New York Times shortly. A newspaperman from the Times invited Lanning out on his yacht, docked at the El Verde yacht basin, and will do a story on him.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal.*

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•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*From Quick*]

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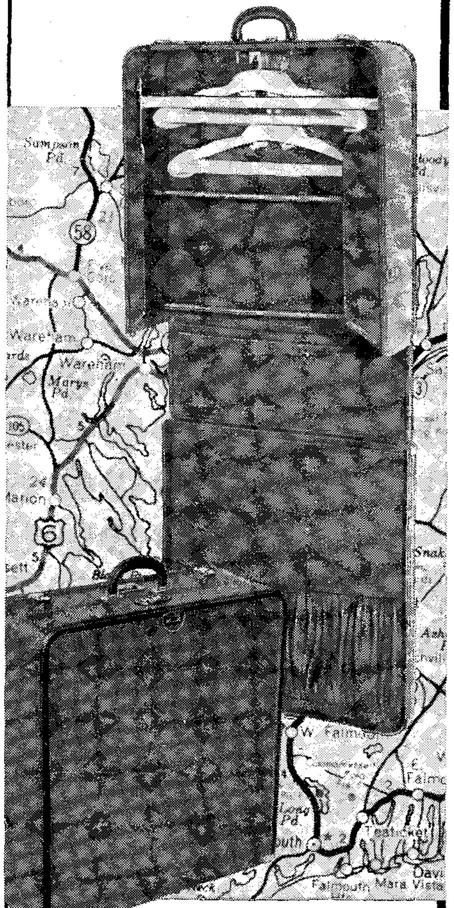

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LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 18

GLACE
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FOREIGN MINISTER ROBERT SCHUMAN'S surprise project to pool France's and Germany's steel and coal production has so enraged the French coal and steel magnates and the French and German Communists that they are all fit to be tied—for once, in the same bundle. In one way, at least, the Schuman project has pleased many Frenchmen, even those who, owing to caution, hatred, or memory, think Germany should always be pushed down and never helped up so that she can stand again on her own, and probably France's, feet. The average Frenchman is pleased because he believes the Schuman proposal of a Franco-German pool is the most creative of all the postwar ideas so far, second in importance only to the Marshall Plan and superior to it in realism, since Schuman's proposal literally means business, whereas Marshall's kind notion is regarded as meaning charity. Psychologically, too, the Schuman project has given local spirits a lift; it has been inspiring for Frenchmen to see their defeated France, once mistress of Europe, actually taking a positive, unwobbling step forward on her worn old high heels, without an initial friendly push from England, more recently the balancer of Europe—a push that France has waited for since the war's end. Indeed, many French feel that Schuman has at last furnished an answer to France's most worrisome peace problem: whether France should try to make a Europe without England or not try to make a Europe because of England?

Of course, many French also think that the Schuman plan may just possibly provide the answer to the even older German postwar problem, for it obviously gives new hope to Western Germans, already impatient after five years of fairly benevolent, bumbling, and costly Allied occupation, so unlike the Germans' own years of cruel, well-planned, locustlike occupation of all Europe, from Poland to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. In the past hundred and fifty years, France has tried everything with the Germans except helping them, which to the French has never seemed natural; she has conquered them and been conquered by them, has paid them and attempted to get paid by them, has been occupied by them and has occupied them, has been overharsh with them and contemptuously loose with them. Schuman's shrewd plan is regarded by some people as the first intelligent French effort to control modern Germany's vigorous industrial genius, which is always working on what look like baby carriages but turn out, when put together, to be cannons. No people in France, or anywhere else in Western Europe, are as hysterical about the possibility of a war with Russia—a war they, being closest physically, would be the first to suffer from—as the Americans, or at least those Americans on holiday here, whose Fifth Avenue or Golden Gate would probably be the last to face hand-to-hand fighting with Russian soldiers, if such a muscular anachronism is conceivable in any next, scientists' war. But the French would like to feel that if there is, God save us, to be another war, the German cannons will not this time be pointing in France's direction. To the French, the Schuman plan seems a bid for business, salvation, consideration, and even a protracted peace.

JULES ROMAINS, the famous author of that lengthy suite of historical novels called "Men of Good Will," has amiably, if inexplicably, become the chairman of this summer's program committee for the Fêtes de Paris, the tourist and elegant goings on that make up the Paris Grande Saison. He recently announced his May, June, and July calendar of events. Fortunately, it differs hardly a whit from the one the more experienced Chamber of Commerce usually puts on. However, there are a few novelties, and they sound nice, such as an affair entitled "A Marcel Proust Supper in the Gardens of the Champs-Elysées," which will be held tomorrow. And June 4th should be good, with a water festival on the Seine featuring "gondolas and an imitation eighteenth-century Venice." The following day begins a week's jamboree in the Place Vendôme, to celebrate its being two hundred and fifty years old, with nocturnal "kingly supper parties, conflagrations [probably only fireworks], and pigeon flights," plus tapestries hung from the windows of Schiaparelli's and the Ritz, gardens in bloom in courtyards, and other fancy

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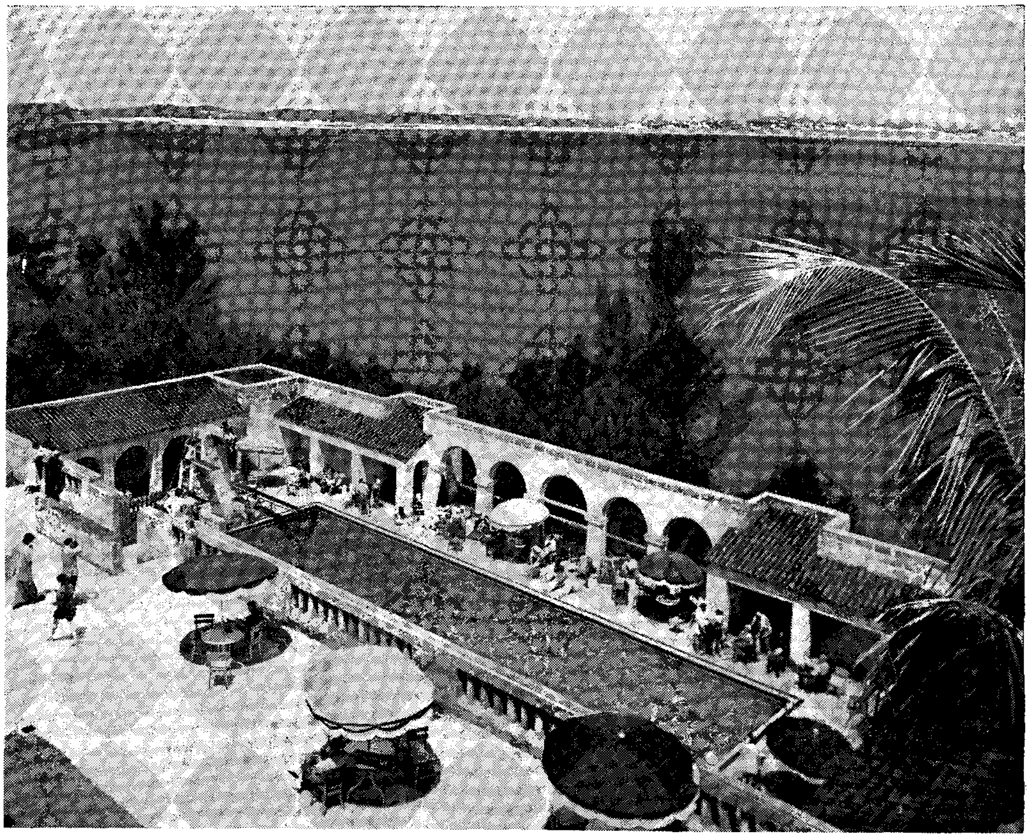

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Photograph Bermuda News Service

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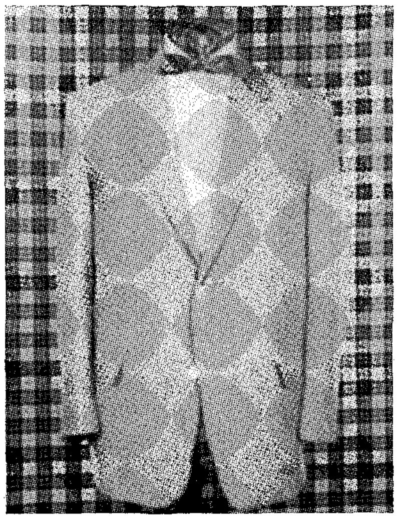

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effects. On June 16th, there will be a rout in the Chancellery of the Ministry of Justice, preceded by, though unconnected with, a championship bicycle race in some Paris suburb.

The bicycle race is a spring fixture, and an equally hoi-polloi one on the Romains calendar was the annual national soccer cup final—the thirty-third—which was played at the Colombes Stadium Sunday. This spring match is always the climax of the soccer season for France's thousand clubs and millions of fans, and it agitates Paris the way our autumn World Series does New York. The weather has turned so fine that the French are already prophesying a drought, and the silver cup was fought for on a sunny Sabbath, with an eleven-million-franc gate (the winning team thankfully received fifty thousand francs) and a capacity crowd of sixty-two thousand harrowed spectators. The Paris Racing Club, usually the winner, this time lost in the last few minutes to the Reims Club, by two goals *bien shotes*, or well shot. (Frenchified English is the argot of the game.) As our President dutifully tosses the season's first baseball in Washington, so France's President solemnly awards the soccer cup. The victors being boys from the Reims champagne region, they had foresightedly brought with them what it took to fill it.

FOR the past month, theatres have slumped beneath the weight of shopworn or dullish winter plays, while the box offices of the concert halls have flourished. Certainly the music has been exceptional, with performers gathered from far afield. Among the many visiting orchestras has been the Madrid Symphony, heard here—with enthusiasm and without any political hisses—for the first time since the Spanish War. The Madrilènes were excellently led, especially in works of de Falla and Turina, by the supple Maestro Ataulfo Argenta, but the woodwinds and brass sounded slightly corny. The Stuttgart Chamber Music Orchestra, with the inevitable Bach, and the Milan Afternoon Music Orchestra, with the inevitable Respighi, likewise got an enthusiastic reception. The most fashionable single figure, also unhissed, was Herbert von Karajan, recalled by Parisians with mixed emotions as the most remarkable new *chef d'orchestre* brought here by the music-loving Wehrmacht during the Occupation. He is young, Austrian-born, of Armenian ancestry and looks it, being slender and dark, with a brooding, affected stance on the

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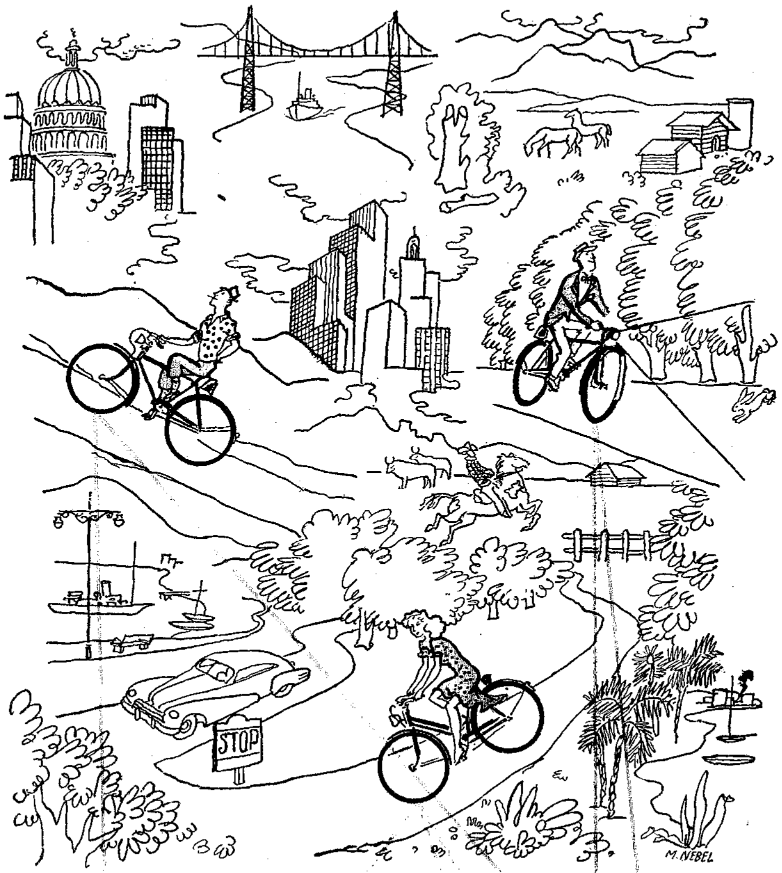
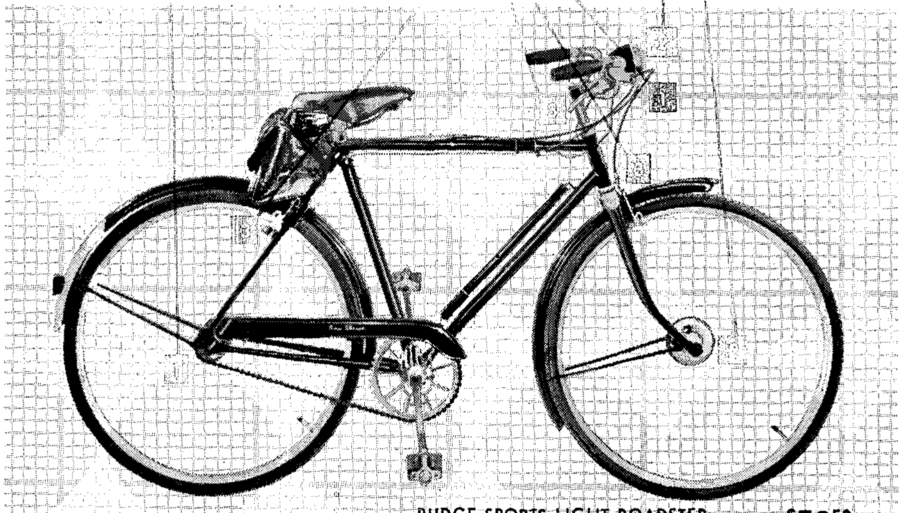
podium, has few gestures, has a deliberately vague beat, like that of Furtwängler, whose pupil he was, made his prewar German reputation at the opera house in Aix-la-Chapelle, is undoubtedly gifted, and, while leading the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra in his Théâtre des Champs-Elysées concerts, brought out things in the music that lots of us had never heard before—mostly the music's weaknesses. This correspondent thought he took the sweet breath out of Mozart and patronized Tchaikovsky, possibly as a racial romantic. Some former von Karajan admirers felt that the dreariness of postwar Austria, where he now conducts, must be what has dulled his earlier brilliant touch, but the major part of the smart Parisian audience loudly applauded him as exotic, special, and satisfying.

Another widely appreciated newcomer here was an Italian prodigy pianist, Aldo Ciccolini, aged twenty-two, a Marguerite Long pupil and the recent winner of a Prix de Conservatoire. He is a nondescript-looking youth endowed with a master's temperament and technique. If he keeps going, he should be one of the famous pianists of his generation. He already knows everything about a piano except how to make mistakes on it.

As a sour musical note, it must be added that Darius Milhaud's much touted new opera, "Bolivar," which was given its première at the Paris Opéra a week or so ago, with sets and scenic effects by Fernand Léger, including an earthquake that emitted real smoke and knocked the scenery flat, was a bang-up failure. It was the third in Milhaud's American historical trilogy, which began with "Christophe Colomb," heard in 1930 in Berlin, and continued with "Maximilien," presented here in 1932 at the Opéra. Luckily, "Maximilien's" cacophony was so memorable that some of us, eighteen years later, contrived to duck the "Bolivar" première. Paris critics were hard. In a nutshell, they said that such dissonance as Milhaud's was





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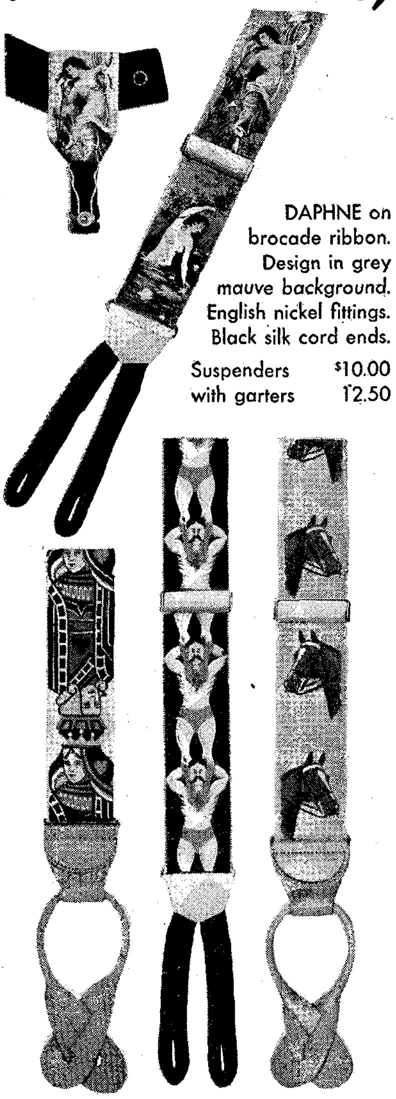

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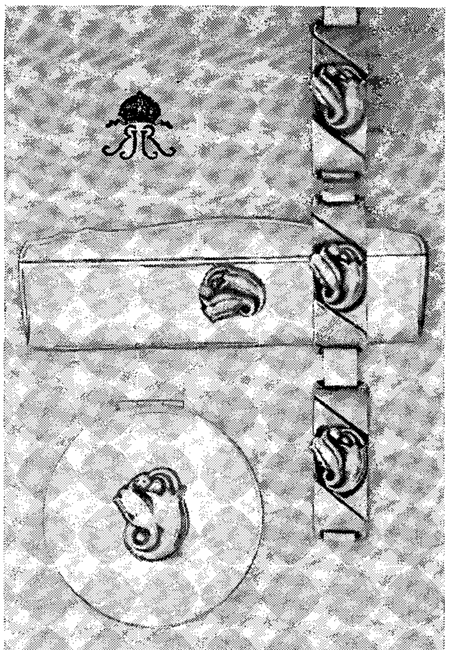
FREE LITERATURE

willful and ugly and that people are finally tired of discords.

THOMAS MANN, whose latest opus, translated into French as "Docteur Faustus," is the Parisian intelligentsia's book of the spring season, has been visiting and elucidating in Paris. He was recently due to speak to students and a few outsiders in the Sorbonne's small Salle Richelieu, but the big amphitheatre had to be opened to hold the crowd. He talked—for the first few minutes in French, then in German—on "Mon Epoque." He was introduced by Jules Romains, on this occasion representing French letters, and during his brief French-speaking phase managed to refer to Romains as Romain Rolland, a lapse that pleased the younger members of his audience, who also get things badly mixed up. One of Mann's main Sorbonne statements was "I never have belonged and never will belong to a political party," which, some of the students' parents commented afterward, helped explain how Hitler came to power without opposition from the German intellectuals. Dr. Mann's last words to the French young were "Any man who stirs up this hate between political parties should always stop to think that he is hastening a catastrophe. Peace and joy—*Friede und Freude*." To others, in a later talk, Mann said that he thought that the growing East-West antagonism could lead to war but that "I do not think it ineluctable." He also said that he himself is "a being absolutely unacceptable to the Sovietic order," which was hardly news, adding that "the Stalinist attempt to simplify culture in favor of, and in the service of, ignorance is not a path to follow," which sensible comment made big headlines in the *Figaro Littéraire*. Probably the most interesting thing he said to the Paris intellectuals was what they already surmised, that in his "Docteur Faustus" he omnisciently doubles as the opposed main characters, Zeitblom and Leverkühn, "between whom I am—how can I express it?—shared." Parisians feel that the Doctor expressed everything very well.

IN the May 15, 1925, number of *Vogue* appeared the words "Bricktop is a pale, unspoiled beauty. She sings and dances like a star. She is young, and new to Paris." With pleasure, this correspondent can announce that Bricktop, still unspoiled in 1950, is back again in Paris, in a new red, gold, and white damask night club of her own, on the Rue Fontaine. Her recent opening



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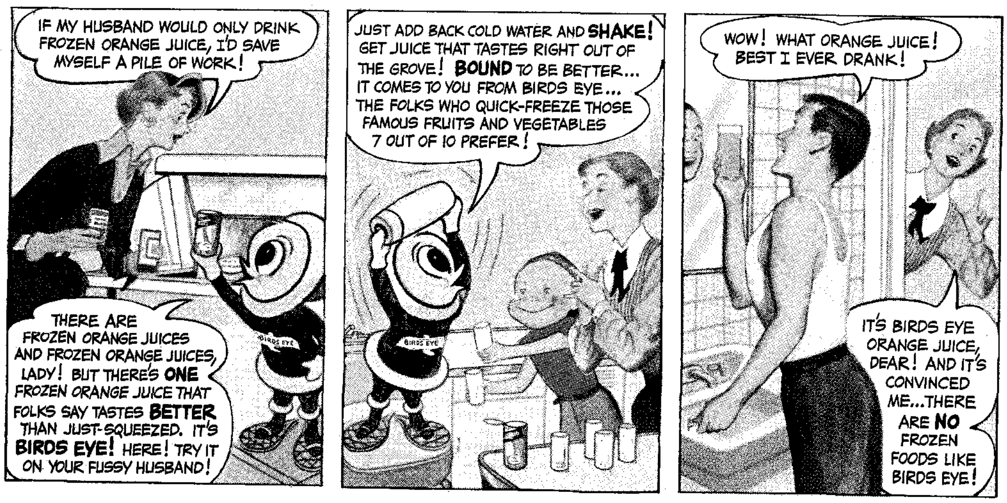
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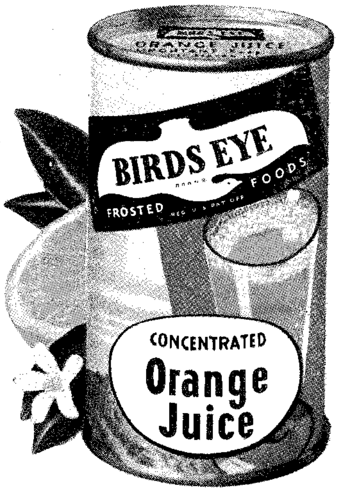
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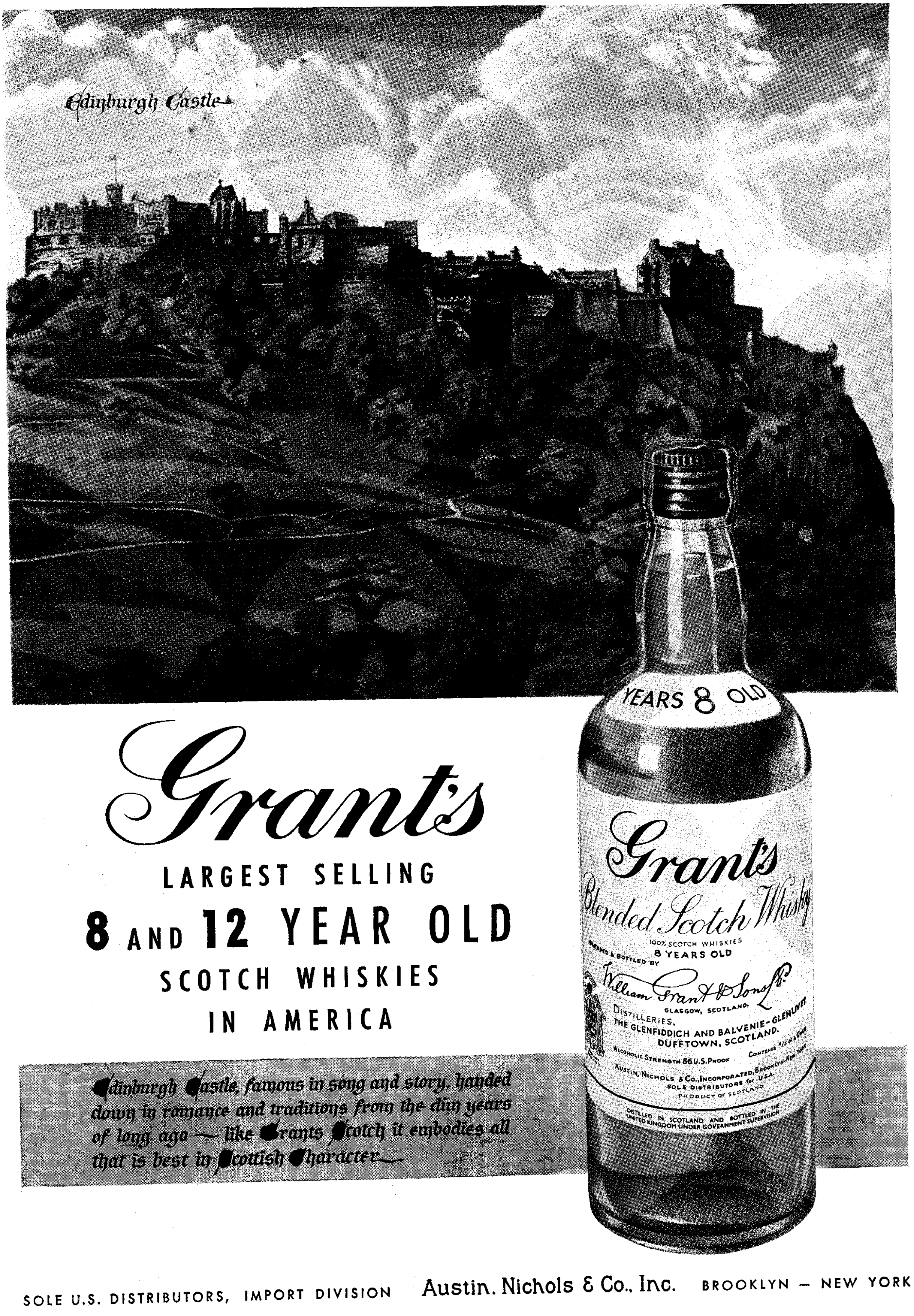
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IT may be recalled that in May, 1945, when the war ended, there were various, almost comical confusions in the American press, and, paralleling them, confusions in French protocol, about the date for announcing the war's end—a so-called secret, prematurely broken by the defeated Germans' frankly broadcasting the true news from home. Since then, the Americans have used May 8th as the celebration date and the French May 9th, when the second and final surrender was signed in Berlin. This year, the French changed their celebration date, to bring together two historic events, which were fêted here with traditional beflagged windows and nighttime illuminations of public buildings. The war's end was celebrated this year on May 14th, which was conveniently a Sunday and also Saint Joan of Arc's Day. Thus her campaigns and the late war's end were commemorated together as the two greatest liberations in French annals. —GENÊT

•

If you take a drink with antabuse in your system, your face turns red, breath shortens, heart pounds and terrible worry cweeps over you.—*The Post.*

Just the samey, we'd welish a little dwink, wight now.

•

Asked how it felt to lose a famous daughter, Mrs. Taylor quoted a Spencer Tracy line from Elizabeth's latest movie: "My son's my son till he gets him a wife. But my daughter's my daughter for all of her life."—*Indianapolis News.*

The olde English bard Spencer Tracy?

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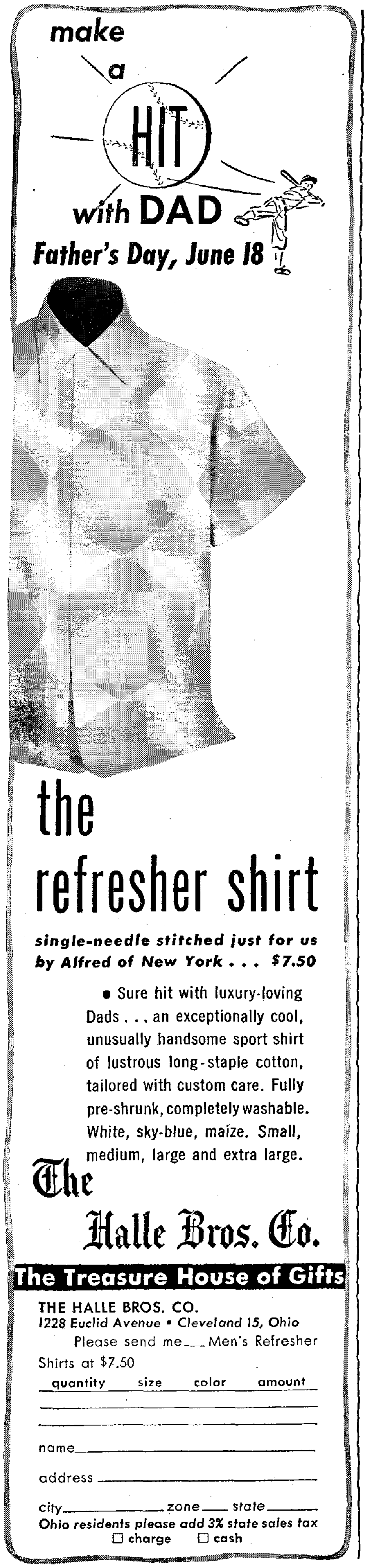

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All Aboard for Colorado

"A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK" is a pleasant bit of spoofing about life in the Colorado Rockies seventy-five years ago. The picture includes most of the stuff that goes into a standard Western, from saturnine road agents and harlots with hearts of gold to an astonishingly virtuous heroine and a hero who appears to be a caitiff but is actually a man among men. However orthodox this mixture may seem, in this case it is quite appetizing, since Mary Loos and Richard Sale, who put it together, have refused to be at all serious about people given to chasing each other up and down mountainsides.

The hullabaloo begins when a parcel of railroaders, under the guidance of a lady peace officer, set out to run a wood-burning locomotive over the stretch between the Colorado towns of Epitaph and Tomahawk, despite the fact that for forty miles of the distance there isn't any track. The railroaders have to reach Tomahawk to establish their franchise over the route. They also have to carry one paying passenger, and presently they get him, in the person of a subscription peddler for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Along with him, they also acquire a number of ladies of dalliance, who ride free. With mules dragging the locomotive, the safari heads into the beautiful wilderness (the picture was shot around Durango, Colorado) to face hostile Indians and bad men in the pay of a stagecoach operator who doesn't want any newfangled contraption snorting through his territory. Throughout the allegedly perilous journey, nobody ever exhibits very much alarm, even when the Indians are charging about the landscape screaming for scalps, and in the evenings the voyagers lift their voices in happy song, apparently oblivious of the dangers around them. The dialogue maintains a nice level of wit, and the performances are all excellent. Dan Dailey, who plays the *Saturday Evening Post* agent, proves here, as he did in "When Willie Comes Marching Home," that he is a deft comedian, and Walter Brennan, as the engineer, and Connie Gilchrist, as the duenna of the gay ladies, help mightily in keeping things moving merrily. In the role of the lady peace officer, Anne Baxter is comely, innocent, and a dangerous character with knife or gun.

"IN A LONELY PLACE" offers Humphrey Bogart as a Hollywood writer of extremely high voltage who is suspected of murdering a hat-check girl. The police figure that he's the guilty party because he was the last person known to have seen her alive, having, so he says, invited her to his quarters to grill her about the plot of a book that she happened to have read. The writer has been assigned to adapt this particular book to the screen, and it is his notion that getting the plot from the hat-check girl will save him the trouble of reading it. This is a pretty sharp commentary on Hollywood practices, and there are others, equally barbed, in the film. As a murder mystery, the piece suffers from being a trifle incredible, but Mr. Bogart is first-rate, and so is Gloria Grahame, who plays a lovely neighbor in love with the hero even though she finds his tendency to go into wild rages pretty unnerving.

IN "Father of the Bride," an adaptation of a sort of documentary novel by Edward Streeter, there are several jokes. There is the joke about the man who fixes a lot of Martinis for a party and then discovers that his guests want practically every known drink except a Martini. There is also the joke about the man who tries on his old cutaway after twenty years and finds that it looks very comical. And there is the joke about the caterer who visits a customer's house and considers everything about it beneath contempt. These jokes, I'm afraid, are rather wheezy, and they certainly don't do much to speed up the picture. Since the plot consists simply of outlining the difficulties of putting on a wedding, including, of course, the damnable expense of it all, it grows a little tiresome after a half hour or so. Spencer Tracy participates as the father, Joan Bennett as the mother, and Elizabeth Taylor and Don Taylor as the pair who are about to get hitched. At one point, the film runs through a wedding service from beginning to end. This may fetch some susceptible ladies in the crowd, but I think it will be hard on everybody else.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Houtteman pitched a masterful game, allowing only four hits as Nary, a Chicagoan, got to third base.—*Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger.*

Good man, Nary.

STONES FOR FILL

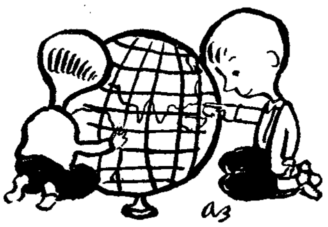
UNFORTUNATELY, the stone wiggled and so became an obligation rather than merely, as I had a little hoped, an obstruction. There is, I think, a general rule among gardeners—almost a moral point. If a stone cannot, after reasonable effort, be wiggled, one puts the projected row of beans somewhere else. If it can be wiggled, it has to come out. This one wiggled when pried at with a spade; obviously it would come free with a lot of work. So I was dutifully digging around it when Mr. Bartoni walked across the field to join me. He had the expression of a man waiting to be recognized and I had, of course, the blank expression of a man who didn't know him from a television salesman. (The whole countryside crawls with television salesmen.)

When Mr. Bartoni realized this, he introduced himself and inquired about the pump-house drain, which he hoped was working all right. I put down the spade, contentedly enough, and went over to shake hands and tell him the drain was working as well as could be expected. Three inches of water in the bottom of the pump house is chronic, as we had been told to expect it would be when Mr. Bartoni's men finished the work. But the situation is under control now, as, for a grisly forty-eight hours of hand-bailing some months ago, it certainly wasn't. Mr. Bartoni expressed moderate pleasure at the report and, looking at the vegetable garden, asked whether the man who had harrowed it had used a horse.

Mr. Bartoni's profession requires that he be interested in such matters. He does grading, plowing, and masonry work; he puts in driveways, cleans up long-uncared-for areas, and, if requested, does seeding and plants trees. He was one of the subcontractors for the house in the rural part of northern Westchester my wife and I moved into last autumn for our first full winter in the country.

I told Mr. Bartoni the man who harrowed had used a tractor, and Mr. Bartoni politely expressed the view that the garden area could have been smoothed out better. The harrow man and I had both realized that, and also that the tractor had packed the soil rather badly, and I told Mr. Bartoni this. He reserved comment and declined a cigarette. He went over with me to look at the stone I had been prodding, and said it shouldn't be too hard to get out. I said I guessed not, and he asked how the grass was coming. Mr. Bartoni's men had seeded the specified twenty feet around the house. I said the rye, at any rate, was coming along beautifully, and, happy to leave the boulder, took Mr. Bartoni over to look at it. He said that I should have set my lawnmower to cut more closely, particularly if I expected the rye to die out, as it was supposed to do. I agreed with this, and we stood in the sun and looked reflectively at the grass. Mr. Bartoni said we had a nice place here, or would have. I said we thought it was wonderful. Then, for some further minutes, we simply stood in the sun.

IT was pleasant. Mr. Bartoni is a pleasant man; the sun was warm and the boulder was resting peacefully in its burrow. But I had that peculiar feeling one has when the major part of any discussion, the purpose of any meeting, remains buried—as the major part of the big stone in the garden was buried. Mr. Bartoni, a busy man, certainly had not dropped by just to inquire about the pump house. If it had not been draining, he would have heard about it. Nor, although he spoke of grass as one who loves it, had he come several miles from Ridgefield to look at ours. There is nearer grass, and better. Mr. Bartoni had, I was now almost positive, come to "take up" something. But I hadn't the faintest idea what it could be. I ran hurriedly back through my mind and decided that there was no possibility that I owed him money.



"That looks all right there," Mr. Bartoni said, indicating the irregular dry-stone field wall that runs near the house. He moved over to look at it more closely, and I moved with him. "Of course," he said, "there are always snakes. Mice, too, of course."

I told him our cats would take care of the mice and, more than probably, of the snakes. He said the trouble with cats was birds, and we were distracted—although I still couldn't guess from what—by a short version of that inevitable discussion between people who have cats and take their depredations with equanimity and those who imagine cats are about to wipe out the bird popu-

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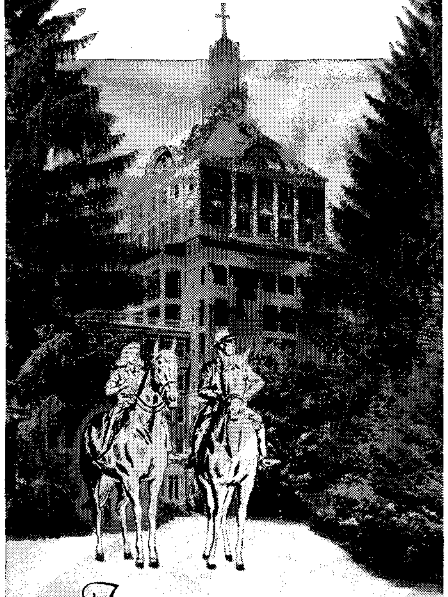

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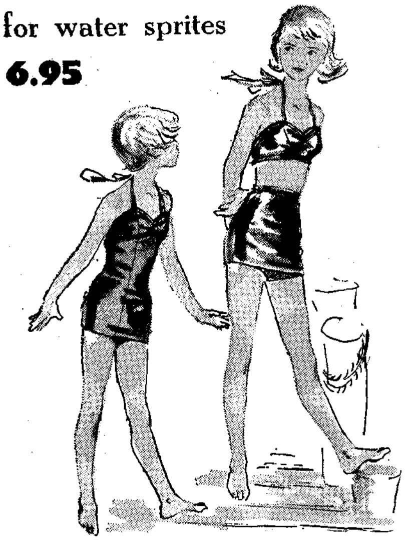

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lation. (They aren't.) Mr. Bartoni recalled himself after a time and said that some people got rid of stone walls they didn't want by digging a trench and pushing the stones into it. He made, then, a small, disapproving sound. We stood in the sun and looked at the wall. He said there were a good many kinds of stones in it, and I agreed. I said this was a great countryside for stones, as it certainly is.

"The trouble is," he said, "there are all kinds of stones. A lot of them are no good."

I said the one in the middle of the projected bean row was certainly no good, and he smiled faintly.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I've been driving around looking for stones. You'd be surprised."

That was putting it mildly. That anyone should drive around northern Westchester—or, for that matter, any part of the Northeast—looking for stones was almost beyond belief. This area is where stones live; each dry-stone wall one sees is a monument to the slow, backbreaking work of farmers who, in the old days, patiently prized stones out of the soil and loaded them on stone sleds and piled them in rows, partly to divide up fields but chiefly to lay bare a little earth in which seeds might grow. This area has been for generations a field of grim battle between men and stones, and, for the most part, the stones have won. Yet here was a man who was driving around looking for stones. And now he was looking at one of our stone walls. It is one of those my wife especially cherishes; she plans to grow things on it, and in it.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Bartoni said, "we'll do quite a bit to get stones. They're worth money, you know."

All I could think of to say was "My God!," so I said it. Money for stones. I thought of the monster lurking in the vegetable garden.

"Of course," Mr. Bartoni said, rather quickly, "they have to be the right kind of stones." I suspected he, also, had thought of the stone in the garden, and wanted me to know that it wasn't the right kind. "Cleavage," Mr. Bartoni said. "Like that one there." He pointed. "We'll pay up to a dollar and a half a yard for the right kind of stone." I think he said a dollar and a half; I was still pretty dazed. He looked at me then, and I realized that we had reached the point. "Or," he said, "we'll trade fill for stones. Two yards of fill for a yard of stones." He looked around him. When you build a house without a cellar, you always end up needing

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fill. We both looked at the stone wall.

"Wait a minute," I said. "There's the old foundation."

Mr. Bartoni did not actually snap his fingers. But there was the feeling of snapped fingers in the air.

"You know," he said, "there is, at that. Funny thing, I'd forgotten all about it."

He had driven within twenty feet of it, coming up the drive.

"Of course," he said, "the place burned down, didn't it? Probably cracked most of the stone."

The old house had burned down years ago. It was just before or just after the farmer hanged himself; I've never been able to find out which.

WE walked over to the old foundation, and down into the cellar excavation that most of the stones had fallen into. My wife and I are throwing anything that is left over into it, planning one day to fill it up. Mr. Bartoni went around kicking stones gently. A good many of them had obviously been ruined by the heat of the fire.

"Need it for edging on a drive," he said, prodding a stone that obviously had cleavage. "This man won't have anything but field stone. Bluestone I can get in White Plains. But he wants field stone. The fire cracked most of this."

"A good deal of it looks all right to me," I heard myself saying, and I could hardly have been more surprised. I was talking my stone up; he was talking it down. The whole thing had crept up on me, and the feeling was strange and oddly enjoyable; it was at the same time oddly familiar. We were two men in the country standing in the sun making a trade. Men who live in the country have stood so since men could stand up and could talk, and carried on this unhurried barter, half for the fun of it, half because it is pleasant to stand in the sun and talk of other things, circling slowly toward the thing that matters.

"Oh," he said, "a little of it I could use, I guess. A nuisance to get out, of course."

"Oh, as far as that's concerned," I said, "you wouldn't have much trouble getting a truck in. Not here. But I wouldn't want any fill here. Not now. Over back of the house is where I need fill. Want to look?"

There was a moment of hesitancy. He looked around at the foundation. "Well," he said, "might as well, I suppose. Long as I'm here."

We walked back to the house in the sun, and I showed him where I wanted the fill. He said it would be pretty hard to get a truck in. I said the man who was doing some work on the place hadn't had any particular trouble. The truck would have to watch out for the septic-tank field, so as not to break through.

"I suppose we could use the light truck," he said. "I suppose we could do that."

"Well," I said, "it's up to you."

He looked around for a moment without saying anything. "We might get maybe three yards of stone," he said then. "Two yards of fill for a yard of stone. That's the way we usually work it."

"O.K.," I said. "I'll trade."

"Be somebody here tomorrow?" he asked.

I said there would.

"All right," he said. "I'll have the men over tomorrow."

He held out his hand then, and we shook hands on the bargain, standing in the sun. Then he said, not abruptly but like a man with things to do, that he had to go look for some more stone. He went. —RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

• •

MONTMARTRE STAIRWAY

Down
we stepped,
three-legged as
a lover tango pair,
lightly as wingless angels
might proceed upon the mottled air,
stepping with silent feet from cloud
to cloud—half walking and half blown.
Below, a darkened city slept and watched
within the windings of her silver stream, and we,
sleepwalking, floated down, two silver plumes adream.
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we reeled and closed our eyes, who'd reached the bottom step but one.

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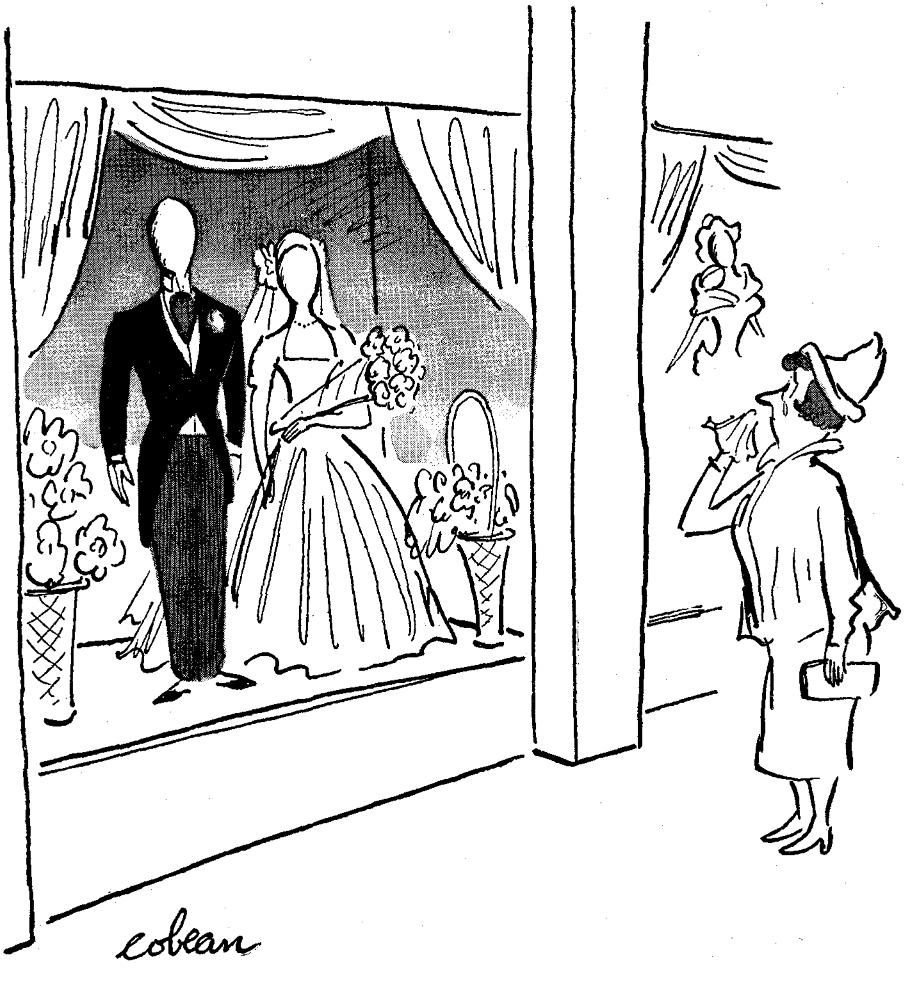
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THOSE who are familiar with the beautiful Japanese grass-cloth and block-printed-cotton wallpapers that came to us in limited quantities before the war will be far more pleased than surprised by the remarkable exhibition of such things at the studio of Gene McDonald, 17-A East 57th Street. I, however, had not had the luck to see these handsome papers before, and I was frankly agape at their effortless style and the dazzling perfection of their craftsmanship. The art of turning out the grass-cloth papers is an ancient one, and in case there is anybody in the audience who knows nothing about it, I had better explain that they are made of dyed or natural-colored grass or hemp, hand-woven with cotton thread and mounted on gold or silver teabox paper; all the coverings are backed with rice paper and are ready for hanging. A few skilled workmen have handed down instruction in the craft from father to son for centuries, and the designs have changed very little in the last hundred years or so. Production was evidently especially flourishing at the time of our clipper trade with the East, for there are walls in New England seaport mansions of that period that are papered with materials almost identical with some of those in the McDonald collection. Incidentally, any of them would make a fine screen.

Among the most striking of the hemp-on-teabox-paper materials is one in which the fibres have been mounted on the thinnest of gold papers and have then been widely and unevenly spaced by hand, which gives a striated effect of great beauty. This stuff costs $27.50 a double roll (a yard wide and eight yards long), and there are several more tightly woven materials of hemp-on-gold and grass-on-gold, at from $18 to $32 a double roll. It should be mentioned here that the McDonald papers are all sold by the eight-yard roll unless the customer buys at least two of them; *then* he can buy a roll of the customary four-yard length. The papers are sold only through decorators, anyway, so you can let them worry about these details. The only scenic paper in the group has a medium-size repeat design of a Chinese pagoda, a bridge, some trees, and so on, wood-blocked in orange, red, blue, green, and brown on a closely woven hemp-on-gold paper to make a formal and extremely handsome decoration. A graceful and at the same time rather sumptuous hanging called Horizontal Rain consists of parallel strips of silver-backed white paper, about an eighth of an inch wide, turned over at irregular intervals, so that first the white and then the silver surface is exposed. The strips are woven together with cotton thread, and the result is a dramatic appearance of flexibility. It is obvious that many of our contemporary metallic weaves stem from this ancient design, but a certain rigidity becomes noticeable in the American work when it is compared with the ease and lightness of the Japanese. Two variations on the Horizontal Rain design are achieved by wood-block printing superimposed on the same weave. One of these, an arresting pattern of definite Italian Renaissance feeling, is done in a rich peacock blue, and the other, a Chinese pattern, is printed in a light and unusually attractive shade of red. The unprinted material is $23 a double roll; the two others are $27.50 each.

The block-printed cottons, while not as grand as the metallic papers, have an imaginative artfulness of style that is rare indeed in wall hangings—or in anything else, for that matter. Almost an exact duplicate of one of these, an allover pattern of small conventional flowers in red and green on white cotton, is, I am told, to be seen today in a Nantucket house, perfectly preserved nearly a century after it was brought from the Orient on a clipper ship. This material, which reflects an English influence, costs $21.50 a double roll. There are stencilled designs that are reminiscent of eighteenth-century French decoration, but the two papers that are to my mind the most enchanting are pure Japanese—a sprawling pattern of cherry boughs with widely separated blossoms, and an allover pattern of small, tight chrysanthemums, done in muted tones of yellow and beige. Both papers are the sort, so seldom seen in decoration nowadays, that could be lived with in great contentment a whole lifetime, and their owner would have the added satisfaction of knowing that his children, and even grandchildren, need not be



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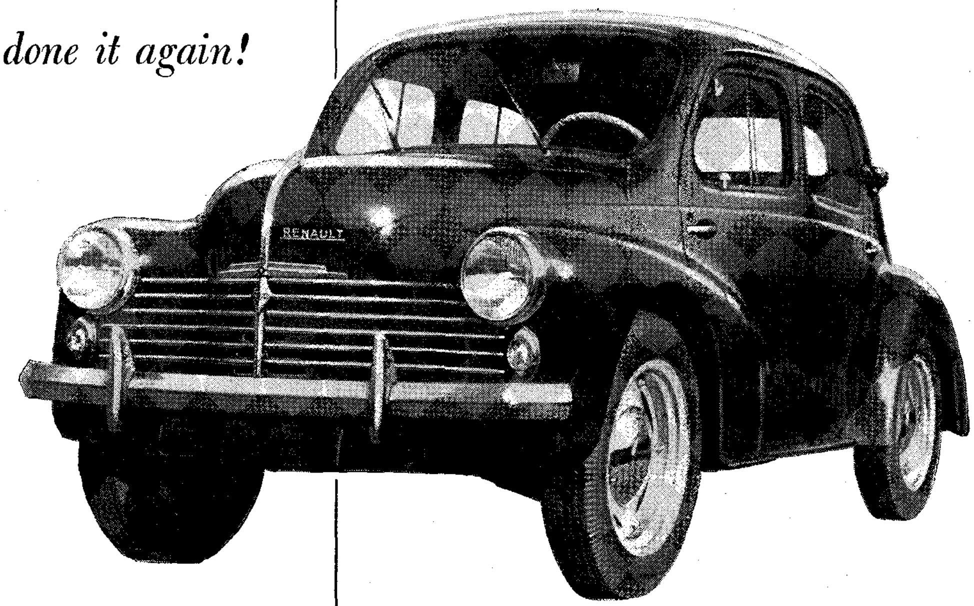

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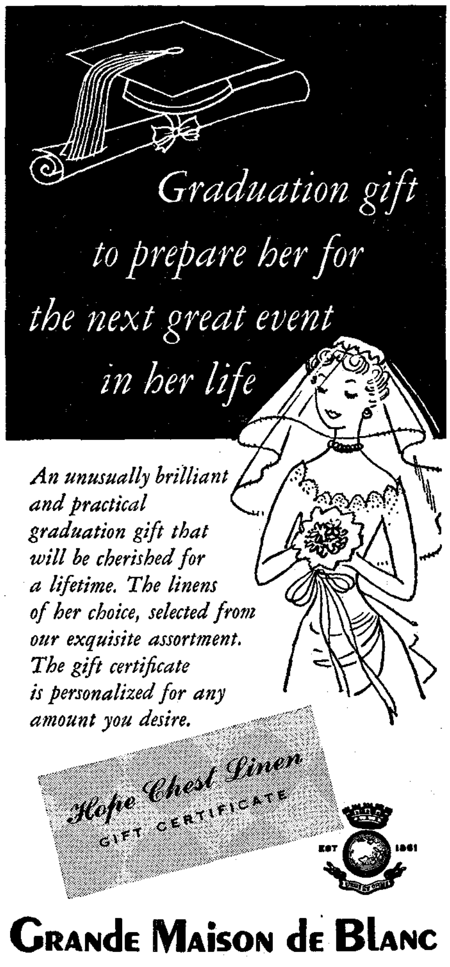

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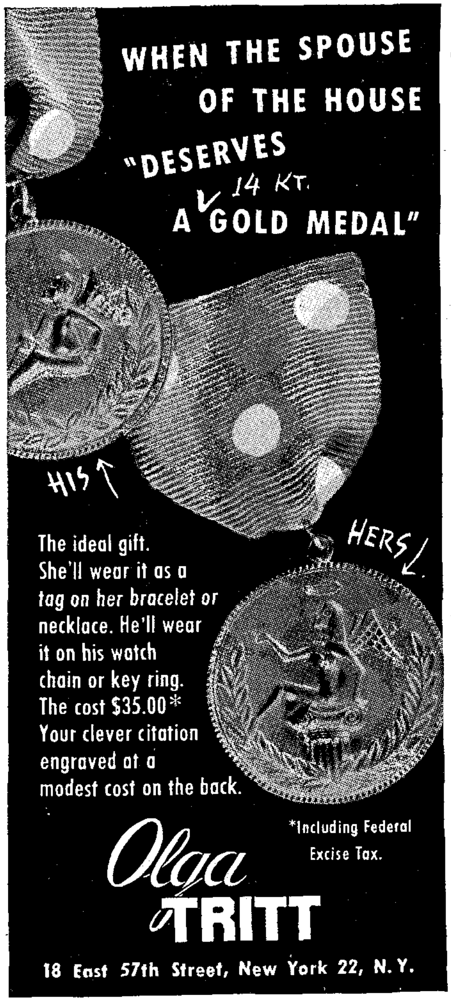

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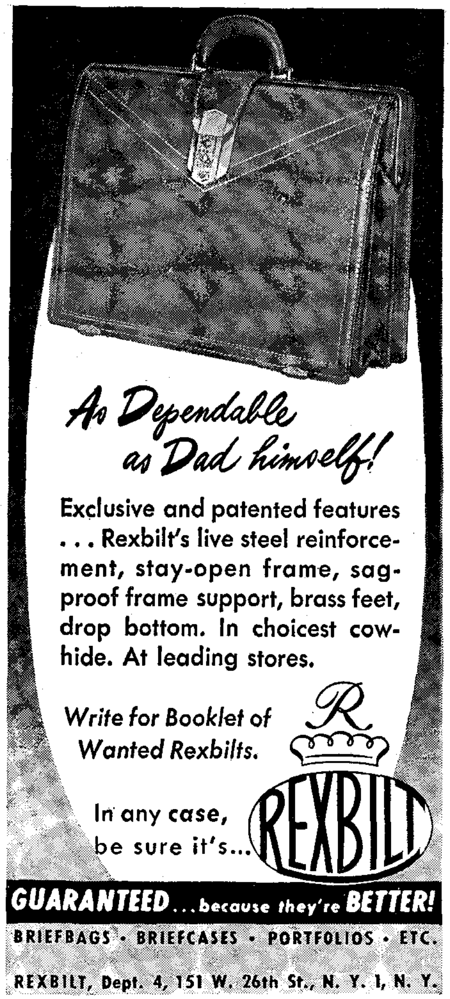
plagued by wallpaper problems. These lovely things are $20.50 a double roll.

SINCE these hangings are also excellent for use on screens, you might like to note the addresses of a couple of screen-makers to whom such treasures can be entrusted with confidence. The Roman Art Screen Company, at 520 Madison Avenue (54th), does this kind of construction with the greatest expertness and care; the frames are made of properly seasoned wood, the hinges are made of canvas and are cleverly hidden, and all the other details of fine screen-making are attended to. For a screen of standard height—about five and a half feet—covered with your own material, the firm charges around $15 a panel. If paper or fabric backing is required, that is extra, but since the McDonald materials are all backed with tough rice paper, this is not necessary in their case. Another reliable shop for this sort of work is the Eagle Screen Company, at 498 Third Avenue (34th), which will build a screen to your specifications and cover it, also for around $15 a panel. Both firms operate only through decorators, and both take from ten days to two weeks to mount a screen.

NO wallpaper could be a greater contrast to the exotic hangings at the McDonald studio than a new line of Swedish papers, called Duro, on display at Sigfrid K. Lonegren, Inc., 515 Madison Avenue (53rd). This is not meant disparagingly, because the Swedish imports have a charm and originality that make them, in their own modest way, quite notable. There are a hundred patterns, labelled Swedish modern, of allover designs that are as fresh and appealing as anything you can imagine. To begin with, the colors used are not often met with in moderate-priced American papers (the Duros cost from $2.50 to $3.50 a roll). The patterns employ such things as small geometric figures, pleasing freehand squiggles, and prim stylized flowers, done in white on dark gray, in Chinese red on teal blue, in white and olive on sage green, and in numerous other combinations. While they all have an informal cheerfulness, they are imbued with none of that folksy gaiety that has grown more than a little tiresome in modern Scandinavian decoration. Right here, I might as well sourly admit that gaiety seems to me to have become a rather bogus quality in decoration in general; for my part, I should like to



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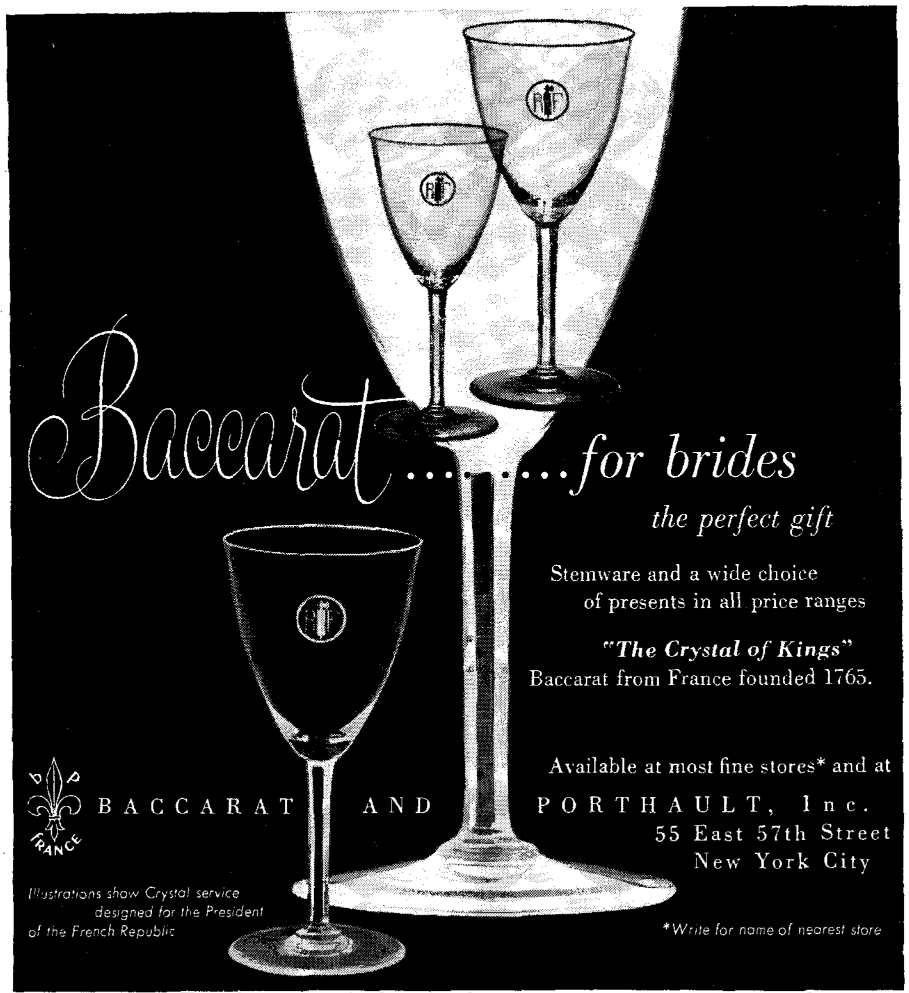
hear designers describe their wares, for a change, as stern, or solemn—maybe even dour. To return, though, to the Swedish papers, you should know that the whole Duro line is tagged "washable" by the manufacturers and is described by the Lonegren people, in the fancy double-talk of the trade, as having "extreme washability." Just what this means, I am not quite sure, but it certainly must indicate considerably more agreeability to soap and water than most wallpapers have. I am pleased to be able to add that Lonegren welcomes customers with or without a decorator.

WHAT goes on walls being of so much less pressing concern at this season than what goes outside them, we should perhaps tarry no longer indoors. It should be of great interest to country and back-yard gentry that after a long period in which designers of outdoor furniture have been unable to break completely from the ornate and the curlicued, what seem to be the perfect metal garden chairs have finally been designed and are now on their way from the California studio of Van Keppel-Green to the showrooms of the local distributor, Waldron Associates, at 1230 Second Avenue (64th), who will guide you to retail outlets. The new pieces are so beautifully simple, so comfortable, and so altogether *right* that the mistakes of previous seasons will, I am afraid, look rather vulgar on the same lawn with them. They have broad backs and deep seats of steel mesh, just resilient enough to accommodate themselves to the human frame, and are set on slim iron legs that are innocent of even the slightest curve. The easy-chair model (this season, it's called a "host's chair," apparently for no other reason than that decorators can no more let the name of a piece of furniture alone than stocking and lipstick manufacturers can resist rebaptizing a color) costs $45; it stands high enough to be used, conceivably, at the end of a dinner table. The club chair is considerably lower and obviously intended for sitters who want to settle down for a spell. The specimens I saw were a charcoal color, but the chairs will also come in other shades, I am assured.

Some other nice chairs, by which I invariably mean plain chairs, are to be seen at W. & J. Sloane. They include chaise longues, lounge chairs, and side chairs, designed by Saarinen-Swanson, that have canvas seats laced with heavy cord onto perfectly plain black-enamelled steel frames. The canvas is in one piece, and loosely slung



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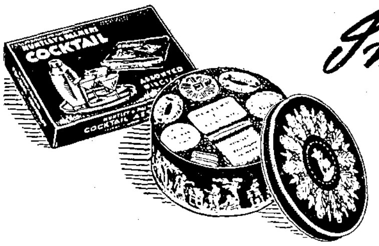

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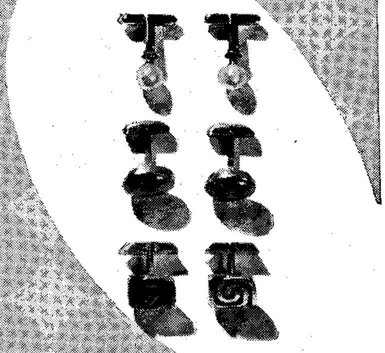

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on the frame, which is very slightly inclined toward the head in the chaise longue, more so in the lounge model, and invitingly form-fitting in the side chair. There are some armchairs of the same general design, but these, I think, are not so interesting. Any of these pieces may be had with rust, aqua, or yellow canvas, all of which seem to me to be a bit strident for lawn decoration, but I daresay the elements will take care of that. Sloane also has, by the same designers, some tables with slatted wooden tops set on straight metal legs—a low, square coffee table and one large enough for eight outdoor diners. These tables, with their slats spaced just far enough apart for rain to drain off, are unquestionably practical, but they don't appeal to me very much; I don't know why, unless it is that their faces are so aggressively shiny. They are, rather cautiously, called "water-resistant," and I suppose the gloss is what makes them so. The prices of the canvas-slung pieces are $35 for the chaise longue, $21 for the lounge chair, and $19 for the side model. The larger slatted-top table costs $35 and the smaller one $21.

THE Italian designers for the Piazza, at 217 East 49th Street, seem to be eternally thinking up variations on their little side chair that has gone so far on its good looks, good price, and general serviceability. Now they have brought out, at $16.50, an outdoor version of it (for a covered porch or terrace) in natural-colored cherry wood or painted red, blue, green, or yellow, with a rush bottom and, as its only decoration, a row of scallops at the top of the back rest. It is ideal for porch dining, being narrow enough not to take up much space at table, and will serve equally well for any of those innumerable uses the shops designate as "casual." And now, with such a wide range of chairs of one kind and another, everybody ought to be comfortable—or, at any rate, seated. —S. H.

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THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Joe Williams in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

Every time I look up the postman is delivering another mess of sports books. How does anyone ever get time to read all of them? I hope most of them are more carefully edited than "Connie Mack's Baseball Book." In this one Joe McCarthy is pictured fining Babe Ruth $100 because Babe hit the ball out of the park when he had been instructed to bunt. If this ever happened I'll not only eat the book but the publisher and old man Mack too.

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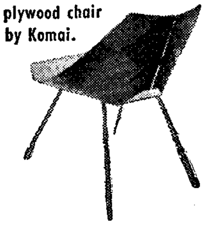

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THE ART GALLERIES

Babel

SOMETHING of a mélange in the way of nationalities confronts us this week, and it begins—or we may as well let it begin—with a loan exhibition of modern Belgian art, all from American collections, at the Van Diemen-Lilienfeld Galleries. It's an interesting show, not only because the quality of the items on view is generally good but because it gives us a chance to inspect, at least glancingly, a body of work that is very little known in this country. About the only Belgian artists whose paintings I am really familiar with—except for that early and mysteriously perceptive pre-modernist "modern," James Ensor—are the contemporary Surrealists René Magritte and Paul Delvaux, and all three are represented in the current collection. But the group includes as well some fifteen other men, most of whom are new to us here, and of these half or more are painters of considerable skill, maturity, and imagination.

As the show reveals, Belgian art, from its most conservative to its most radical branches, is closely linked to its counterparts in France. Yet there are certain characteristics that set it apart, and these, I think, come from two main sources—one of them climatic, a product of long winters and dour, rainy weather, and the other traditional, representing the influence of the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Masters, which still seems to underlie part of the modern work. Thus, in even so modern a canvas as Jean Brusselmans' semi-abstract landscape called "Sunset," the bare, scraggly trees that form the foreground, and the snow-beset, dark little village beyond combine to give a more wintry feeling than would be natural for a southern painter, and the same rather harsh, gloomy atmosphere can be found in such others as the solidly handled and quite realistic "The Auction Sale," by Jacob Smits, and the more Impressionistic "Blast Furnaces at Charleroi," by Pierre Paulus.

Constant Permeke, on the other hand, betrays more of the traditional influence, and both his stormy "Seascape," with its little sailing vessel alone on a wide stretch of sea beneath low-hanging, threatening clouds, and the smaller, more peaceful "Farm" have, despite their differences in mood, a relationship to the broad, panoramic vistas of men like Van Ruysdael and Cuyp. Robert Crommelynck's "Portrait of Doctor J. Moldaver," showing the subject crisp and stiff in his surgeon's white tunic, has a trace of Dutch meticulousness in its workmanship, and so does, though in far less direct a fashion, the study of a young girl seated at a farm-kitchen table, called "Meditation," by Gustave De Smet.

James Ensor is now recognized as perhaps the most important Belgian artist of recent history, as he is also, in some ways, the most enigmatic. Born in Ostend in 1860, of part-English parentage, he grew up at a time when the Impressionists were in the ascendancy, and his approach to painting shows some similarity to that school. In all other respects, though, he was far removed from them, and indeed from any other painters of his day, and his point of view had an element of the fantastic that puts him more in line with Hieronymus Bosch and Jan Breughel and that in recent years has made him a major influence on such Surrealists as Max Ernst and Paul Klee. Six paintings of his are in the present showing, of which "Le Pouilleux" (an oddly vivid picture of a tramp warming himself by a stove) and "La Mort Coquette" (in which he gave his fantasy freer rein) are the most notable. Of the works of the two other men I mentioned at the start, I liked Delvaux's strangely dreamlike, deeply symbolic "The Stairs," but Magritte's "The Therapist" seemed hardly up to his standard.

CONTINUING our exploration of the international scene, we have at the China Institute in America a collection of scroll paintings, bronzes, pottery, and other art objects from the Sung and Yuan dynasties; at the Passedoit a dual showing of contemporary paintings by the American Wallace Putnam and the Chinese San Yu; and at the Viviano a set of some two dozen oils by the Italian abstractionist Afro. Afro, who is a brother of the sculptor Mirko (their last name is Basaldella, but they use only their given names), has been represented here before only in group shows, and this enlarged view of his work proves that he is a much more disciplined artist than I had heretofore taken him to be. A certain scrawliness still persists in his work, however, and this, coupled with a tendency to complicate

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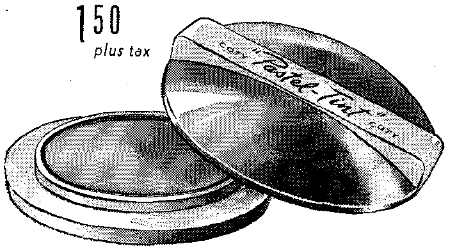

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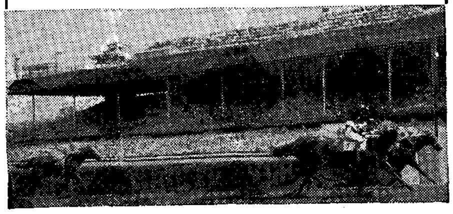

his design with an almost baroque profusion of detail, occasionally robs his paintings of effect. He has a feeling for the monumental, though—as his "Crucifixion," among others, indicates—and he approaches his subjects with a dash and an authority that in most cases are quite convincing. I liked especially his "Strolling Serenader," with its sketched-in romantic background, and the tightly constructed, nicely balanced "The Embrace."

The Putnam-San Yu showing is, frankly, pretty much a stunt, for Putnam has adopted so many traditional Chinese mannerisms, and San Yu so many Western ones, that their works are practically indistinguishable, and one's tour of the collection becomes less an inspection of individual pictures than a sort of guessing game to determine who did which. On sheer merit, however, I thought San Yu had a bit the better of things, for his work, always delicately and gracefully brushed, is more deeply rooted in his native tradition, and the majority of the pieces have a kind of serene precision of style that is truly engaging. I particularly admired his tall, long-stemmed "Lotus Flowers," simply drawn against a flat white background, as well as his "Nude Reclining" and the gray-toned "Two Zebras." The Putnams, though a little more "worked," are attractive, too—*in particular, the boldly outlined* "Cows" and the really handsome "Mother and Child."

The collection at the China Institute is, by contrast, completely and beautifully in the ancient tradition throughout. It's a small show, and the pieces themselves are not, I should judge, of tremendous importance. But they all have that quiet refinement and suave perfection of form that are typical of good Oriental art, and I found the collection an extremely agreeable one to walk through. If you go, note especially the scroll painting "Magpie on Pine," by Hui Tsung; the little brown-and-red-painted wooden "Statuette of a Bodhisattva;" and the larger stone "Sculpture of a Monk." Don't overlook, either, the pottery vessels and figurines. There are some remarkable specimens of glazes among them.

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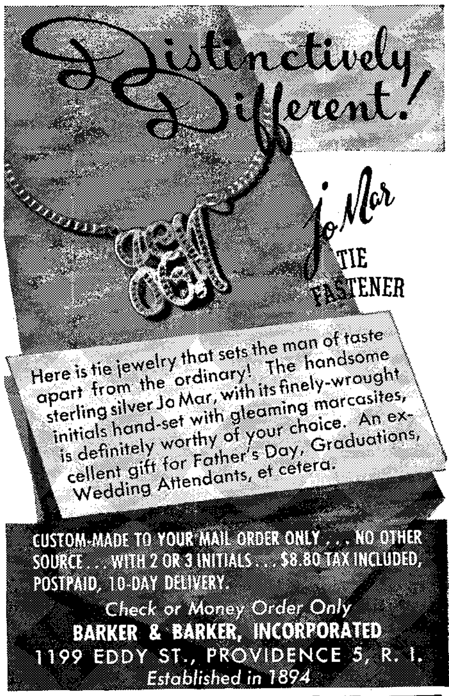

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LETTER FROM TONKIN

Hanoi, April

THE other evening, at a French Army post near here, I was drinking an after-dinner cognac at a table in the officers' bar, a plain room adorned by little more than a couple of pinups on the plaster wall above the bottles. Across the table from me was the colonel in command, a slight, gray-haired man with clear blue eyes, a frank smile, and a direct-and-to-the-point manner of speaking. "Indo-China is to France what India was to England," he said. "England let India go, but we shall not make that mistake. We have brought culture to this country. It is ours, and we shall keep it." Three days later, I was in the drawing room of the home of a Viet Namese professional man, one of the most respected in Hanoi. It was morning, and we were drinking vermouth-soda, a feature of the French-brought culture. My host, much of whose life has been spent in France, touched a cigarette box on the table. "This is the Viet Namese people," he said. He placed his glass of vermouth-soda on top of the box. "This is the French," he said. Then he set my glass off by itself, at a distance. "And this is Communism." He paused and studied the arrangement in front of him. "You see," he continued, "we are concerned with what is pressing us down now, at this moment. We can deal later with more distant problems. The French must leave, and there can be no compromise about that. It may take ten, twenty, thirty years, but the fight will go on to the end."

It is this kind of head-on disagreement that one encounters continually in exploring the main issues in Viet Nam, the present name for most of the area encompassed by the old French colony and protectorates of Indo-China, which since 1946 has been the scene of a complicated struggle over whether the French will or will not leave. (The name means "Southern Land," a reference to the country's geographical relationship to China.) It may not be so true elsewhere in Viet Nam, but the struggle seems irrevocably joined here in Tonkin, which is the northernmost Viet Namese region—the one that produces the hottest heads, is closest to China (a possible source of intervention), and is the bitterest theatre of the Indo-Chinese war. The struggle may spread. Russia and China have shown sympathy for the Viet Minh, or Light of the Land, the Communist-led body of Viet Namese that is actively opposing the French, and they have recognized it as the legal government. The United States and Great Britain have shown sympathy for the French and for the French-supported native government, under the Emperor Bao Dai, which many Viet Namese regard as a puppet regime. Misunderstanding is almost complete throughout Tonkin now, and both sides have fallen back on force as the only real argument.

FORCE as applied by the French is the old, colonial kind that Tonkin has been familiar with ever since they moved in, late in the nineteenth century. Hanoi, the capital of Tonkin, is the Army's administrative center, but its strategic center is Langson, a garrison town eighty-five miles to the northeast, on the Chinese frontier. Paralleling the frontier in either direction from Langson runs a road known as Route Coloniale Numéro Quatre, or, more simply, RC4. The frontier country is rough, mountainous, and studded with steep, grotesque rock pinnacles, some of them hundreds of feet high. RC4 straggles across this weird terrain, bisecting the main routes between Tonkin and China and supplying a line of French military posts.

The Chinese never gave the French much trouble on the frontier after it was fortified some sixty years ago, but in 1940 the Japanese attacked both Langson and Dong-Dang, another border fortress, and, after a good deal of bloodshed, captured them. (This campaign, incidentally, supplied American isolationists with the sarcastic slogan "We'll die for dear old Dong-Dang," making Dong-Dang briefly of some importance in our own history.) The enemy along RC4 now is neither Chinese nor Japanese but Viet Minh. In its surface aspects, the task of combatting this adversary doesn't unduly worry the French forces, which consist mainly of French officers and Foreign Legion and North African troops, about a hundred and twenty-five thousand strong, all accustomed to the routine of old-time colonial warfare. But warfare against native populations nowadays, especially when, as here, Communists dominate their leadership, means warfare against guer-

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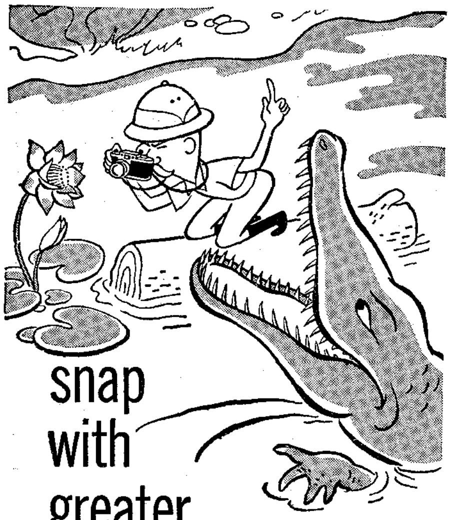

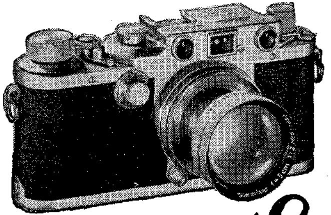

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rillas, and this involves new military problems. The most notable of these, perhaps, is relentless tension. The old alternating rhythm of attack and rest and then attack again has been replaced by an atmosphere of constant, monotonous, suspicious alertness. You never get away from it on RC4.

The Viet Minh way of fighting is as different from the French way as night is from day, and it is in terms of night and day that the two sides divide control over much of Tonkin. By day, the trucks of the Legionnaires are on the roads, French patrols are in the hills, and French blockhouses command the scene. In the rich delta lands near Hanoi, the Viet Namese are out, stooped in mud, working in the rice fields. Near the frontier, during festivals, young Viet Namese gather daily in the fields, boys and girls in separate clusters, the girls dressed in their graceful national costume—long, flowing silk gowns, slit up both sides to reveal full pantaloons. Sometimes the boys and girls just talk; sometimes they line up in two facing rows and languidly bat tennis balls back and forth, using the palms of their hands as rackets. Nearby, a flock of small black birds with white wing spots wheels and then settles on the backs of some convenient buffaloes. By night, all this is changed. The French withdraw to their blockhouses and command little beyond what is inside the walls. The rice workers and the boys and girls retire, like the buffalo birds, unless, as is often the case, they become part of the Viet Minh and join in its nocturnal activities. Next morning, the roads have to be swept again for mines (which it is believed the Viet Minh manufactures in Hanoi), paper Viet Minh flags (red with a yellow star in the middle) are found on the telephone poles beside the highways, and Viet Minh leaflets have been strewn about here and there. Some part of the electric or streetcar system in Hanoi may have been blown up, and some Frenchman or pro-French Viet Namese may have been killed. The contradictions of night and day are sometimes a hardship to the ordinary Viet Namese. By night, the Viet Minh comes and makes them dig ditches across a road. By day, the French come and make them fill the ditches in. Hanoi and some of the other centers ostensibly under French rule even have what might be called a night Viet Minh government, by means of which the Viet Minh exerts a firm control over the people through propaganda and the threat of punishment. This shadow government goes so far as to collect taxes—efficiently and, it is said, equitably—from Viet Namese businessmen and other well-to-do natives. Receipts are issued to make sure no one gets taxed twice, and grenades are thrown in cases of recalcitrance.

A short while ago, I was taken by the French to visit some points along the frontier. The jeep I rode in was preceded by an open weapons carrier and followed by another; both were full of armed Legionnaires, many of them German refugees from V-E Day and all tough and businesslike soldiers. The men were dressed in the miscellaneous khaki garments, including much American G.I. stuff, that constitute the standard frontier uniform of the French, and on their heads they wore the broad-brimmed cloth hats that the French have found particularly suited to the climate. The soldiers rocked and bounced about in their vehicles, enveloped in swirls of dust, now red, now white, now yellow—a vigorous, warlike band, always ready for trouble. My jeep driver told me cheerfully that the enemy—usually referred to by the French as "*les Viets*"—was likely to attack at any time, and that he had had three trucks burned out from under him in his two years of service in this country. Later, when the convoy stopped in a wayside Viet Namese town south of the frontier, my driver and I had a beer in a little French-style café where a pretty Eurasian girl was cranking a portable phonograph and playing, according to my companion, some records by Louie Sarmstrong, an American trumpeter he had once heard in Paris. As we sipped our drinks, my driver explained to me the technique of driving trucks in areas where *les Viets* have been active. It is better, he said, to drive fast than slow, because if you are going slow and hit a mine, it will blow up under the cab of your truck, but if you are going fast, it will blow up under the rear end, or the truck may miss it entirely. In the way he talked, there was the natural assumption that *les Viets* are never absent, that a soldier's work is never done.

The fighting of the Viet Minh in this uncertain atmosphere, though bitter and uncompromising, is lightened by flashes of good humor. I heard a French officer remark not long ago that the war here isn't a real war at all but a Boy Scout one. To illustrate his point, he said that the enemy had placed Easter eggs around his post at Easter, and that at Christmas they had left shoes filled with candies, the French version of our Christmas stockings. Another officer told me about a Viet barrage on an isolated post near the frontier one evening a short time before. The Viet kept up a racket with gunfire until late at night, and finally one of the French defenders went up into the *pigeonnier*, or pigeon house—the lookout tower atop the little fort—and started to play a record of an old popular song that begins, "*Allez-vous-en, s'il vous plaît, et laissez-moi dormir.*" The Viet obligingly went away.

OF course, these fanciful manifestations of Viet Minh tactics don't mitigate the deadliness of the fighting here. Thousands of people have been killed on both sides, by both styles of warfare. Uncounted numbers of villages have been wiped out. The wholesale atrocities each side charges the other with—pillage, torture, raping of women, mutilation of men—are bloodcurdling. The war has cost France, according to the French authorities in Hanoi, the equivalent of about five hundred million American dollars a year. One official, after considerable pencil-and-paper exercise, reached the conclusion that if the French government had relinquished its claims to Indo-China after V-J Day, paying off all the private French investors here and retiring all the colonial bureaucracy on life pensions, it would have cost less than the attempt to hold on has cost. During this expensive war, many French contributions to Indo-China—such as railways, bridges, and power systems—have been obliterated by the Viet Minh, which is ruthless in its attitude toward such evidences of French culture, in spite of the obviously practical arguments in favor of retaining them. The other day, west of Hanoi, I drove past an old French training station at Tung, which the Viet Minh controlled for a while a couple of years ago. This used to be a plush installation. It covered an area ten by fifteen miles and could accommodate twenty thousand troops, housing them in reinforced-concrete barracks, with ample recreation facilities and so on. The Japanese put in additional improvements during the war, when they converted the station into a main airbase. Now Tung is hardly more than an empty plain broken by mounds where Viet Minh explosives and draft buffaloes have reduced the barracks to rubble; the mounds have a bleak, moribund look about them, which is not lessened by a tropical growth that is pushing out from among stumps of twisted steel. Tung is typical of the way the war has blighted

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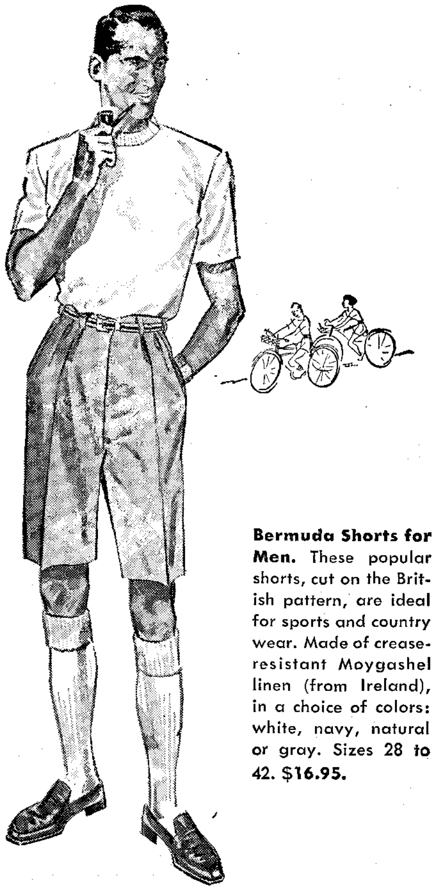

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most of Indo-China, and especially Tonkin.

Unusual and hazardous though the fighting may be for the French in some respects, however, this is, after all, so far as the troops are concerned, a limited, peacetime war, being fought by professionals for pay and advancement, and, by and large, there are relatively few complaints. The young French officers I have met in Hanoi and on the frontier seem quite satisfied; they have chosen the Army as a career, and active duty is the way to get ahead in it. The small things needed to keep French soldiers happy are well attended to. Good French wine can be found everywhere; truck drivers swig it at convoy stops. Good salad is served in the messes, although the safe handling of raw vegetables is one of the hardest things for Westerners to manage in the East, where disease-bearing human fertilizer is normally used on crops. The Moors, of whom there are many in the enlisted ranks, get extremely thoughtful care. French officers are required to learn to speak the language of the Moorish troops they command. This sort of thing gives them a strong hold on the Moors, a hold that is strengthened by such considerate attentions on the part of the French as the providing of Moorish women for brothels (these imports can occasionally be seen walking, exotic and aloof-looking, in the tiny frontier villages) and of sacrificial sheep for the second holy feast of Bairam. (Sheep have even been dropped by parachute onto at least one isolated post.) Perhaps there is little anyone can teach the French about the care and feeding of an army of this kind—an army whose ideology is loyalty to commanding officers, an army that can be put to work nearly anywhere, regardless of politics. It is an army far different from the shapeless, irregular one that it is fighting, one that hides in the jungle, held together by ideas.

The Western world tends to think of the French wartime performance in Indo-China as disgracefully Vichylike, but that is by no means the way the present troops at Langson look on things. After the Japanese took Langson and Dong-Dang, they withdrew and let the French stay on to run Indo-China, with limited powers, until 1945. Then the Japanese staged a coup aimed at full control. The French garrison at Langson resisted for some time and was massacred after it finally surrendered. The victims are held in high esteem by the troops now stationed there. Visitors are proudly shown the war memorial, and they are proudly told the details of the fighting, perhaps over cognac in some officer's room in the Hôtel des Trois Maréchaux, which is named after Lyautey, Joffre, and Gallieni, all of whom once served at the post. Langson is revered like native French soil by the Army, and this contributes to the spirit there and everywhere along RC4.

HANOI has been stricken by the war to the point of numbness. Basically, it has always been a pleasant town, French and also tropical, and dear to the French heart; even now many Frenchmen would rather live here than in the gayer and more luxurious city of Saigon, the present seat of the Bao Dai regime, seven hundred miles to the south, where there is far less of the atmosphere of a military frontier. The Hanoi summer is notoriously hot, so shade is important. The buildings, many of them custard-colored, like the big French Renaissance opera house, have shutters of darker hues—chocolate, steel blue, gray, near-black. Even in cool weather, the shutters are often kept closed, giving the buildings the appearance of places shut off by sickness or death, and the whole community a muted quality that one becomes more and more aware of as one stays here. Shade trees, including bananas and palms, are planted close to the houses. One house, which apparently belongs to some religious order, has struck me as typical whenever I have walked by it. It is a dull-yellow structure of three high-ceilinged stories, shaded by trees the year round; its windows are dark even when not shuttered, promising infinite gloom inside; sometimes a nun can be seen walking slowly and quietly in its shady garden. Altogether, there is a visual hush about the place, a cloisteredness, that fits Hanoi well.

Following their genius, the French years ago scattered small parks throughout Hanoi, and formal flower beds in appropriate spots around public buildings. In some parts of the town, these ornaments, with their lovely golden marigolds and bright-red and blue morning-glories, have been well kept up, but a greater number of them have become dusty and shabby. The Hanoi Botanical Gardens, once famous, are going to ruin; the bandstand there is deserted and molding, and the roofs of the tall, ornate aviaries are broken, the birds long since flown. On the edge of town, one can often hear mourning doves at twilight, but later on, in the darkness, one can also hear gunfire. The average Frenchman who shows a visitor around the city spends most of his time talking about the good old days, even if he was not here then. Sometimes the comedown is striking. In one formerly desirable section of the town, there are the shells of some buildings that were all but demolished during the fighting with the Japanese. Back somewhere in these ruins—whether under a roof or not I don't know—is a brothel, its existence flagrantly indicated by the presence out on the sidewalk of a throng of waiting *pousse-pousse*, the tricycle rickshaws that do most of the carrying trade here, and by the coming and going of Viet Namese girls and Moorish and Senegalese soldiers.

EXPLANATIONS of colonial expansion are probably always too simple. There is the economic explanation, for instance, which in the case of Indo-China holds that the French are here just to exploit the country's resources (largely through the Banque de l'Indochine, a sinister institution in the legends about capitalism). However valid this theory may have been in the past (and it was likely not too valid), it seems inadequate now. The end of this costly, depleting war is nowhere in sight, and it is questionable whether Indo-China can ever be made to pay for itself again. The presence of the French here, it may also be argued, can be explained on the ground that during the nineteenth century there was a good deal of talk in France, as elsewhere, about the white man's burden, and a genuine belief in it, and that France was led on by pride and nationalism to try to keep up with England and the other colonial powers.

The French apparently are convinced that Asia must be controlled by Europeans. "There has never been an indigenous government, an administration, on the mainland of Asia," one French official said to me flatly the other day, and he went on to assure me that if France leaves Indo-China, Russia will inevitably take over, because Russia is European, even if second-class European. Practically all Frenchmen here accept it as fact that France "civilized" Indo-China. One hears it said again and again that "there was everything to do" ("*il y avait tout à faire*") when the French came here. There is, to be sure, some question about what "civilization" means in this instance. In any discussion of their civilizing influence in this part of the world, the French speak in terms of railroads, public health, and the like; in short, they talk just the way, in other surroundings, they criticize

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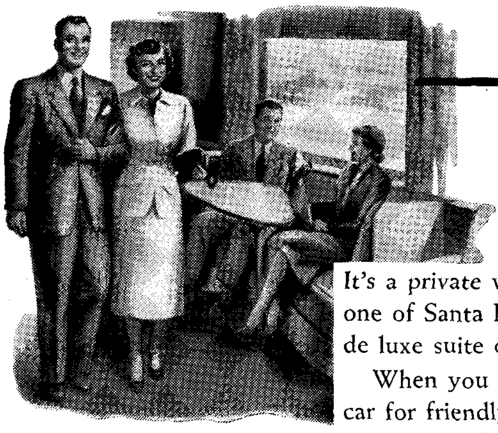

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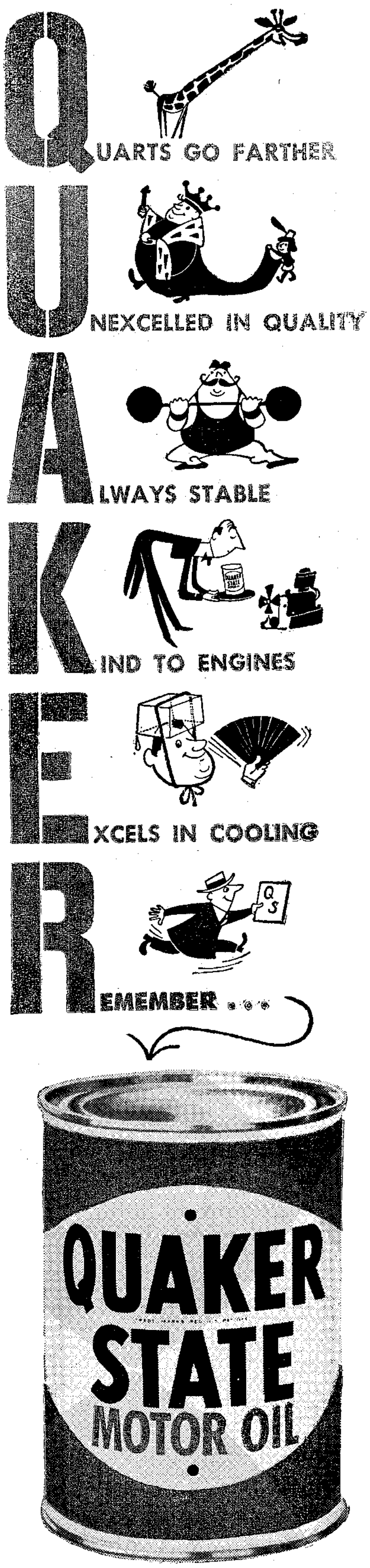

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Americans and Englishmen for talking.

An enlightened Frenchman I know calls the Viet Namese culture a bastard one, and he is perhaps correct to the extent that it is not to any great degree a culture derived from France. Actually, French influence on daily Viet Namese life seems superficial. In the time of Christ, when Gaul was still divided into three parts, the Viet Namese were already the beneficiaries of an old civilization, the Chinese. They have always had close connections with the Chinese, and are still extremely like that people in their ways. The houses of rich Viet Namese are full of Chinese decorations, a great many Viet Namese words are Chinese, the Viet Namese eat such Chinese delicacies as sharks' fins and fried rice at feasts, and many of their gestures are Chinese, as when they use both hands in offering a teacup to a guest. On the other hand, French wine and French-style pâtés also appear often at Viet Namese feasts, French bread is prevalent (though it is not even a close second to rice), and chopsticks, when they are not in use, are no longer laid flat on the table, as in China, but rested on *porte-couteau*—the little racks, resembling sawhorses, on which the French place their knives and forks. In one department—that of headgear—the French influence is in evidence everywhere. The beret has become de rigueur for both town and country wear. A Viet Namese acquaintance of mine, a government official, became downright apologetic about this fashion when I mentioned it to him, and tried to excuse it by explaining at some length how inexpensive berets are and how impoverished the people are these days. I gathered that he looked on beret-wearing almost as a national disgrace.

The position the French found themselves in during the last war has without doubt affected their attitude. I have noticed an unusually high proportion of thin, frustrated-looking people among the French of Hanoi. Stories of humiliation are on many minds. A young officer was telling me recently about his experience on V-E Day in the German prison camp where he and some other Frenchmen were detained, along with numbers of British and Americans. The camp was in what is now the Eastern Zone, and not long after the Russians arrived, it became apparent that food would be scarce. The prisoners grew restless, and the Americans, according to my officer friend, made use of a hidden French radio transmitter to communicate with the Western Zone, which was only a few miles off. This resulted

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in the arrival one night of a large convoy of American trucks, which whisked the American prisoners away. The British Army then went into action. It got hold of some inferior form of transport and whisked its nationals away, too. No one came for the French prisoners. Some of them, like this young officer, escaped on foot; the others, he says, are still in Russian hands. Many Frenchmen believe that if France cuts a good figure out in this part of the world, it will reëstablish her prestige among the nations of the West.

The Viet Namese are not interested in the nuances of French reasoning. Most of them look on the French simply as enemies. The other day, I was talking to a Viet Namese Catholic leader here, a man who more than once has been asked to accept, and each time has declined, a cabinet post in the Bao Dai government. The Viet Namese Catholics are an important element in Tonkin; they control two districts on the coast absolutely, and enjoy much influence elsewhere. They are anti-Communist, but they are at the same time anti-French, and they have succeeded pretty well in steering a middle course through all the postwar troubles. The leader I spoke with told me bluntly that the French are invaders and that they must leave the country. I have talked to other Viet Namese of ministerial calibre who, feeling the same way, have also refused to join the government. They are living in retirement. Some of them say they would ruin their reputations if they worked with Bao Dai, whose regime is likened to that of Vichy by a large number of Viet Namese. Some of the Viet Namese, even some of those in the Bao Dai government, unquestionably think of the Viet Minh as bearing the brunt of a common struggle. It is probably fair to say that Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Minh leader, is regarded as the national hero; he has sacrificed his whole life to the cause. That he is a Communist—or, at least, is strongly identified with Communists—appears to be of small matter locally.

THE Bao Dai government, striving though it is to bridge the fearful gap here, pleases the French little more than it does the Viet Namese. Bao Dai himself is reputed to be acceptable enough as an individual, and far from stupid, but as an emperor he has strong Tony Lumpkin tendencies, which lead him to neglect state business in favor of hunting, fishing, and collecting girls. (I have heard it reliably stated, by the way,

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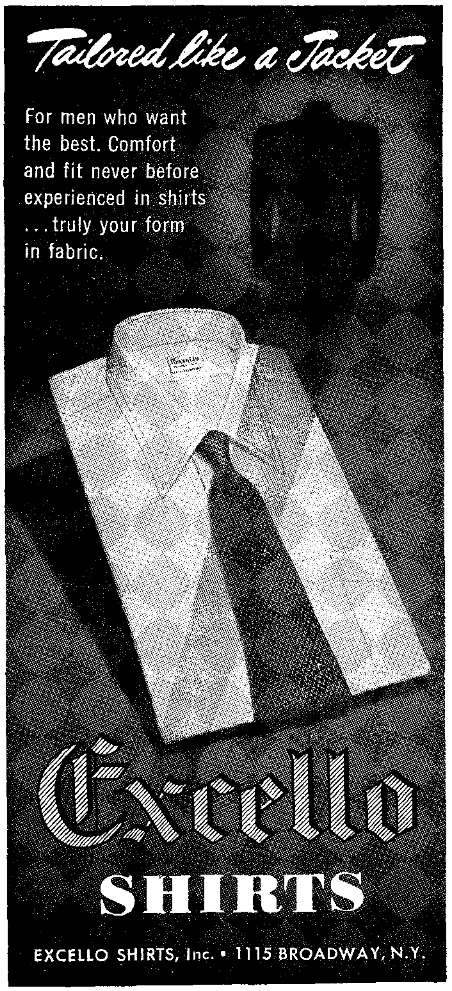
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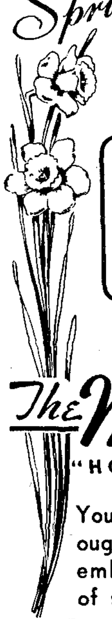
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that one of Bao Dai's concubines refers to the Viet Minh as "our heroes.") A few men in the Bao Dai government seem to be principled and seriously devoted to the tasks set for them—the governor of Tonkin, who lives in Hanoi, is perhaps outstanding in this respect—but such men are rare and cannot do much in their present environment.

In this unhappy muddle, the one thing that seems certain is that if the French leave, Viet Nam will become a center of the Asia for the Asiatics movement, and Communism will take over. As long as the French stay, Bao Dai is bound to go on looking like a puppet to both sides, no matter what words are used officially to describe his position. As long as the French stay, moreover, the tradition of white supremacy in the Orient will almost surely stay, too. The other afternoon, I saw a Frenchman on a motorcycle accidentally knock down a Viet Namese; when the motorcyclist had collected himself, he drove off, paying no attention to his victim, as if knocking a native down were his natural right.

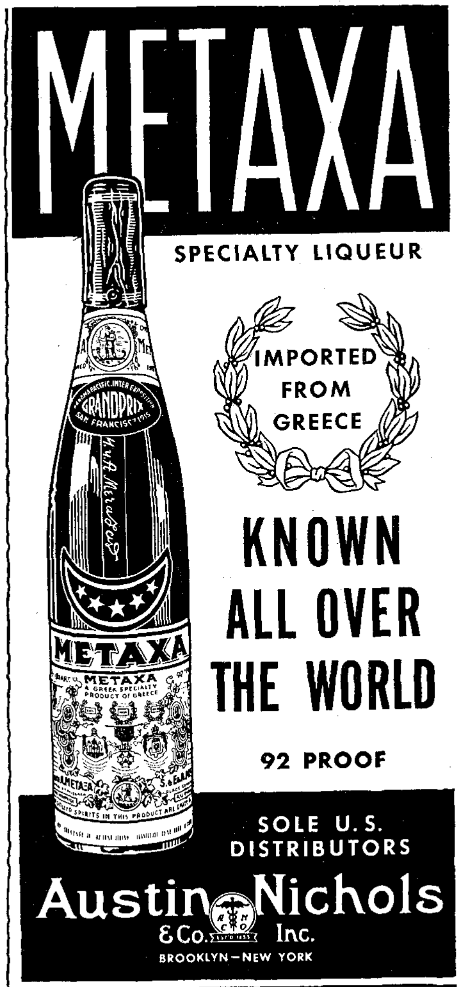
That evening, dining with some Army officers, I learned that the French have decided to introduce a military refinement, successfully tried out elsewhere in Viet Nam, into the Tonkin area. This involves building a series of fortified towers, about a mile apart, along all the main roads, to enable the troops to keep the whole countryside under surveillance throughout the day and to make it possible, once the morning minesweepers have done their job, for cars to travel separately, instead of in convoys. My companions were quite enthusiastic at the prospect of this innovation, but one of them, perhaps more reflective than the others, suggested after a while that the plan might have some drawbacks. "We shall enjoy a limited increase in peace and quiet, granted," he said, "but at what a fantastic cost, not only in money but in changed landscape—a whole crop of little forts sown throughout the countryside. It does not seem a wholly satisfactory answer."

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

The University of Texas is moving forward with plans for establishing a school of social work. Walter Pettit, who has been assisting university authorities in the selection of a director, is said to be seeking a Texan or a person with a national reputation the equivalent thereto. —*Bulletin of the American Association of Social Workers.*

He's living in dream.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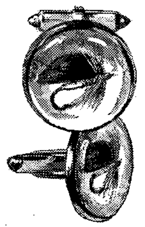
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OF ALL THINGS

THE Democrats would like to spend the Congressional-election campaign talking about our bright future, while the Republicans prefer to give three cheers for the past. We assume that it would be bad form for anybody to mention the present.

•

Thomas E. Dewey declines to run for Governor again but asserts that he will not say so definitely before June. It is generally agreed that he will be a strong candidate.

•

Liberal Republicans are heartened by the sweeping victory of Governor Duff's organization in Pennsylvania over that of Joseph R. Grundy. A sad casualty of the fight was Harold E. Stassen, who got caught in the wrong machine.

•

Cloud-seeding over the New York watershed was called off one day last week so that a traffic poll could be taken in connection with the proposed Thruway. This raises the ticklish collateral question of who is going to control the weather on election days.

•

Ismet Inonu, the long-time President of Turkey, took a severe trouncing in last week's election. Apparently the main reason for his downfall was his colossal error in letting the people vote.

•

Columbia University is exhibiting a midget robot that can answer simple questions but muffs hard ones. The little fellow sounds like a perfect quiz-show contestant.

•

Texans are reported to be unhappy over the thought that Alaska, if admitted to the Union, will be our largest state. They may take some comfort, however, in the realization that their state will still be the noisiest.

•

Senator Wayne Morse easily won the Republican nomination again in Oregon, despite a barrage of ugly charges. The opposition claimed that on many occasions he had voted exactly as he pleased.

•

Ten businessmen down Wall Street way have formed a syndicate to back promising plays. The public may yet get a chance to buy stock in Angels, Inc.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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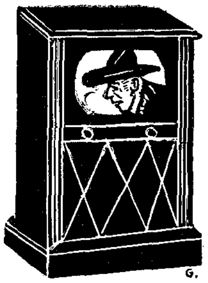
TELEVISION

Funny People

A FEW years back, Sid Caesar appeared in a local stage revue and, among other antics, impersonated a chewing-gum vending machine in a subway station. As the vending machine, Mr. Caesar, alone on the stage, choked, spat, spluttered, disgorged imaginary pieces of gum, got out of order, pretended to be kicked severely by irate purchasers, and so on. As I recall this dreadful act, Mr. Caesar felt sorry for the vending machine; indeed, he was shattered by the plight of every vending machine on earth. Vending machines, he implied, were far more miserable than Okies or children with rickets, and their suffering hurt him deeply. I thought at the time that his performance was perhaps the least funny thing I had ever seen anywhere, and I wrote him off as a misplaced comic with a heart of Cream of Wheat. Now, I have been watching Mr. Caesar on television lately and, although I still shudder when I think of that vending machine, I have concluded that he is not only a genuinely funny man but one of the two or three funniest men on television. He has been appearing each Saturday night over N.B.C., in an excellent revue called "Your Show of Shows," and he has almost consistently accomplished what he has undertaken to do. He is a master of pantomime and the possessor of an astounding collection of dialects, and he can shift from dialect to dialect with remarkable ease. One moment he is a true-blue Latin, the next moment a distinguished citizen of Minsk. If a patina of Minsk overlays even his Mediterranean interpretations, who knows but that therein may lie one of the secrets of his humor? Among my happiest coaxial memories is Caesar, in a recent monologue, impersonating a Russian movie director. Having just arrived in this country, the director was attempting to explain—to ship-news reporters, I gathered—the significance of his latest film, an epic of coal mining in Russia. With desperation, he tried to impress upon them the deep, primordial beauties of his creation. Because of language difficulties, he was forced to resort to deep, primordial grunts and groans and a few scattered guttural English phrases. The miners in his film, it seemed, were real, earthy fellows, uninhibited by union rules or safety devices. When they wanted coal, they pulled at it until it came loose. "Shovels, nah! Picks, nah! Phooey!" shrieked Caesar, his face alight with the agonies of primitive labor. In addition to being a shrewd commentary on conditions in the Workers' Paradise, the monologue was a classic of high good humor.



Caesar has been co-starred on "Your Show of Shows" with Imogene Coca, who is, I'd say, not one of the two or three funniest comediennes on television but far and away the funniest. There is a fetching quality to Miss Coca's work that is hard to define. A large part of her success derives, I suspect, from her comprehension of the medium in which she works. Every move she makes, whether she is an ugly duckling in a dance hall or a fashion model trailing hideous pelts, is aimed at an audience seated at home in a relatively small room. She avoids completely the broad gestures and loud tones required of comics on the legitimate stage, who must think not only of the people in the first rows but of those in the back. This may seem an elementary point—in fact, it is an elementary point—but few television performers are on to it. The celebrated Mr. Berle, for example, throws away a good many of his "jokes" by screaming them at his studio audience rather than directing them toward his victims at home in the living room. Perhaps Miss Coca's extensive experience as a night-club entertainer taught her to confine her personality to a small area. In any event, she has solved the problem of transmitting that personality from the point of origin to the television screen. More important than her technique, of course, are her gaiety, her intelligence, and her humor. She is one of those rare persons who are funny *per se;* she has the comic spirit, all right, and that's enough for me.

NOT long ago, the Kraft Television Theatre presented "Macbeth," complete with witches, boiling caldrons, matted hair, heavy armor, and all the other trimmings. Kraft gave Shakespeare an hour in which to show his stuff, and the Bard just couldn't make the grade. The cast, including Miss Uta Hagen, as Lady Macbeth (incidentally, she was the first Lady Macbeth in my experience to look like a sweater girl), and E. G. Marshall, as Macbeth, sounded for the most part as though they felt a profound resentment against Shakespeare and all his works. They read their lines with a mock solemnity that was, all in all, pretty funny, and they maintained a curious singsong rhythm that made me feel I was rolling over the briny in a fishing smack. When it came to the scene with the witches, the Kraft people went all out, naturally, and the results were engrossing. The caldrons not only boiled and bubbled, they exploded several times, sending clouds of smoke into the night air. The witches, prancing about and shouting shrilly, were effective. Then, when it came time for Banquo's ghost to appear, appear it did, in a double exposure, a gimmick that I believe would have delighted the Bard. Miss Hagen played her out-damned-spot scene as if she were Ed's Other Wife and had got her hand caught in the washing machine, and Mr. Marshall went down to ultimate defeat amidst a medley of broken rhythms. I didn't catch the name of the actor who played Lady Macbeth's doctor (the casts of television dramas are flashed on the screen for only a fleeting instant), but he seemed to me, aside from the witches, to be the only party on the entire gory premises with some feeling for the play.

Henry James's "The Ambassadors" recently turned up on "Studio One," in a literate adaptation by Worthington C. Miner and Lois Jacoby, and the result was a television hour of outstanding quality. Mr. Miner and Miss Jacoby did a simple and, for television, quite unexpected thing; although they took some major liberties with the plot, they did so with understanding and with a sensitive approach to its ideas. James's complex and troubled characters came to life, and their problems seemed real ones. The Countess, as played by Ilona Massey, was a mature and fascinating woman; Robert Sterling, as Chad Newsome, made me appreciate the severity of the character's dilemma; and Judson Laire, as Lambert Strether, splendidly showed the heady effects of Paris upon a rock-ribbed New Englander.

—Philip Hamburger

•

Lost Friday Night, April 7, on Bridge Street, Morrisville, long-haired gray cat with fluffy tail and white markings on face, neck and feet. When last seen was wearing lipstick. Phone Morrisville 4690.—*Adv. in the Morrisville (Vt.) News & Citizen.*

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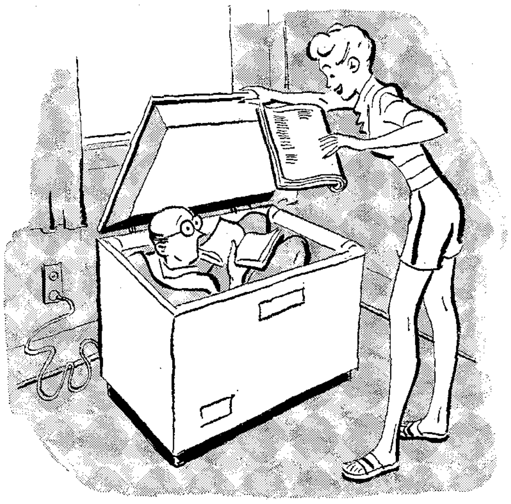

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TEE AND GREEN

Girls, Girls, Girls

IF the turnout of spectators at the Weathervane Women's Open Golf Championship, at the Knollwood Country Club, in White Plains, last weekend is any indication, women golf professionals not only are here to stay but are likely to increase greatly in number within the next year or two. This tournament was an eight-round, transcontinental affair that began with two rounds at Pebble Beach, California, four weeks ago and included similar sessions during the following two weeks at Chicago and Cleveland. The final two rounds were being played on Saturday and Sunday, and the results, from the point of view of both patronage and enthusiasm, were even better than Fred Corcoran, its optimistic promoter-manager, had hoped for. On Saturday, in spite of the dubious weather, there were close to a thousand people on hand, and the Sunday attendance was over fifteen hundred, a bigger gallery than any other women's golf event has attracted in the East since the days of Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare. The field of thirty-eight contestants contained only eleven pros to compete for seventeen thousand dollars in prize money. The arrangements for distributing the cash were such that the least that any of the eleven could win was six hundred dollars, which is rather more than the majority of the touring male professionals average in a month. At this rate, it seems probable that before long quite a few young lady golfers are going to pass up amateur golf in favor of a crack at a carefree old age unbeset by financial worries.

The Weathervane's leading attractions were Mrs. Babe Didrikson Zaharias, the new professional at the Skycrest Country Club, in Chicago, and the most formidable woman hitter in the business; Miss Louise Suggs, of Carrollton, Georgia, who turned pro a couple of years ago after winning both the British and the United States Women's Amateur Championships; and the Misses Marlene and Alice Bauer, of, technically, Midland, Texas, where they are vaguely associated with a golf club. Actually, the Bauer sisters have had no home since last fall, when, aged fifteen and twenty-one, respectively, they left their home in Long Beach, California, with their parents to play in the Southern amateur events. After winning practically everything in sight in Florida during the winter months, and achieving considerable notice for both their playing ability and their looks, which are fine, they decided to turn professional and cash in on the stream of commercial offers coming their way.

The question heard most frequently at Knollwood last weekend—usually asked rhetorically—was some variant of "How long do those Bauer girls think they can go on swinging that way without falling to pieces?" It's a question, it seems to me, that can be asked with some justice. To say that the girls have full swings would be an understatement. Alice's is perhaps the more exaggerated of the two, but their swings are essentially similar. Each, at the end of her backswing, appears to come perilously close to striking her Achilles' tendon with her club head; each, at the end of her follow-through, gives the impression that only luck prevented her from banging her right ankle. They have a great deal of shoulder and hip movement and use their wrists practically not at all. Since Bauer *père* has mapped out a schedule for them involving an average of three exhibition matches a week, plus numerous tournaments, for the balance of the year, and presumably plans a similar program for several years to come, I should think they might want to develop a slightly less violent stroke. Still, Father probably knows best.

Mrs. Zaharias, who won the over-all, eight-round tournament—and a first prize of five thousand dollars—was, I guess, the class of the field, although I am inclined to think of Miss Suggs as a more finished golfer, and I'm convinced that she's a more imperturbable one. Mrs. Zaharias's long game is as good as they come, but her work around the greens on the weekend was inclined to be sloppy. Sometimes, when she made a poor chip or putt, it seemed to disconcert her playing of the next hole or two. Miss Suggs' attitude was much the same whether she had just sunk a twenty-foot putt or missed a two-footer. Well, maybe the Bauers will be the class, or classes, of the field two years from now. I hope so; I want to see what effect three exhibition matches a week and the cooling of youth's giddy abandon will have on that swing.

—P.W.W., JR.

•

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

RYE, N.Y.,
MAY 9, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I HAVE been struck by the comment I have heard on the piece about Casey Jones in the Talk of the Town department in your issue of April 29th. After reading it, Henry Commager, the historian, noted a singular thing, which hadn't occurred to me before—the scarcity of folklore, as well as of formal literature, about railroaders and railroading. Dr. Commager remarked on the variety of other lines of endeavor that have had their part in the physical and spiritual creation of the United States, and consequently are embedded in sagas and also in some very good books. I think he mentioned the long hunters, the mountain men, the covered-wagon trains to the West, seamen, Mississippi steamboatmen, river gamblers, outlaws, pony-express riders, cowboys (God knows), lumberjacks, and gold miners, but there is nothing of any moment, he said, about railroaders or railroading excepting the Casey Jones song, which he did not disparage.

Yet the great part played by railroads and the men who worked them was romantic as well as practical. I can remember when it was the ambition of nearly every boy to become a locomotive engineer or a freight brakeman. In the Southwest, where I spent my youth, those occupations seemed more attractive than a cowboy's. You might live miles from a railroad and not see a train of cars once a month. You saw cowboys all the time. The exploits of the freight brakemen appealed to me particularly. This was in the days before air brakes were generally used on freights in our part of the country. A brakeman had to make his way along the tops of the cars and twist the wheels that set the hand brakes. To see a brakie swaying along the catwalk of a careening freight was really something. It was something to learn to do, too, as I later found out when bumming my way here and there on freight trains.

Now, it may well be that the gap of which Dr. Commager complains will be filled in time. The Erie Canal went without a proper commemorator until Walter Edmonds wrote "Rome Haul," only some twenty years ago. The Oregon Trail was fortunate in having Francis Parkman on the spot

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at the time, but the best writing of all about that famous covered-wagon route, A. B. Guthrie, Jr.'s, "The Way West," came out just last year. So those things go.

Another thing that interested me in connection with the talk about *The New Yorker* piece was the fact that so many people had not theretofore known that Casey Jones was veritably a historical figure, or anyhow were hazy about it. Casey Jones was a man to stand above the ruck anywhere, but there must have been plenty of others of the same quality, considering the history of steam roads, first and last. They are the kind who make legend, history, and literature, in the order named. In 1927, I ran into a sample of what I mean, a man who, as yet, hasn't even got into history.

In the spring of that year, while visiting my mother at our old home in Enid, Oklahoma, I received a wire from a magazine asking me to cover a big flood in the lower Mississippi Valley. I prepared to leave on a southbound Rock Island train at five the next morning. At Fort Worth, Texas, I would change for New Orleans. It was raining, even on the plains of northwestern Oklahoma, and the creeks were up. My Rock Island train was two hours late. If it lost any more time, I would miss my New Orleans connection, and between me and Fort Worth was the whole Red River Valley, with the Red out of its banks. The train moved along so sedately that I asked the porter what he thought of my chances of making the connection in Fort Worth. He seemed glad that I had brought up the subject. "If we get ol' Gilroy at El Reno, he'll take us into Fort Worth on time," he said. "Or in plenty of time for you." The porter's belief in ol' Gilroy was a touching thing.

I was asleep in my chair when we changed engine crews at El Reno, a division point some sixty miles south of Enid. A little later, the rocking of the train awakened me. We were in the valley of the Canadian, a tributary of the Red River, and some of the fields beside the track were under-water. But this time the train was *moving*. About then the porter came by, all smiles.

"We got ol' Gilroy?" I asked.

"Nobody else, sir," said the porter proudly. "He's a fast roller." It was the first time I had heard the expression, to remember it.

I felt better, and not solely, I think, because of the improved chance of making my connection. This Gilroy

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

was evidently a personage on the Rock Island, and I was riding with Gilroy. I got a timetable and clocked him. If the schedule between two stations read thirty minutes, Gilroy would make it in twenty. He's a fast roller, I found myself thinking approvingly.

The change was not in me only. A new spirit pervaded the train. Waiters in the diner exchanged knowing nods and glances. Ol' Gilroy's name passed with approval among them. I asked my waiter about Gilroy. "Fastest roller on the line," he said. "We like to ride with Gilroy, and finish the run on time. They say he used to take a crack train into Chicago till, running late one night, he smacks into the back end of a freight." The train I was on was no crack train, no name train—just an ordinary passenger train that barely missed being a local, from Kansas City to Fort Worth. Gilroy, up ahead, gave it a certain renown, for the length of his division.

I walked into the day coaches. They, too, were aware of Gilroy. The news butcher had spread the word. And so had emerged a personality, to insinuate his flavor the length of that railroad train. Never before or since that I can recall have I known the name of the engineer of a train I was riding on, or anything else about him.

Even Gilroy made concessions to the Red River, which separates Oklahoma and Texas. This was the exercise of simple common sense. Like a lot of things, animate and inanimate, in that part of the country, the Red is given to excesses that differ so widely as to about cancel each other out in the long view. The Red is a kind of part-time river. In the dry seasons, you can walk across it without hardly wetting your feet. Any freshet makes it a brown torrent five hundred yards wide. The Red was wider than that when we reached it. For a mile on either side of the bridge, nothing much but the track showed above water. So Gilroy took it slow, and nobody held it against him.

But after we'd got out of the bottom, I noticed that he took his time picking up speed, and for the rest of the trip he never hit his old clip. Everybody noticed it. I glanced about for the porter or the Pullman conductor. The porter came by first. I did not have to ask the question. "They putt the orders on him," he volunteered. He said it regretfully. Before long the whole train knew it, and felt it. The spirit of adventure was gone. They had putt the orders on

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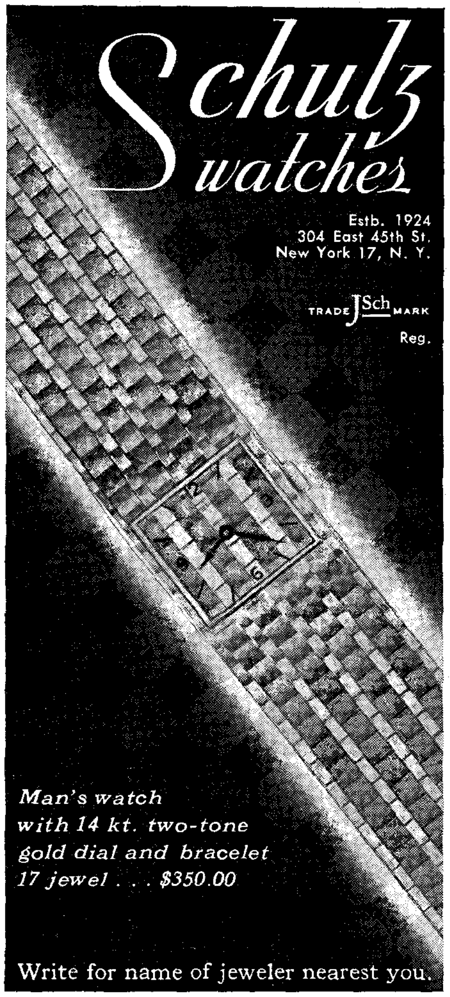

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ol' Gilroy. From the way it was said, I judged that this had happened to Gilroy before.

We pulled into the station at Fort Worth something like an hour late but all the same in good time for me to catch my train for New Orleans. I wanted a sight of Gilroy and strolled up to the engine. Three or four colored switchmen in faded overalls had had the same idea. Gilroy climbed down from his cab. He looked the way a fast roller ought to look. Ol' Gilroy was not old; in fact, he was rather young-looking for an engineer, and slight of build. His red bandanna was about his neck, his striped, long-visored cap was cocked rakishly. He walked with a swagger.

"Putt the orders on you, didn't they, Mr. Gilroy?" a switchman greeted him respectfully.

"You mighty right," said Gilroy, with a wave of the hand and a smile, "or I'd brung her in here on time."

Sincerely yours,
Marquis James

•

DRINKING SONG, PASTEURIZED

Birds described as tits began to open milk bottles left on the steps of houses in Swaythling, near Stoneham, Southampton, England, and drinking the milk. Now at least eleven species of English birds are prying open the waxboard tops of milk bottles in many parts of England and some parts of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. —*The New York Times.*

Sing a song of sixpence,
 Look who's in the milk:
Robin, tit, and blackbird
 And all their wingèd ilk.

The feathered friends of Swaythling,
 Now in Labour's heyday,
Spurn austerity and swipe
 The burghers' rationed Grade A.

Then hark, my fortunate offspring,
 So opulently favored—
Why stubbornly refuse the stuff
 Unless it's chocolate flavored?

—David S. Stern

•

The K-State faculty string quartet will participate in celebrating Music Week, May 1 to 7. They will close Sunday afternoon's concert, commemorating the 200th anniversary of the death of Bach, with a program of music by Mozart.—*Photograph caption in the Kansas State Collegian.*

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BOOKS

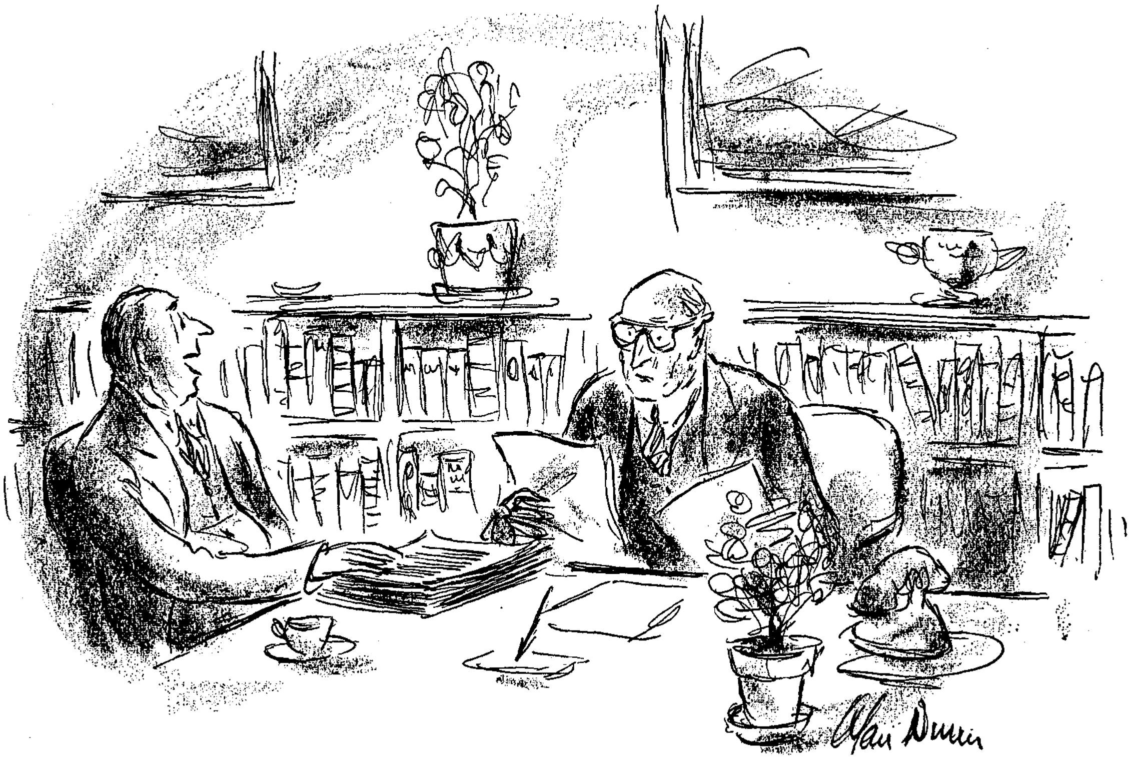
Virginia Woolf and Logan Pearsall Smith

"THE Captain's Death Bed and Other Essays" (Harcourt, Brace) is the third volume of Virginia Woolf's miscellaneous essays (which include many not before published) that her husband, Leonard Woolf, has brought out since her death. It is the usual mixture of literary sketches, reflections on general subjects, and short flights of descriptive writing. The most interesting items are probably the piece that gives its title to the volume, which deals with Captain Marryat, the once popular writer of sea stories; a memoir of her father, the historian and critic Leslie Stephen, rather disappointingly brief; an essay on the modern Walter Raleigh, a sort of companion piece to her sketch of Edmund Gosse in one of the earlier volumes—both deadly and deserved takings-down of second-rate men of letters with pretensions to first-rate reputations; her well-known manifesto-essay, first published in pamphlet form, "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown," in which she repudiated the aims of the older generation of novelists and attempted to define her own; an amusing trick piece called "Flying Over London," of which it would not be fair to give the surprise away; and "Memories of a Working Women's Guild," one of her curious constrained attempts to make connections with a working-class public, which combine in such a jarring way a will to aid the processes of democracy with a sharp, never-relenting class-consciousness.

All these pieces are what one might expect—beautifully written and a little on the surface. The descriptions are never so good as the more concentrated passages in her novels, and her historical and literary sketches, like those of Mr. E. M. Forster, never get much beyond a formula taken over from Lytton Strachey. Though, in a "portrait in miniature" like that of Captain Marryat, she can imbue her subject with a poetry of which Strachey would not have been capable, we always know that the little *New Statesman* or *New Republic* article will neatly come to an end without anything very interesting having been said. You cannot read very many such essays—and I find this true, too, of "The Common Reader"—without feeling a certain impatience. They are monotonous and they seem rather smug. To get below this placid mood to her disrupted and apprehensive spirit and to realize that, at her best, she was one of the top writers of her time, you have to go back to "Mrs. Dalloway."

THE reviewer was once taken to call on the late Logan Pearsall Smith. On that occasion, Mr. Smith read aloud the little paper on Walter Raleigh mentioned above, of which he had a typewritten copy. His relish of Mrs. Woolf's malice did not seem in the least diminished by the fact, revealed in the correspondence between them which Smith himself published after her death, that she had been known to exercise this malice also at his own expense. But he believed that he had devoted his life to the high cultivation of letters and, I suppose, that he had the right to include himself among those of whom Mrs. Woolf says that, in contradistinction to Raleigh, they "never stop thinking about literature. It is kneaded into the stuff of their brains. Their fingers are dyed in it. Whatever they touch is stained in it. Whatever they are doing their minds fill up involuntarily with some aspect of the absorbing question." But was Pearsall Smith really such a one? It seems unlikely, in view of the attitude implied by Mrs. Woolf's letters, that she accepted him as a brother in art. Yet he was not a mere pretender, or, rather, he was not a case of the man who has mistaken his profession, like the speciously brilliant Raleigh. He had some inkling of what the métier was, even if he did not quite have it, and so could share Mrs. Woolf's sneer, expressed with so much positive eloquence. (It is always a precious experience in the literary world of London to share a distinguished sneer.)

Two recently published books, read at the same time as Mrs. Woolf's, have brought this incident back to me and have suggested the above speculations. These are "Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith," by Robert Gathorne-



"It can't miss, J. G. The author got disillusioned with Communism, escaped from behind the Iron Curtain, came to the United States, lived on a sharecropper's farm in Georgia, spent a year in a state insane asylum, turned to religion, and now is a monk."

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Hardy, and "The Golden Shakespeare: An Anthology Compiled by Logan Pearsall Smith," both published by Macmillan. Smith was a Philadelphia Quaker, whose parents—his father was a wealthy manufacturer—became prominent evangelists. This took them to England, where they were long associated with well-to-do British Quakers, so that Smith spent part of his boyhood abroad. He went to Oxford after Harvard and eventually settled in England. He knew and strongly admired Santayana and Henry James, who do not seem to have encouraged him tremendously. He had the cult of Flaubert and Pater, and consecrated his life to writing, with the self-righteousness and the thrill of excitement that the expatriate of that era felt at rejecting, as he had done, an American business career. *He wrote little and published less, and* took years over everything he did, putting it away and getting it out again, asking advice and revising and revising. He especially loved compiling anthologies, which he described as a "very dainty occupation," and he produced some pretty good ones, such as his volume of selections from John Donne's sermons. The new Shakespeare anthology is also good, though Shakespeare did not need anthologizing as much as Donne's prose.

For the rest, besides his well-known "Trivia," of which I shall speak later, he wrote mostly prefaces and essays on fairly obvious subjects—Shakespeare, Carlyle, Milton—about which he rarely had anything new or particularly interesting to say. Nor, in spite of his devotion to writing, did he ever become a real master. His prose is rather pale and dead and in his longer pieces lacking in movement, though it does have a personal accent, not seen at its best in these essays, and it is not exempt from clumsiness and dissonance that mar the smooth surface at which he aimed. One feels that Smith's continual revisions and his talk about "the labor of the file" were due not to a true perfectionism, like that of Walter Pater, who knew when he had got what he wanted, but to the fact that Smith never had the hang of writing good prose at all and always felt that what he had done was faulty, without ever being able to fix it. In the course of his preface to the Shakespeare anthology, he has occasion to quote several passages from the poetry scholar J. W. Mackail, and we find that, in their setting of Pearsall Smith, we experience a feeling of relief at coming upon words that flow readily to the pen and sentences

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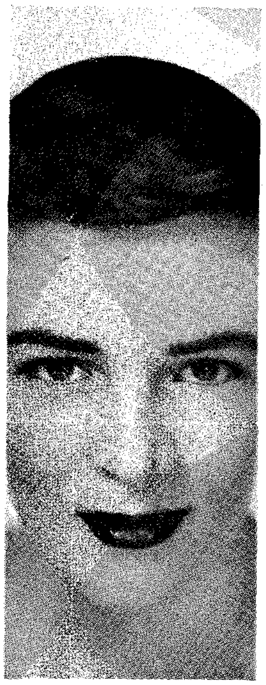
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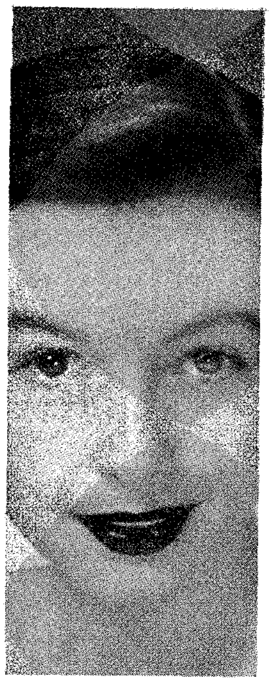
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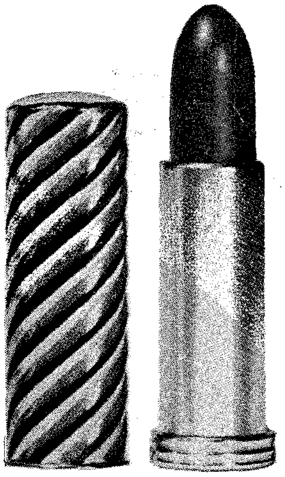

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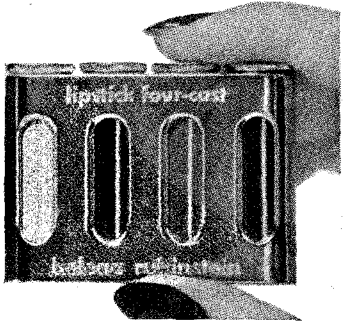

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unusualties inc. 17 e 48 st . n y

that land on their feet. Mackail was not a great writer, but he was a Scotchman with a natural gift of style, and that is what poor Smith never had. How, then, did he succeed—in England, writing traditional English prose and occasionally producing linguistic studies—in achieving so considerable a reputation and becoming a figure of authority? It was partly, I suppose, simply because he wanted this so much and worked at it with an ambition that was at the same time modest and persistent, and partly—though this, too, was evidently bound up with his desire to put himself on a pedestal—because in his later years he took on a series of secretaries, more or less gifted young men, whom he liked to treat as disciples and whom he sometimes induced to behave as such. Among these were Mr. Cyril Connolly, Mr. John Russell, and the author of the present memoir, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, of all of them, must have had the most ungrateful role, as he suffered the most painful fate. Pearsall Smith, who had a very good income from the family business (glass) back home, supplied the young man with an allowance for years, on the explicit understanding that he was to work for him from time to time, helping him with his manuscripts, looking up references and finding him books, and travelling with him abroad in the capacity of companion and courier, but that his protégé should always feel free to pursue his own interests and take time for his own writing. The conditions that Smith had laid down were that Gathorne-Hardy should not get married and that he should not write a best-selling novel. It turned out, however, that the benefactor was likely to become rather peevish when his young friend would not come from a distance at the cost of his own convenience, and that much less of his life was his own than Smith had apparently intended. It also turned out that Smith was a case of manic depression, the low phases of whose psychological cycles sometimes lasted for months, during which, morose and unable to work, he at best shut himself up alone and read books till he was able to emerge again, but at worst would sometimes develop delusions of persecution and attack with fierce accusations the people to whom he was closest. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy believes that his character had been permanently damaged by his early religious training and his intimate relation with his mother, a passionate and powerful preacher. He had been put, between four and seven,

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*The Prince Rupert, near the Alaskan Border, where the author found two bottle openers — and no bible.

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through an agonized religious struggle culminating in an evangelistic conversion.

In his old age, Pearsall Smith was sometimes quite insane, and Gathorne-Hardy had some horrible experiences with him—especially on a trip to Iceland in 1938, when, after recovering from a serious illness, he was found in a state of derangement, in which he accused Gathorne-Hardy of having kidnapped him and held him for ransom. In the exhilarated phase of his manic cycles, he had been given to practical jokes, which, nasty though they sometimes were—he loved writing anonymous letters and used to make Gathorne-Hardy copy them—have something pathetic about them, as they seem to have been one of his ways of trying to make an impression on people, and evidently corresponded to the nagging and insulting charges that characterized his deflated phase. There was also the hold of his money, which he liked to make people feel. He had intimated to Gathorne-Hardy that he was leaving the young man his fortune, and if the secretary displeased his patron—since he paid for Gathorne-Hardy's companionship, he would not even let him play bridge on their travels—he would threaten to cut him out of his will. When this will came at last to be read—the situation is put obscurely in Gathorne-Hardy's memoir, but what happened is a matter of record—it turned out that, without any warning, he had shifted the expected bequest to another of his protégés, John Russell. It was the last, the most upsetting, and the meanest of Pearsall Smith's practical jokes, and the effect was only partly alleviated by John Russell's generosity in making a settlement of part of his inheritance on Gathorne-Hardy. The latter is at pains to tell us that this kindness has prevented his "vision" from becoming "warped and perverted," but his tone all through is aggrieved. Our sympathies for him are somewhat checked by our feeling that he should never have submitted to being bullied and baited so long. He might have been pleasantly married or published a successful novel! That he is capable of excellent writing, more spontaneous than that of his master, his descriptions of their travels show.

His memoir, in any case, must be one of the most gruesome ever written, and the horror is protracted at relentless length. We feel that it could only be acceptable if exploited for the theme of a short story by Mr. Angus Wilson. Since it shows Pearsall Smith at his worst, let us remember what he was at his best. His

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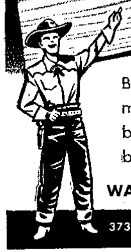

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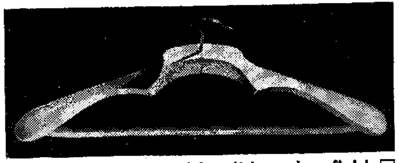

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collection of aphorisms called "Trivia" is a delightful and well-written book. Here Logan Pearsall Smith is humorous and candid and shrewd. Here he impales for us, with cool self-mockery, his old-fogyism, his timidity, his snobbery, his envy, his respect for money, his capacity for being a bore, as well as the touching aspiration, the Quakerish sobriety and purity, of his worship of literature. He shows himself both in his moods of humility in the presence of the universe and in those of proud self-assurance, when he feels that "my umbrella is God's umbrella." It is the portrait of an American of the turn of the century, highly cultivated and too much tamed (very much like Eliot's Prufrock), who also represents the type of such ill-adjusted people everywhere. This is the daunted but stubborn ego that peregrinates the streets of great cities in which it finds no real function, that giggles and holds forth at parties that do not satisfy its appetites. It is wistful with immortal longings, but it knows its best achievements are tiny, and it realizes its only dignity in confessing itself, with lightness, with irony, with all the elegance of style it can manage, exactly the creature it is.

It is probable that the small volumes of "Trivia" (now combined in one volume as "All Trivia") will keep Logan Pearsall Smith alive—these and "Unforgotten Years," his volume of reminiscences, with its dry and rather waspish sketches of celebrated people he had known, together with some other such sketches scattered among his writings. He had been publishing, just before he died, some entertaining little storylike portraits, done with more than his usual deftness and delicacy, that represented what was for him a slightly new vein, and these are better to remember him by than the senile and sick moments recorded by Gathorne-Hardy.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SON AND STRANGER, by David Demarest Lloyd (Houghton Mifflin). The Milams, an elderly couple from Cedar Rapids, go to England to visit the grave of their son Matthew, who was killed in the Second World War. Quite by accident, they discover that Matthew had had a love affair with a young English girl and that she has his child. Mr. Lloyd's characterizations, especially that of the possessive Mrs. Milam, are exceedingly good. He is less fortunate with his prose,

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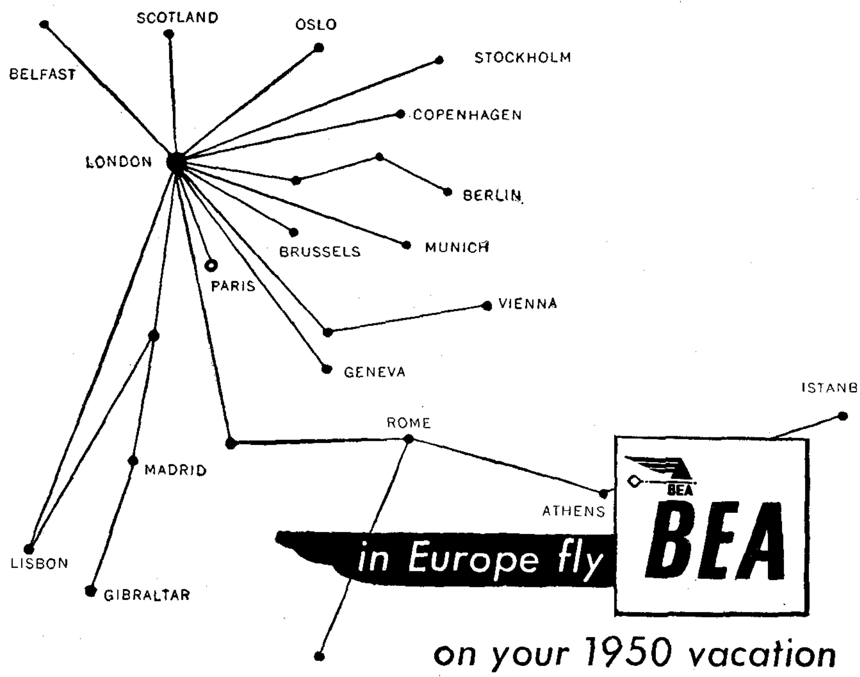

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which is stiff and devoid of originality, and there is a chance that the end of his book, which brings Mrs. Milam to a fast and very unlikely reconciliation with her fate, will stop most readers short.

THE WINE OF ETNA, by Alexander Baron (Ives Washburn). A novel about Italy during the last war, and, in particular, about the bombed-out Sicilian town of Catania, where a company of British infantrymen, resting from the front, is quartered. The soldiers and townspeople settle down to enjoy this precarious interlude of peaceful living with as much enthusiasm and happiness as though the war were over for good. For a story, Mr. Baron relies on the love affair between Craddock, a sergeant, and Graziella, a young woman of the town. He writes very well, with a matter-of-fact kind of sympathy, but he has a trick of interrupting himself to describe incidents of such senseless violence that it seems aimless for him to mention them at all. Aimless, that is, unless his idea was that this is not a complete story but only the record of a respite, and that therefore these incidents need not grow from action within the plot, since they are really echoes of the greater violence going on outside.

LIFE BEGINS TOMORROW, by Sydney Parkman (Pellegrini & Cudahy). A sudden outbreak of a hitherto unknown type of plague wipes out all but a handful of the residents of England and, it is intimated, of the rest of the world as well. Mr. Parkman takes off with a fine, strong leap from this not too unusual fictional springboard, but he isn't able to maintain his momentum very long as he goes on to narrate, with far too much detail, the activities of two groups of survivors who merge forces in an English village and do battle with the more unsavory types temporarily in command of things. In the course of achieving their aim—to establish some sort of order—his characters, so carefully presented at the start, dwindle to mere shadows, reducing a rather promising novel to the dimensions of a conventional thriller.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC, by Eleanor Cameron (Little, Brown). Jane Fielding, a librarian of thirty, comes to a decisive day in which she suddenly sees her life for what it is and her future for what it probably will be. Any heroine might be envied such a moment of revelation, but the author's solicitous, womanly awareness

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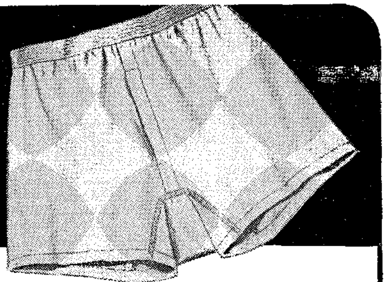

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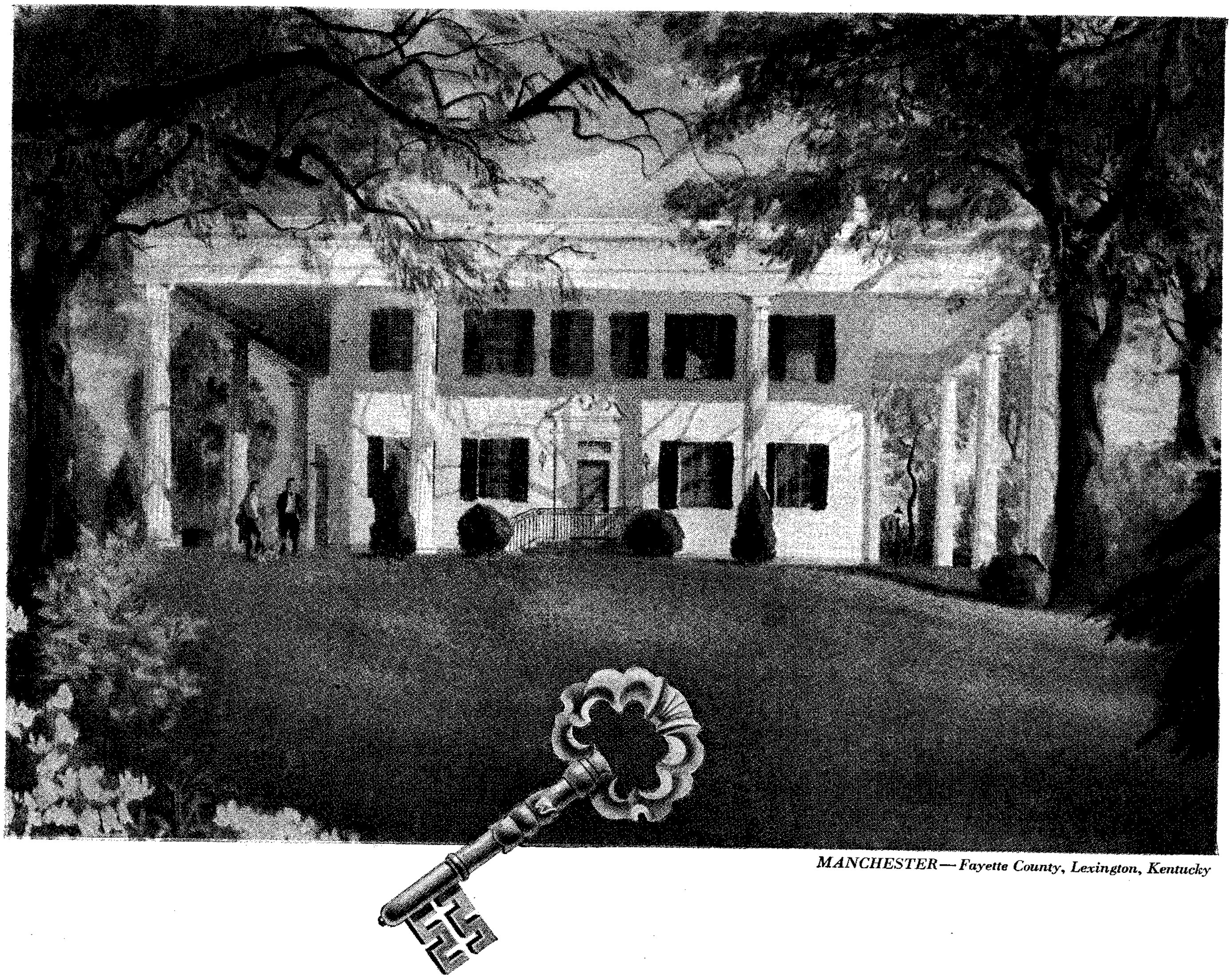

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of all the nuances of memory and friendship involved and her painstaking delineation of them tend to grate after a short time. Besides, the cold truth is that Miss Fielding is really an impossible young woman, of whom the most interesting thing that can be said is that she is a good-hearted poor girl who was crossed in love many years ago.

NO TIME TO LOOK BACK, by Leslie Greener (Viking). Mr. Greener writes about life among British prisoners of war in a Japanese prison camp. He describes various acts of kindness and brutality as they occur, and talks mostly about a young chaplain named Choyce, who does more than anyone else to keep the camp morale at a human level. The book seems to be a camouflaged memoir rather than a novel. It leaves the reader with a feeling of hopelessness that would be comprehensible and genuine enough if it arose from the contents of the book and not, as it does, from the fact that the author appears to have felt it unnecessary to write a concluding chapter.

WILD CONQUEST, by Peter Abrahams (Harper). A story about the great trek of the Boers in South Africa a hundred years ago. Mr. Abrahams has understanding for the pioneering Boers and compassion for the defeated African tribes, but in spite of this, and even in spite of his enthusiasm for the story he has to tell, his book is at a complete standstill most of the time. His characters look and sound the way they should, but they seem to be frozen into place, like people in a historical pageant, who live and breathe and feel but are forbidden to move about.

A MORNING IN TRINIDAD, by Edgar Mittelhölzer (Doubleday). A novel about office politics in a West Indies trading company. They are considerably complicated by the exact degree of pigmentation of the skin of the individuals concerned. Mr. Mittelhölzer has taken pains to assemble a cast illustrative of this circumstance—Englishmen, Creoles, East Indians, Chinese, and Negroes, both light and dark—and he illuminates, in a series of vignettes of their childhoods, the more puzzling aspects of their behavior. His narrative thread, however, is far too fragile to bear the weight of his elaborate array of individuals, nor is he able to adhere consistently to the attitude of mingled irony and compassion that, according

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CHECKED A LIST of odd call letters for radio stations the other day and came up with these: Phoenix, Ariz., has a KOOL; Scranton, Pa., has a WARM; Nevada has a KENO; Fremont, Neb., is proud of its KORN; Rochester, N. Y., has a WHAM, and Providence, R. I., a WHIM. But for a mouthful try bouncing around WWWW from Puerto Rico. Even the Canadians go in for whimsey with their CHEF, CHUM and CHAT. Radio men around Syracuse work for WAGE. Those in Portland, Ore., are strictly for KOIN. Eugene, Ore., is plain old KASH. Chicago has more radio stations than any other city with 16. New York has only 14, Los Angeles 12, the Twin Cities are up pretty high with 10. There are 43 stations in Minnesota.

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PARADOX—THE LARGEST consumers of men's mustache wax are women. They're using the stuff on their eyebrows and lashes now instead of mascara . . . Mr. Alben Barkley, the veep, has now established a fee of $1,500 for a single lecture appearance . . . When you take an animal to a pet hospital to be put to sleep you are very formally billed for "euthanasia." . . . It's gentlemen first when you line up to shake hands with the president of the United States, and an usher will ask you to make the switch if he catches you with your wife ahead of you in the line. And it's about time the dictators of etiquet applied that same rule to men going into doors. It's so much easier and so much more practical if a man precedes the women when they enter a doorway . . . Signs of a cold usually appear between 1 and 4 in the afternoon.

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WHEN YOU HANG out the welcome mat and 30,000 people come to call, you know what good-neighborliness means. That's the number that tour the Star and Tribune building here in Minneapolis each year. The enthusiastic interest which Upper Midwesterners take in their newspapers is one more indication that, to residents of this busy, prosperous area, the best-liked, best-read, most-respected newspapers are the MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the MINNEAPOLIS SUNDAY TRIBUNE (circulation: more than 600,000).

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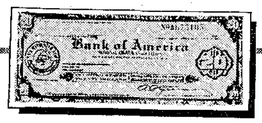
INCREDIBLE TALE, by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper). A divertingly written account of the events, both national and international, witnessed during the last fifty years by that mythical character the Average American, whom Mr. Johnson defines as the man or woman who has managed to survive, and sometimes even enjoy, the shaking up that has taken place since the days of Victoria. It is the author's contention that most fifty-year-olds can be commended not only for their durability but for their growing political good sense, and that their tendency to "vote for Silly Billy rather than for Socrates" is gradually being supplanted by at least a desire to think things over before casting a ballot. Mr. Johnson backs up his contention with evidence drawn from a careful study of the various administrations of the past half century, and ends with some long-range predictions that, although well hedged, are quite reassuring. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for June.

THE CURTAIN ISN'T IRON, by Joseph C. Harsch (Doubleday). A calm and even sanguine view of what is going on in the Eastern European countries, by a much travelled correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. The author's central argument, implicit in his title, is that Western ideas still can and do penetrate their borders. Moreover, he believes that Russian domination of some of them is already wobbly. (The Soviets, he says, may abandon Albania to the West any day, and Bulgaria is in a state of incipient revolt.) The only way Russia could consolidate a bloc of states behind a truly impenetrable iron curtain, he says, would be to move in with troops—an invitation to a full-scale war with the Western Allies he doesn't think the Russians are ready for. He ends by urging American statesmen to watch for and exploit every weakness in the satellite countries as a means of upsetting the Soviet system.

THE NEW SOCIETY, by Peter F. Drucker (Harper). The world revolution of our time, says the author of this bold, unemotional book, is an industrial revolution, which started in this country and is based on the principle of mass production. This revolution, which Mr. Drucker



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considers far more important than the continuing upheaval in Russia or than any developments that may come out of the Socialist experiment in Britain, has already had, he says, a tremendous impact on human institutions throughout the world; it has destroyed the family and caste systems of China and India, it will probably liquidate the Negro question in the South, it has changed war, and it has affected the political life of every major country. Mr. Drucker believes that giant industrial enterprises are bringing forth a new kind of social order, different from anything in history. The structure of this new society and the problems it is creating in the fields of labor, management, and the organization of government are what chiefly interest the author, who would like to see in America a free industrial society that would be neither capitalist nor Communist.

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE, by Curtis Howe Walker (University of North Carolina Press). A biography of the twelfth-century Queen of, successively, France and England that follows close on the publication of Amy Kelly's "Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings" and inevitably invites comparison. Dr. Walker, who is professor emeritus of European history at Vanderbilt University, is more concerned with Eleanor and her personal story than was Professor Kelly, and has been less inclined to write a biography of the whole century than she. He has been able to draw on an immense erudition to enrich his narrative, and if he has depended on imagination to piece together scenes and dialogues that have not been recorded, it is an enlightened imagination.

VISIT TO AMERICA, by Jawaharlal Nehru (John Day). A collection of addresses made by India's Prime Minister during his recent "voyage of discovery" to the United States and Canada. The majority of them are designed primarily to cast light on India's position in the international scene—historically, economically, and geographically—and to refute the charges of fence-sitting that have been levelled against her on occasion. In the course of fulfilling this assignment, which he does in an admirably persuasive manner, Mr. Nehru displays a combination of qualities often thought to be mutually contradictory—among them idealism, wit, common sense, and

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forthrightness. What is more, his style is both informal and literate, very apt to ensnare the attention of even readers with a confirmed distaste for official utterances. Photographs.

ZERO: THE STORY OF TERRORISM, by Robert Payne (John Day). An analysis, in terms that make sense, of the "zero philosophies," and of the love of violence and terror for their own sake, that have bedevilled our time and spread misery and death over the earth. Mr. Payne is a perceptive and subtle reasoner; he believes that men like Hitler and Lenin and the nineteenth-century Nihilist Sergei Nechayev, whom Lenin worshipped, were sick people, who hated not only mankind but themselves, and whose object, no matter what they avowed, was to lay waste all humanity and cause men the greatest possible suffering in the process. Mr. Payne's investigation of the terrible dualism in human nature that allows this Nihilism takes him deep into Leninism and on into Hitlerism and Stalinism—the "continuing terror." A memorable book, and an important one. With an introduction by Pearl Buck.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EDGE OF PANIC, by Henry Kane (Simon & Schuster). When Harry Martin wakes up in a strange apartment in a Central Park West hotel with a bloody hammer in his hand and the battered body of a beautiful blonde beside him, naturally he thinks he's killed her, though he can't imagine why, as he went to visit her only to try to interest her in buying an annuity. His lawyer agrees that he must have done it, and so does Captain Brophy, a very unusual police detective. Only Martin's wife refuses to give in. She's seen him through all kinds of drunken escapades but still feels that murder is a little out of his field. Captain Brophy gives her the leeway she wants, and she manages to make a really wild reconstruction of the crime stand up. This one is written in an annoyingly affected style, but it has definite shock value and an ingenious, if improbable, plot.

•

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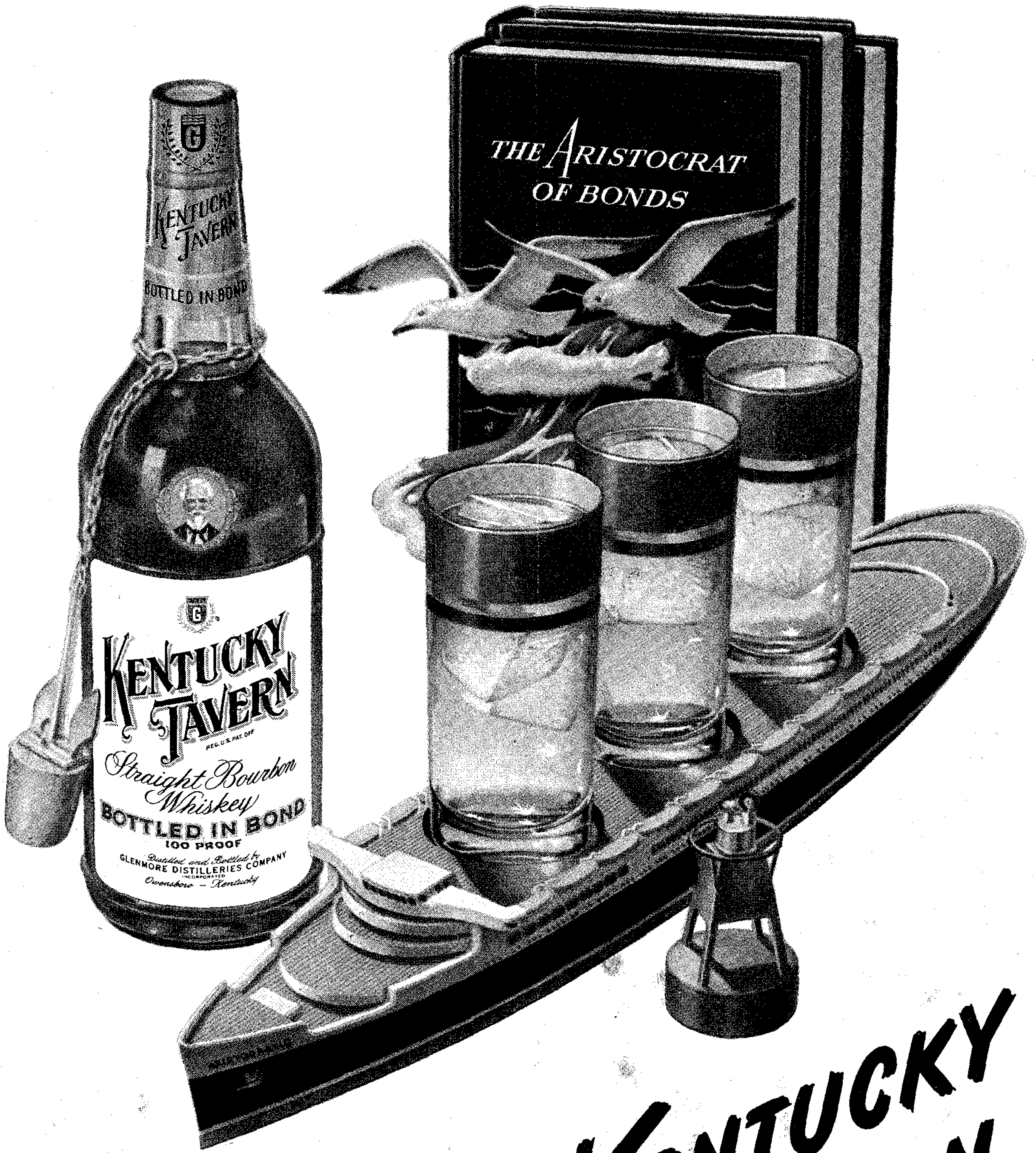
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